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From Blackwood's Magazine.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

Bringing up Lee Way.

"And I have loved thee, Ocean, and my joy,
Of youthful sports, was on thy breast to be
Borne like thy bubbles onward—From a boy,
I wantoned with thy breakers. They to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a childish fear;
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane."

Childe Harold.

— "Heaven's verge extreme
Reverberates the bombs descending star,
And sounds that mingled laugh, and shout and scream
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Rung to the peeling thunderbolts of war.
* * * * *

While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed,
And aye as if for death some lonely trumpet wailed."

Gertrude of Wyoming.

Two puncture in Mr. Bang's neck from the boarding-pike was not very deep, still it was an ugly, lacerated wound; and if he had not, to use his own phrase, been somewhat bull-necked, there is no saying what the consequences might have been.

"Tom, my boy," said he, after the doctor was done with him, "I am nicely coopered now—nearly as good as new—a little stiffish or so—lucky to have such a comfortable coating of muscle, otherwise the *carotid* would have been in danger. So come here, and take your turn, and I will hold the candle."

It was dead calm, and as I had desired the cabin to be used as a cockpit, it was at this time full of poor fellows, waiting to have their wounds dressed, whenever the surgeon could go below. The lantern was brought, and, sitting down on a wadding tub, I stripped. The ball, which I knew had lodged in the fleshy part of my left shoulder, had first of all struck me right over the collar-bone, from which it had glanced, and then buried itself in the muscle of the arm, just below the skin, where it

stood out, as if it had been a sloe both in shape and colour. The collar-bone was much shattered, and my chest was a good deal shaken, and greatly bruised; but I had perceived nothing of all this at the time I was shot; the sole perceptible sensation was the pinch in the shoulder, as already described. I was much surprised (every man who has been seriously hit being entitled to expatiate) with the extreme smallness of the puncture in the skin through which the ball had entered; you could not have forced a pea through it, and there was scarcely any flow of blood.

"A very simple affair this, sir," said the surgeon, as he made a minute incision right over the ball, the instrument cutting into the cold dull lead with a *cheep*, and then pressing his fingers, one on each side of it, it jumped out nearly into Aaron's mouth.

"A pretty sugar-plum, Tom—if that collar-bone of yours had not been all the harder, you would have been embalmed in a gazette, to use your own favourite expression. But, my good boy, your bruise on the chest is serious;

you must go to bed, and take care of yourself."

"Alas! there was no bed for me to go to. The cabin was occupied by the wounded, where the surgeon was still at work. Out of our small crew, nine had been killed, and eleven wounded, counting passengers—twenty out of forty-two—a fearful proportion.

At length the night fell.

"Pearl, send some of the people aft, and get a spare square-sail from the sailmaker, and"—

"Will the awning not do, sir?"

"To be sure it will," said I—it did not occur to me. "Get the awning triced up to the stanchions, and tell my steward to get the beds on deck—a few flags to shut us in will make the thing complete."

It was done; and while the sharp cries of the wounded, who were immediately under the knife of the doctor, and the low moans of those whose wounds had been dressed, or were waiting their turn, reached our ears distinctly through the small sky-light, our beds were arranged on deck, under the shelter of the awning, a curtain of flags veiling our quarters from the gaze of the crew. Paul Gelid and Pepperpot occupied the starboard side of the little vessel; Aaron Bang and myself the larboard. By this time it was close on eight o'clock in the evening. I had merely looked in on our friends, ensconced as they were in their temporary hurricane house; for I had more work than I could accomplish on deck in repairing damages. Most of our standing, and great part of our running rigging had been shot away, which the tired crew were busied in splicing and knotting, the best way they could. Our mainmast was very badly wounded close to the deck. It was fished as scientifically as our circumstances admitted. The foremast had fortunately escaped—it was untouched; but there were no fewer than thirteen round shot through our hull, five of them being between wind and water.

When everything had been done which ingenuity could devise, or the most determined perseverance execute, I returned to our canvas-shed aft, and found Mr. Wagtail sitting on the deck, arranging, with the help of my steward, the supper equipment to the best of his ability. Our meal, as may easily be imagined, was frugal in the extreme—salt beef, biscuit, some roasted yams, and cold grog—some of Aaron's excellent rum. But I mark it down, that I question if any one of the four who partook of it, ever made so hearty a supper before or since. We worked away at the junk until we had polished the bone, clean as an elephant's tusk, and the roasted yams disappeared in bushels-full; while the old rum sank in the bottle, like mercury in the barometer, indicating an approaching gale.

"I say, Tom," quoth Aaron, "how do you feel, my boy?"

"Why, not quite so buoyant as I could wish.

To me it has been a day of fearful responsibility."

"And well it may," said he. "As for myself, I go to rest with the tremendous consciousness that even I, who am not a professional butcher, have shed more than one fellow-creature's blood—a trembling consideration—and all for what, Tom? You met a big ship in the dark, and desired her to stop. She said she would not. You said, 'You shall.'—She rejoined, 'I'll be d—d if I do.' And thereupon you set about compelling her; and certainly you have interrupted her course to some purpose, at the trivial cost of the lives of only five or six hundred human beings, whose hearts were beating cheerily within these last six hours, but whose bodies are now food for fishes."

I was stung. "At your hands, my dear sir, I did not expect this, and—"

"Hush," said he, "I don't blame you—it is all right; but why will not the Government at home arrange by treaty that this nefarious trade should be entirely put down? Surely all our victories by sea and land might warrant our stipulating for so much, in place of haggling with doubtful ill-defined treaties, specifying that you *Johnny Crepeau*, and you *Jack Spaniard*, shall steal men, and deal in human flesh, in such and such a degree of latitude *only*, while, if you pick up one single slave a league to the northward or southward of the prescribed line of coast, then we shall blow you out of the water wherever we meet you. Why should poor devils, who live in one degree of latitude, be kidnapped, whilst we make it felony to steal their immediate neighbours? Aaron waxed warm as he proceeded—"If slavery be that Upas-tree, under whose baleful shade every kindly feeling in the human bosom, whether of master or servant, withers and dies, I ask, who planted it? If it possess such a magical, and incredible, and most pestilential quality, that the English gentleman who shall be virtuous and beneficent, and just in all his ways, *before he leaves home*, and *after he returns home*, shall, during his temporary sojourn within its influence, have his warm heart of flesh smuggled out of his bosom, by some *hocus pocus*, utterly unintelligible to any unprejudiced rational being, or have it indurated into the flint of the nether millstone, or frozen into a lump of ice!"

"Lord," ejaculated Wagtail, "only fancy a snow-ball in a man's stomach, and in Jamaica too!"

"Hold your tongue, Waggy, my love," continued Aaron; "if all this were so, I would again ask, who planted it?—say not that we did it—I am a planter, but I did not plant slavery. I found it growing and flourishing, and fostered by the government, and made my nest amongst the branches like a respectable *corbie crow*, or a pelican in a wild duck's nest, with all my pretty little tender black *bunchers* hopping about me, along with numbers

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other unfortunates, and now find that the tree is being uprooted by the very hands that planted and nourished it, and seduced me to live in it, and all!"

I laughed aloud—"Come, come, my dear sir, you are a perfect Lord Castlereagh in the congruity of your figures. How the deuce can any living thing exist among the poisonous branches of the Upas-tree—or a wild-duck build?"

"Get along with your criticism, Tom—and don't laugh, hang it, don't laugh—but who told you that a corbie cannot?"

"Why there are no corbies in Java."

"Pah—botheration—there are pelicans then; but you know it is not an *Upas*-tree, you know it is all a chimera, and like the air-drawn dagger of Macbeth, that 'there is no such thing.' Now, that is a good burst, Gelid, my lad, a'n't it?" said Bang, as he drew a long breath, and again launched forth.

"Our Government shall quarrel about six-pence here or sixpence there, of discriminating duty in a foreign port, while they have clapt a knife to our throats, and a flaming fag-to to our houses, by absurd edicts and fanatical intermeddling with our own colonies, where the slave-trade has notoriously, and to their own conviction, entirely ceased; while they will not put out their little finger, nay, they calmly look on, and permit a traffic utterly repugnant to all the best feelings of our nature, and baneful to an incalculable degree to our own West Indian possessions; and the suppression of which—Lord, what a thing to think of!—has nearly deprived the world of the invaluable services of me, Aaron Bang, Esquire, Member of Council of the Island of Jamaica, and Custos Rotulorum Populorum Jig of the Parish of"—

"Lord," said Wagtail, "why, the yam is not half done."

"But the rum is—ah!" drawled Gelid.

"D—the yam and the rum too," rapped out Bang. "Why, you belly-gods, you have interrupted such a torrent of eloquence!"

I began to guess that our friends were waxing peppery. "Why, gentlemen, I don't know how you feel, but I am regularly done up—it is quite calm, and I hope we shall all sleep, so good night."

We nestled in, and the sun had risen before I was called next morning. I hope

"I rose a sadder and a wiser man
Upon that morrow's morn."

"On deck, there," said I, while dressing Mr. Peter Swoop, one of the Firebrand's mates, and acting-master of the Wave, popped in his head through the opening in the fags. "How is the weather, Mr. Swoop?"

"Calm all night, sir; not a breath stirring, sir."

"Are the sails shifted?" said I, "and the starboard main-shrouds replaced?"

"They are not yet, sir; the sails are on

deck, and the rigging is now stretching, and will be all ready to get over the masthead by breakfast-time, sir."

"How is her head?"

"Why," rejoined Swoop, "it has been boxing all round the compass, sir, for these last twelve hours; at present it is north-east."

"Have we drifted much since last night, Mr. Swoop?"

"No, sir—much where we were, sir," rejoined the master.

"There are several pieces of wreck, and three dead bodies, floating close to, sir."

By this time I was dressed, and had gone from under the awning on deck. The first thing I did, was to glance my eye over the nettings, and there perceived, on our quarter, three dead bodies, as Mr. Swoop had said, floating—one a white Spaniard, and the others the corpses of two unfortunate Africans, who had perished miserably when the brig went down. The white man's remains, swollen, as they were, from the heat of the climate, and sudden putrefaction consequent thereon, floated quietly within pistol-shot, motionless and still; but the bodies of the two negroes were nearly hidden by the clustering sea-birds which had perched on them. There were at least two dozen shipped on each carcass, busy with their beaks and claws, while, on the other hand, the water in the immediate neighbourhood seemed quite alive, from the rushing and wallowing of numberless fishes, who were tearing the prey piecemeal. The view was anything but pleasant, and I naturally turned my eyes forward to see what was going on in the bows of the schooner. I was startled from the number of black faces which I saw. "Why, Mr. Tailtackle, how many of these poor creatures have we on board?"

"There are fifty-nine, sir, under hatches in the forehold," said Timothy, "and thirty-five on deck; but I hope we shan't have them long, sir. It looks like a breeze to windward. We shall have it before long, sir."

At this moment Mr. Bang came on deck. "Lord, Tom, I thought it was a flea-bite last night, but, mercy, I am as stiff and sore as a gentleman need be. How do you feel? I see you have one of your fins in a sling,—eh?"

"I am a little stiff, certainly; however, that will go off; but come forward here, my dear sir; come here, and look at this shot-hole—saw you ever anything like that?"

This was the smashing of one of our pumps from a round shot, the splinters from which were stuck into the bottom of the launch, which overhung it, forming really a figure very like the letter A.

"Don't take it to myself, Tom—no, not at all."

At this moment the black savages on the forecastle discovered our friend, and shouts of "Sheik Cocoloo" rent the skies. Mr. Bang, for a moment, appeared startled, and, so far as I could judge, he had forgotten that part of his

exploit, and did not know what to make of it, until at last the actual meaning seemed to flash on him, and, with a shout of laughter, he bolted in through the opening of the flags to his former quarters below the awning. I descended to the cabin, breakfast having been announced, and sat down to our meal, confronted by Paul Gelid and Pepperpot Wagtail. Presently we heard Aaron sing out, the small skuttle being right overhead, "Pegtop, come here, Pegtop, I say, help me on with my neck-cloth—so—that will do; now I shall go on deck. Why, Pearl, my boy, what do you want?" and before Pearl could get a word in, Aaron continued, "I say, Pearl, go to the other end of the ship, and tell your Coromantee friends that it is all a humbug—that I am *not* the Sultan Cocoloo; furthermore, that I have not a feather in my tail like a palm branch, of the truth of which I offer to give them ocular proof."

Pearl made his salam. "Oh, sir, I fear that we must not say too much on that subject; we have not irons for one-half of them savage negrins;" the fellow was as black as a coal himself; "and were they to be undeeceived, why, reduced as our crew is, they might at any time rise on, and massacre the whole watch."

"The devil!" we could hear friend Aaron say; "oh, then, go forward, and assure them that I am a bigger ostrich than ever, and I shall astonish them presently, take my word for it. Pegtop, come here, you scoundrel," he continued; "I say, Pegtop, get me out my uniform coat,"—our friend was a captain of Jamaica militia—"so—and my sword—that will do—and here, pull off my trowsers, it will be more classic to perambulate in my shirt, in case it really be necessary to persuade them that the palm branch was all a figure of speech. Now, my hat—there—walk before me, and fan me with the top of that herring barrel."

This was lid of one of the wadding-tubs, which, to come up to Jigmaree's notions of neatness, had been fitted with covers, and forth stumped Bang, preceded by Pegtop doing the honours. But the instant he appeared from beneath the flags, the same wild shout arose from the captive slaves forward, who, that is such of them as were not fettered, immediately began to bundle and tumble round our friend, rubbing their flat noses and woolly heads all over him, and taking hold of the hem of his garment, whereby his personal decency was so seriously periled, that after an unavailing attempt to shake them off, he fairly bolted, and ran for shelter, once more, under the awning, amidst the suppressed mirth of the whole crew, Aaron himself laughing louder than any of them all the while. "I say, Tom, and fellow-sufferers," quoth he, after he had run to earth under the awning, and looking down the scuttle into the cabin where we were at breakfast, "how am I to get into the cabin? if I go out on the quarter-deck but one arm's length, in

order to reach the companion, these barbarians will be at me again. Ah, I see!"

Whereupon, without more ado, he stuck his legs down through the small hatch right over the breakfast table, with the intention of descending, and the first thing he accomplished, was to pop his foot into a large dish of scalding hominy, or hasty-pudding, made of Indian corn meal, with which Wagtail was in the habit of commencing his stowage at breakfast. But this proving too hot for comfort, he instantly drew it out, and in his attempt to reascend, he stuck his bespattered toe into Paul Gelid's mouth. "Oh! oh!" exclaimed Paul, while little Wagtail lay back laughing like to die; but the next instant Bang gave another struggle, or wallop, like a *pellock* in shoal-water, whereby Pepperpot borrowed a good kick on the side of the head, and down came the *Great Ostrich*, Aaron Bang, but without any feather in his tail, as I can avouch, slap upon the table, smashing cups and saucers, and hominy, and devil knows what all, to pieces, as he floundered on the board. This was so absurd, that we were all obliged to give uncontrolled course to our mirth for a minute or two, when, making the best of the wreck, we contrived to breakfast in tolerable comfort.

Soon after the meal was finished, a light air enabled us once more to lie our course, and we gradually crept to the northward, until twelve o'clock in the forenoon, after which time it fell calm again. I went down to the cabin; Bang had been overhauling my small library, when a shelf gave way (the whole affair having been injured by a round shot in the action, which had torn right through the cabin,) so down came several scrolls, rolled up, and covered with brown paper.

"What are all these?" I could hear our friend say.

"They are my logs," said I.

"Your what?"

"My private journals."

"Oh, I see," said Aaron. "I will have a turn at them, with your permission. But what is this so carefully bound with red tape, and sealed, and marked—let me see, 'Thomas Cringle, his log-book.'"

He looked at me.—"Why, my dear sir, to say the truth, that is my first attempt; full of trash, believe me;—what else could you expect from so mere a lad as I was when I wrote it?"

"'The child is father to the man,' Tom, my boy; so may I peruse it; may I read it for the edification of my learned allies,—Pepperpot Wagtail, and Paul Gelid, Esquires?"

"Certainly," I replied, "no objection in the world, but you will laugh at me, I know; still, do as you please, only, had you not better have your wound dressed first?"

"My wound! Poo, poo! just enough to swear by—a flea-bite—never mind it; so here goes—

"Thomas Cringle, his log-book.—'Arrived in Portsmouth, by the Defiance, at ten, a. m. on such a day. Waited on the commissioner, to whom I had letters, and said I was appointed to the Torch. Same day, went on board and took up my berth in said vessel'—

"Ahem, ahem!" quoth Bang, "stifling hot breath; mouldy biscuit; and so on."

"Why, nothing very entertaining in all this, certainly—let me see,—'My mother's list makes it fifteen shirts, whereas I only have twelve.'

"Come," said Bang, "that is an incident."

"Admiral made the signal to weigh, wind at S. W., fresh and squally. Stockings should be one dozen worsted, three of cotton, two of silk; find only half a dozen worsted, two of cotton, and one of silk. Fired a gun, and weighed."

"Who?" quoth Aarón, "you or the Admiral, or the worsted, cotton, or silk stockings?"

"Oh, botheration! I said you would glean nothing worth having, my dear sir, and you see I did not deceive you."

"Possibly not," quoth he, "but let me judge for myself, Master *Tummas*."

"Downs—Goodwin Sands.—"

"Hum, hum! Ah, come, here is something continuous. Let me clear my harmonious voice. Wagtail, my boy—Gelid, dear, lend me your ears, they are long enough—they would make purses, if not silk ones. Here goes"—

"Tom Cringle's first log.—Sailed for the North Sea, deucedly sea-sick; was told that fat pork was the best specific, if bolted half raw; did not find it much of a tonic;—passed a terrible night, and for four hours of it obliged to keep watch, more dead than alive. On the evening of the third day, we were off Harwich, and then got a slant of wind that enabled us to lay our course."

"We stood on, and next morning, in the cold, miserable, drenching haze of an October daybreak, we passed through a fleet of fishing-boats at anchor. 'At anchor,' thought I, 'and in the middle of the sea,'—but so it was—all with their tiny cabooses, smoking cheerily, and a solitary figure, as broad as it was long, stiff walking to and fro on the confined decks of the little vessels. It was now that for the first time I knew the value of the saying, 'a fisherman's walk, two steps and overboard.' With regard to these same fishermen, I cannot convey a better notion of them, than by describing one of the two North Sea pilots whom we had on board: well, this pilot was a tall, raw-boned subject, about six feet or so, with a blue face—I could not call it red, and a hawk's-bill nose, of the colour of bronze. His head was defended from the weather by what is technically called a south-west, pronounced sow-west, cap, which is in shape like the *thatch* of a dustman, composed of canvass, well tarred, with no smot, and having a long flap hanging down the back to carry the rain over the cape of the

jacket. His chin was embedded in a red comforter that rose to his ears. His trunk was first of all cased in a shirt of worsted stocking-net; over this he had a coarse linen shirt, then a thick cloth waistcoat; a shag jacket was the next layer, and over that was rigged the large cumbersome pea-jacket, reaching to his knees. As for his lower spars, the rig was still more peculiar:—first of all, he had on a pair of most comfortable woollen stockings, what we call fleecy hosiery—and the *beauties* are peculiarly nice in this respect,—then a pair of strong tearnaught trowsers; over these again are drawn up another pair of stockings, thick rig-and-furrow, as we call them in Scotland, and above all this were drawn a pair of long, well-greased, and *liquored* boots, reaching half way up the thigh, and altogether impervious to wet. However comfortable this *costume* may be in bad weather in board, it is clear enough that any culprit so swathed, would stand a poor chance of being saved, were he to fall overboard. The wind veered round and round, and baffled, and checked us off, so that it was the sixth night after we had taken our departure from Harwich before we saw Heligoland light. We then bore away for Cuxhaven, and I now knew for the first time that we had a government emissary of some kind or another on board, although he had hitherto confined himself strictly to the captain's cabin.

"All at once it came on to blow from the north-east, and we were again driven back among the English fishing-boats. The weather was thick as buttermilk, so we had to keep the bell constantly ringing, as we could not see the jib-boom-end from the forecastle. Every now and then we heard a small, hard, clanking tinkle, from the fishing-boats, as if an old pot had been struck instead of a bell, and a faint hollo, 'Fishing-smack,' as we shot past them in the fog, while we could scarcely see the vessels at all. The morning after this particular time to which I allude, was darker than any which had gone before it; absolutely you could not see the breadth of the ship from you; and as we had not taken the sun for five days, we had to grope our way almost entirely by the lead. I had the forenoon watch, during the whole of which we were amongst a little fleet of fishing-boats, although we could scarcely see them, but being unwilling to lose ground by lying to, we fired a gun every half hour, to give the small craft notice of our vicinity, that they might keep their bells a-going. Every three or four minutes, the marine drum-boy, or some amateur performer,—for most sailors would give a glass of grog any day to be allowed to beat a drum for five minutes on end,—beat a short roll, and often as we drove along, under a reefed foresail, and close reefed topsails, we could hear the answering tinkle before we saw the craft from which it proceeded, and when we did perceive her as we flew across her stern, we could only see it, and her mast, and one or two well swathed, hardy fishermen, the whole

of the little vessel forward being hid in a cloud.

"I had been invited this day to dine with the Captain, Mr. Splinter, the first lieutenant being also of the party; the cloth had been withdrawn, and we had all had a glass or two of wine a-piece, when the fog settled down so thickly, although it was not more than five o'clock in the afternoon, that the captain desired that the lamp might be lit. It was done, and I was remarking the contrast between the dull, dusky, brown light, or rather the palpable London fog that came through the sky-light, and the bright yellow sparkle of the lamp, when the second lieutenant, Mr. Treenail, came down the ladder.

"We have shoaled our water to five fathoms, sir—shells and stones. Here, Wilson bring in the lead."

"The leadsman, in his pea jacket and shag trowsers, with the rain-drop hanging to his nose, and a large knot in his cheek from a junk of tobacco therein stowed, with pale, wet visage, and whiskers sparkling with moisture, while his long black hair hung damp and lank over his fine forehead, and the stand-up cape of his coat, immediately presented himself at the door, with the lead in his claws, an octagonal shaped cone, like the weight of a window sash, about eighteen inches long, and two inches diameter at the bottom, tapering away nearly to a point at top, where it was flattened, and a hole pierced for the line to be fastened to. At the lower end—the butt-end, as I would say—there was a hollow scooped out, and filled with grease, so that, when the lead was cast, the quality of the soil, sand, or shells, or mud, that came up adhering to this lard, indicated, along with the depth of water, our situation in the North Sea; and by this, indeed, we guided our course, in the absence of all opportunity of ascertaining our position by observations of the sun. The Captain consulted the chart—'Sand and shells; why, you should have deeper water, Mr. Treenail. Any of the fishing-boats near you?'

"Not at present, sir; but we cannot be far off some of them."

"Well, let me know when you come near any of them."

"A little after this, as became my situation, I rose and made my bow, and went on deck. By this time the night had fallen, and it was thicker than ever, so that, standing beside the man at the wheel, you could not see farther forward than the booms; yet it was not dark either, that is, it was moonlight, so that the haze, thick as it was, had that silver gauze-like appearance, as if it had been luminous in itself, that cannot be described to any one who has not seen it. The gun had been fired just as I came on deck, but no responding tinkle gave notice of any vessel being in the neighbourhood. Ten minutes, it may have been a quarter of an hour, when a short roll of the drum was beaten from the forecastle, where I was standing. At the moment, I thought I heard a holla,

but I could not be sure; presently I saw a small light, with a misty halo surrounding it, just under the bowsprit—'Port your helm,' sung out the boatswain; port your helm, or we shall be over a fishing-boat! A cry arose from beneath; a black object was for an instant distinguishable, and the next moment a crash was heard; the spritsail-yard rattled, and broke off sharp at the point, where it crossed the bowsprit; and a heavy smashing thump against our bows told in fearful language that we had run her down. Three of the men and a boy hung on by the rigging of the bowsprit, and were brought safely on board; but two poor fellows perished, with their boat. It appeared that they had broken their bell, and although they saw us coming, they had no better means than shouting, and showing a light, to advertise us of their vicinity.

"Next morning the wind once more chopped round, and the weather cleared, and in four-and-twenty hours thereafter we were off the mouth of the Elbe, with three miles of white foaming shoals between us and the land at Cuxhaven, roaring and hissing, as if ready to swallow us up. It was low water, and, as our object was to land the Emissary at Cuxhaven, we had to wait, having no pilot for the port, although we had the signal flying for one all morning, until noon, when we ran in close to the green mound which constituted the rampart of the fort at the entrance. To our great surprise, when we hoisted our colours and pennant, and fired a gun to leeward, there was no flag hoisted in answer at the flag-staff, nor was there any indication of a single living soul on shore to welcome us. Mr. Splinter and the Captain were standing together at the gangway—'Why, sir,' said the former, 'this silence somewhat surprises me: what say you, Cheragoux?' to the government emissary or messenger already mentioned, who was peering through the glass close by.

"'Why, mi Lieutenant, I don't certain dat all ish right on sore dere.'

"'No,' said Captain Deadeye; 'why, what do you see?'

"'It ish not so mosh vat I shee, as vat I no shee, sir, dat trembles me. It cannot eurely le possib dat de Prussian an' Hanoverian trop have left de place, and dat dese dem Franceman ave advance so far as de Elbe *autrefois*, dat ish, once more?'

"'French,' said Deadeye; 'poo, nonsense; no French hereabouts; none nearer than those cooped up in Hamburg with Davoust, take my word for it.'

"'I soll take your word for any ting else in de large world, mi Capitan; but I see someting glance behind dat rampart, parapet you call, dat look dem like de shako of de *infanterie léger* of dat willain de Emperor Napoleon. Ah! I see de red worsted epaulet of de grenadier also; *sacré*, vat ish dat pot of vite smoke?'

"What it was we soon ascertained to our heavy cost, for the shot that had been fired at us from a long 32-pound gun, took effect right

shot the foremast, and killed three men, out-right, and wounded two. Several other shots followed, but with less sure aim. Returning the fire was of no use, as our carronades could not have pitched their metal much more than half-way; or, even if they had been long guns, they would merely have plumped the balls into the turf rampart, without hurting any one. So we wisely hauled off, and ran up the river with the young flood for about an hour, until we anchored close to the Hanoverian bank, near a gap in the dike, where we waited till the evening.

"As soon as the night fell, a boat with muffled oars was manned, to carry the messenger ashore. I was in it; Mr. Treenail, the second lieutenant, steering. We pulled in right for a breach in the dike, lately cut by the French, in order to inundate the neighbourhood; and as the Elbe at high water is hereabouts much higher than the surrounding country, we were soon sucked into the current, and had only to keep our oars in the water, pulling a stroke now and then to give the boat steerage way. As we shot through the gap into the smooth water beyond, we then once more gave way, the boat's head being kept in the direction of lights that we saw twinkling in the distance, apparently in some village beyond the inner embankment, when all at once we dashed in amongst thousands of wild-goose, which rose with a clang, and a concert of quacking, screaming, and hissing, that was startling enough. We skimmed steadily on in the same direction—'Oars, men!' We were by this time close to a small cluster of houses, perched on the fixed ground or embankment, and the messenger hailed in German.

"*Qui vive!*" sung out a gruff voice; and we heard the clank of a musket, as if some one had cast it from his shoulder, and caught it in his hands, as he brought it down to the charge. Our passenger seemed a little taken aback; but he hailed again, still in German. '*Parole*,' replied the man. A pause. 'The watchword, or I fire.' We had none to give.

"Pull round, men," said the Lieutenant, with great quickness; 'pull the starboard oars; we are in the wrong box; back water the larboard. That's it! give way, men.'

"A flash—crack went the sentry's piece, and ping sung the ball over our heads. Another pause. Then a volley from a whole platoon. Again all was dark and silent. Presently a field-piece was fired, and several rockets were let off in our direction, by whose light we could see a whole company of French soldiers standing to their arms, with several cannon, but we were speedily out of the reach of their musketry; but several round shots were fired at us, that hissed, recochetting along the water close by us. Not a word was spoken in the boat all this time, but we continued to pull for the opening in the dike, although, the current being strong against us, we made but little way; while the chance of being cut off

by the *Johnny Crapauds* getting round the top of the embankment, so as to command the gap before we could reach it, became every moment more alarming.

The messenger was in great tribulation, and made several barefaced attempts to stow himself away under the stern sheets.

"The gallant fellows who composed the crew strained at their oars until every thing cracked again; but as the flood made, the current against us increased, and we barely held our own. 'Steer her out of the current, man,' said the lieutenant to the coxswain; the man put the tiller to port as he was ordered.

"'Vat you do soch a ting for, Mr. Capitan Lieutenant?' said the emissary. 'Oh! you not pershive you are rone in onder de igh bank. How you shall satisfy me, no France *infanterie légeré* dere, too, more as in de fort, eh? How you soll satisfy me, Mister Capitan Lieutenant, eh?'

"'Hold your blasted tongue, will you,' said Treenail, 'and the infantry *légeré* be damned simply. Mind your eye, my fine fellow, or I shall be much inclined to see whether you will be *légeré* in the Elbe or no. Hark!'

"We all pricked up our oars, and strained our eyes, while a bright, spitting, sparkling fire of musketry opened at the gap, but there was no *ping pinging* of the shot overhead.

"'They cannot be firing at us, sir,' said the coxswain; 'none of them bullets are telling here away.'

"Presently a smart fire was returned in three distinct clusters from the water, and whereas the firing at first had only lit up the black figures of the French soldiery, and the black outline of the bank on which they were posted, the flashes that answered them shewed us three armed boats attempting to force the passage. In a minute the firing ceased; the measured splash of oars was heard, as boats approached us.

"'Who's there?' sung out the lieutenant.

"'Torches,' was the answer.

"'All's well, Torches,' rejoined Mr. Treenail; and presently the jolly-boat, and launch and cutter of the Torch, with twenty marines, and six-and-thirty seamen all armed, were alongside.

"'What cheer, Treenail, my boy?' quoth Mr. Splinter.

"'Why, not much; the French, who we were told had left the Elbe entirely, are still here, as well as at Cuxhaven, not in force certainly, but sufficiently strong to have peppered us very decently.'

"'What, are any of the people hurt?'

"'No,' said the garrulous emissary. 'No, not hurt, but some of us frightened leetle piece —ah, very mosh, *je vous assure*.

"'Speak for yourself, Master Plenipo,' said Treenail. 'But, Splinter, my man, now since the enemy have occupied the dyke in front, how the deuce shall we get back into the river, tell me that?'

"Why," said the senior lieutenant, "we must go as we came."

"And here the groans from two poor fellows who had been hit were heard from the bottom of the launch. The cutter was by this time close to us, on the larboard side, commanded by Mr. Julius Caesar Tip, the senior midshipman, vulgarly called in the ship *Bathos*, or the art of sinking, from his rather unromantic name. Here also a low moaning evinced the precision of the Frenchman's fire.

"Lord, Mr. Treenail, a sharp brush that was."

"Hush," quoth Treenail. At this moment three rockets hissed up into the dark sky, and for an instant the hull and rigging of the sloop of war at anchor in the river, glanced in the pale-white glare, and vanished again, like a spectre, leaving us in more thick darkness than before.

"Gemini! what is that now?" quoth Tip, as we distinctly heard the commixed rumbling and rattling sound of artillery scampering along the dike.

"The ship has sent up these rockets to warn us of our danger," said Mr. Treenail.—"What is to be done? Ah, Splinter, we are in a scrape—there they have brought up field-pieces, don't you hear?"

Splinter had heard it as well as his junior officer. "True enough, Treenail; so the sooner we make a dash through the opening the better."

"Agreed."

By some impulse peculiar to British sailors, the men were just about cheering, when their commanding officer's voice controlled them.—"Hark, my brave fellows, *silence* as you value your lives."

So away we pulled, the tide being now nearly on the turn, and presently we were so near the opening that we could see the signal-lights in the rigging of the sloop of war. All was quiet on the dike.

"Bounds, they have retreated after all," said Mr. Treenail.

"Who-o-o, whoo-o," shouted a gruff voice from the shore.

"There they are still," said Splinter. "Marines, stand by, don't throw away a shot; men, pull like fury. So, give way my lads, a minute of that strain will shoot us along side of the old brig—that's it—hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" shouted the men in answer, but his and their exclamations were cut short by a volley of musketry. The fierce mustaches, pale faces, glazed shikoes, blue uniforms, and red epaulets, of the French infantry, glanced for a moment, and then all was dark again.

"Fire!" The marines in the three boats returned the salute, and by the flashes we saw three pieces of field artillery in the very act of being unlimbered. We could distinctly hear the clash of the mounted artillerymen's sabres against their horses' flanks, as they rode to the rear, their burnished accoutrements glancing at every sparkle of the musketry. We pulled

like fiends, and being the fastest boat, soon headed the launch and cutter, who were returning the enemy's fire brilliantly, when crack—a six-pound shot drove our boat into staves, and all hands were the next moment squatting in the water. I sank a good bit, I suppose, for when I rose to the surface, half drowned and giddy and confused, and striking out at random, the first thing I recollect was, a hand being wrung into my neckerchief, while a gruff voice shouted in my ear—

"Rendez vous, mon cher."

Resistance was useless. I was forcibly dragged up the bank, where both musketry and cannon were still playing on the boats, which had, however, by this time got a good offing. I soon knew they were safe by the torch opening a fire of round and grape on the head of the dike, a certain proof that the boats had been accounted for. The French party now ceased firing, and retreated by the edge of the inundation, keeping the dike between them and the brig, all except the artillery, who had to scamper off, running the gauntlet on the crest of the embankment until they got beyond the range of the carronades. I was conveyed between two grenadiers, along the water's edge, so long as the ship was firing; but when that ceased, I was slung on one of the limbers of the field-guns, and strapped down to it between two of the artillerymen.

We rattled along until we came up to the French bivouac, where round a large fire, kindled in what seemed to have been a farm-yard, were assembled about fifty or sixty French soldiers. Their arms were piled under a low projecting roof of an out-house, while the fire flickered upon their dark figures, and glanced on their bright accoutrements, and lit up the wall of the house that composed one side of the square. I was immediately marched between a file of men, into a small room in the out-house, where the commanding officer of the detachment was seated at a table, a blazing wood fire roaring in the chimney. He was a genteel, slender, dark man, with very large black mustaches, and fine sparkling black eyes, and had apparently just dismounted, for the mud was fresh on his boots and trowsers. The latter were blue, with a broad gold lace down the seam, and fastened by a strap under his boot, from which projected a long fixed spur.

His single-breasted coat was buttoned close up to his throat, and without an inch of lace except on his crimson collar, which fitted close round his neck, and was richly embroidered with gold acorn and oak leaves, as were the crimson cuffs to his sleeves. He wore two immense and very handsome gold epaulets.

"My good boy," said he, after the officer who had captured me had told his story—"so your Government thinks the Emperor is retreating from the Elbe?"

"I was a tolerable French scholar, as times went, and answered him as well as I could."

"I have said nothing about that, sir; but

from your question, I presume you command the rear-guard, Colonel ?

" How strong is your squadron on the river ? " said he, parrying the question.

" There is only one sloop of war, sir"—and I spoke the truth.

" He looked at me, and smiled incredulously; and then continued—

" I don't command the rear guard, sir—but I waste time—are the boats ready ? "

" He was answered in the affirmative.

" Then set fire to the houses, and let off the rockets; they will see them at Cuxhaven—men, fall in—march—and off we all trundled towards the river again.

" When we arrived there, we found ten Blankenesse boats, two of them very large, and fitted with sliding platforms. The four field-pieces were run on board, two into each; one hundred and fifty men embarked in them and the other craft, which I found partly loaded with sacks of corn. I was in one of the smallest boats with the colonel. When we were all ready to shove off, ' Lafont,' said he, ' are the men ready with their *couteaux* ? '

" They are, sir,' replied the sergeant.

" Then cut the horses' throats—but no firing.' A few bubbling groans, and some heavy falls, and a struggling splash or two in the water, showed that the poor artillery horses had been destroyed.

" The wind was fair up the river, and away we bowled before it. It was clear to me that the colonel commanding the post had overrated our strength, and, under the belief that we had cut him off from Cuxhaven, he had determined on falling back on Hamburg.

" When the morning broke, we were close to the beautiful bank below Altona. The trees were beginning to assume the russet hue of autumn, and the sun shone gaily on the pretty villas and *bloomin' gartens* on the hill side, while here and there a Chinese pagoda, or other fanciful pleasure-house, with its gilded trellised work, and little bells depending from the eaves of its many roofs, glancing like small golden balls, rose from out the fast thinning recesses of the woods. But there was no life in the scene—'twas 'Greece, but living Greece no more,'—not a fishing-boat was near, scarcely a solitary figure crawled along the beach.

" ' What is that ? ' after we had passed Blankenesse, said the colonel quickly. ' Who are those ? ' as a group of three or four men presented themselves at a sharp turning of the road, that wound along the foot of the hill close to the shore.

" ' The uniform of the Prussians,' said one.

" ' Of the Russians,' said another.

with iron, and constituted the boom or chief water defence of Hamburg. We passed through, and found an entire regiment under arms, close by the Custom-house. Somehow or other, I had drank deep of that John Bull prejudice, which delights to disparage the physical conformation of our Gallic neighbours, and hails itself with the absurd notion, ' that on one pair of English legs doth march three Frenchmen.' But when I saw the weather-beaten soldier-like veterans, who formed this compact battalion, part of the *élite* of the first *corps*, more commanding in its aspect from severe service having worn all the gilding and lace away—' there was not a piece of feather in the host'—I felt the reality before me fast overcoming my pre-conceived opinion. I had seldom or ever seen so fine a body of men, tall, square, and muscular, the spread of their shoulders set off from their large red worsted epaulets, and the solidity of the mass increased by their wide trowsers, which in my mind contrasted advantageously with the long gaiters and tight integuments of our own brave fellows.

" We approached a group of three mounted officers, and in a few words the officer, whose prisoner I was, explained the affair to the *chef de bataillon*, whereupon I was immediately placed under the care of a sergeant and six rank and file, and marched along the chief canal for a mile, where I could not help remarking the numberless large rafts—you could not call them boats—of unpainted pine timber, which had arrived from the upper Elbe, loaded with grain, with gardens, absolute gardens, and cow-houses, and piggeries on board; while their crews of *Firlanders*, men, women, and children cut a most extraordinary appearance,—the men in their jackets, with buttons like pot lids, and trowsers fit to carry a month's provender and a couple of children in; and the women with bearings about the quarters, as if they had cut holes in large cheeses, three feet in diameter at least, and stuck themselves through them—such sterns—and as to their costumes, all very fine in a Flemish painting, but the devils appeared to be awfully nasty in real life.

" But we carried on until we came to a large open space fronting a beautiful piece of water, which I was told was the Alster. As I walked through the narrow streets, I was struck with the peculiarity of the gables of the tall houses being all turned towards the thoroughfare, and with the stupendous size of the churches. We halted for a moment, in the porch of one of them, and my notions of decency were not a little outraged, by seeing it filled with a squadron of dragoons, the men being in the very act of cleaning their horses. At length we came to the open space on the Alster, a large parade, faced by a street of splendid houses on the left hand, with a row of trees between them, and the water on the right. There were two regiments of foot bivouacking here, with their arms piled under the trees, while the men were variously em-

ployed, some on duty before the houses, others cleaning their accoutrements, and others again playing at all kinds of games. Presently we came to a crowd of soldiers clustered round a particular spot, some laughing, others cracking coarse jests, but none at all in the least serious. We could not get near enough to see distinctly what was going on; but we afterwards saw, when the crowd had dispersed, three men in the dress of respectable burghers, hanging from a low gibbet,—so low in fact, that although their heads were not six inches from the beam, their feet were scarcely three from the ground. We soon arrived at the door of a large mansion, fronting this parade, where two sentries were walking backwards and forwards before the door, while five dragoon horses, linked together, stood in the middle of the street, with one soldier attending them, but there was no other particular bustle, to mark the head-quarters of the General commanding. We advanced to the entrance—the sentries carrying arms, and were immediately ushered into a large saloon, the massive stair winding up along the walls, with the usual heavy wooden balustrade. We ascended to the first floor, where we were encountered by three aides-de-camp, in full dress, leaning with their backs against the hard-wood railing, laughing and joking with each other, while two wall-lamps right opposite cast a bright flashing light on their splendid uniforms. They were all *décoré* with one order or another. We approached.

"Whence, and who have we here?" said one of them, a handsome young man, apparently not above twenty-two, as I judged, with small tiny black, jet-black, mustaches, and a noble countenance; fine dark eyes, and curls dark and clustering.

"The officer of my escort answered, 'A young Englishman,—*enseigne de vasseau*.'

"I was no such thing, as a poor middy has no commission, but only his rating, which even his captain, without a court-martial, can take away at any time, and turn him before the mast.

"At this moment, I heard the clang of a sabre, and the jingle of spurs on the stairs, and the group was joined by my captor, Colonel ***."

"Ah, colonel!" exclaimed the aides, in a volley, "where the devil have you come from? We thought you were in Bruxelles at the nearest."

"The colonel put his hand on his lips and smiled, and then slapped the young officer who spoke first with his glove. 'Never mind, boys, I have come to help you *here*—you will need help before long;—but how is —?' Here he made a comical contortion of his face, and drew his ungloved hand across his throat. The young officers laughed, and pointed to the door. He moved towards it, preceded by the youngest of them, who led the way into a very lofty and handsome room, elegantly furnished, with some fine pictures on the walls, a hand-

some sideboard of plate, a rich Turkey carpet—an unusual thing in Germany—on the floor, and a richly gilt pillar, at the end of the room farthest from us, the base of which contained a stove, which, through the joints of the door of it, appeared to be burning cheerily.

"There were some very handsome sofas and ottomans scattered through the room, and a grand piano in one corner, the furniture being covered with yellow, or amber-coloured velvet, with broad heavy draperies of gold fringe, like the bullion of an epaulet. There was a small round table near the stove, on which stood a silver candlestick, with four branches filled with wax tapers; and bottles of wine, and glasses. At this table set an officer, apparently about forty-five years of age. There was nothing very peculiar in his appearance; he was a middle-sized man, well made apparently. He sat on one chair, with his legs supported on another."

"His white-topped boots had been taken off, and replaced by a pair of slipshod slippers; his splashed white kerseymere pantaloons, seamed with gold, resting on the unfrayed velvet cushion; his blue coat, covered with rich embroidery at the bosom and collar, was open, and the lappels thrown back, displaying a richly embroidered crimson velvet facing, and an embroidered scarlet waistcoat; a large solitary star glittered on his breast, and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour sparkled at his button-hole; his black neckerchief had been taken off; and his cocked hat lay beside him on a sofa, massively laced, the edges richly ornamented with ostrich down; his head was covered with a red velvet cap, with a thick gold cord twisted two or three turns round it, and ending in two large tassels of heavy bullion; he wore very large epaulets, and his sword had been inadvertently, as I conjectured, placed on the table, so that the point of the steel scabbard rested on the ornamental part of the metal stove.

"His face was good, his hair dark, forehead without a wrinkle, high and massive, eyes bright and sparkling, nose neither fine nor dumpy—a fair enough proboscis as noses go.

"There was an expression about the upper lip and mouth that I did not like—a constant nervous sort of lifting up of the lip as it were; and as the mustache appeared to have been recently shaven off, there was a white blueness on the upper lip, that contrasted unpleasantly with the dark tinge which he had gallantly wrought for on the glowing sands of Egypt, the bronzing of his general features from fierce suns and parching winds. His bare neck and hands were delicately fair, the former firm and muscular, the latter slender and tapering, like a woman's. He was reading a gazette, or some printed paper, when we entered; and although there was a tolerable clatter of muskets, sabres, and spurs, he never once lifted his eye in the direction where we stood. Opposite this personage, on a low chair, with his leg

crossed, and eyes fixed on the ashes that were dropping from the stove, with his brown cloak hanging from his shoulders, sat a short stout person, a man about thirty years of age, with very fair flaxen hair, a florid complexion, a very fair skin, and massive German features. The expression of his face, so far as such a countenance could be said to have any characteristic expression, was that of fixed sorrow. But before I could make any other observation, the aide-de-camp approached with a good spice of fear and trembling, as I could see.

"Colonel *** wait on your Highness."

"Ah!" said the officer to whom he spoke, "ah, colonel, what do you here? Has the Emperor advanced again?"

"No," said the officer, "he has not advanced; but the rear-guard were cut off by the Prussians, and the —— light, with the —— grenadiers, are now in Cuxhaven."

"Well," replied the general, "but how come you here?"

"Why, Marshal, we were detached to seize a depot of provisions in a neighbouring village, and had made preparations to carry them off, when we were attacked through a gap in the dike, by some armed boats from an English squadron, and hearing a distant firing at the very moment, which I concluded to be the Prussian advance, I conceived all chance of rejoining the main army at an end, and therefore I shoved off in the grain-boats, and here I am."

"Glad to see you, however," said the general, "but sorry for the cause why you are here returned.—Who have we got here—what boy is that?"

"Why," responded the colonel, "that lad is one of the British officers of the force that attacked us."

"Ha," said the general again,—"how did you capture him?"

"The boat (one of four) which he was in, was blown to pieces by a six-pound shot. He was the only one of the enemy who swam ashore. The rest, I am inclined to think, were picked up by the other boats."

"So," grumbled the general, "British ships in the Elbe!"

"The colonel continued. "I hope, Marshal, you will allow him his parole?—he is, as you see, quite a child."

"Parole!" replied the Marshal,—"parole?—such a mere lad cannot know the value of his promise."

"A sudden fit of rashness came over me. I could never account for it."

"He is a mere boy," reiterated the Marshal. "No, no—send him to prison;" and he resumed the study of the printed paper he had been reading.

"I struck in, impelled by despair, for I knew the character of the man before whom I stood, and I remembered that even a tiger might be checked by a bold front—"I am an English-

man, sir, and incapable of breaking my plighted word."

"He laid down the paper he was reading, and slowly lifted his eyes, and fastened them on me,—"Ha," said he, "ha—so young—so reckless?"

"Never mind him, Marshal," said the colonel. "If you will grant him his parole, I——"

"Take it, colonel—take it—take his parole, not to go beyond the ditch."

"But I decline to give any such promise," said I, with a hardihood which at the time surprised me, and has always done so.

"Why, my good youth," said the general, in great surprise, "why will you not take advantage of the offer—a kinder one, let me tell you, than I am in the habit of making to an enemy?"

"Simply, sir, because I will endeavour to escape on the very first opportunity."

"Ha!" said the Marshal once more, "this to my face! Lafontaine,—to the aide-de-camp, —a file of soldiers." The handsome young officer hesitated—hung in the wind, as we say, for a moment—moved, as I imagined, by my extreme youth. This irritated the Marshal—he rose, and stamped on the floor. The colonel essayed to interfere. "Sentry—sentry—a file of grenadiers—take him forth, and——" here he energetically clutched the steel hilt of his sword, and instantly dashed it from him—"Sacré!—the devil—what is that?" and straightway he began to *pirouette* on one leg round the room, shaking his right hand, and blowing his fingers.

The officers in waiting could not stand it any longer, and burst into a fit of laughter, in which their commanding officer, after an unavailing attempt to look serious—I should rather write fierce—joined, and there he was, the bloody Davoust—Duke of Auerstadt—Prince of Eckmühl—the Hamburg Robespierre—the terrible Davoust—dancing all around the room, in a regular *guffaw*, like to split his sides. The heated stove had made the sword, which rested on it, nearly red-hot.

All this while the quiet, plain-looking, little man sat still. He now rose; but I noticed that he had been fixing his eyes intently on me. I thought I could perceive a tear glistening in them as he spoke.

"Marshal, will you intrust that boy to me?"

"Poo," said the Prince, still laughing, "take him—do what you will with him;"—then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, "But, Mr. ***, you must be answerable for him—he must be at hand if I want him."

The gentleman who had so unexpectedly patronised me, rose and said, "Marshal, I promise."

"Very well," said Davoust. "Lafontaine, desire supper to be sent up."

"It was brought in, and my new ally and I were shown out."

"As we went down stairs, we looked into a

room on the ground floor, at the door of which were four soldiers with fixed bayonets. We there saw, for it was well lit up, about twenty, or five-and-twenty respectable looking men, very English in appearance, all to their long cloaks, an unusual sort of garment to my eye at that time. The night was very wet, and the aforesaid garments were hung on pegs in the wall all round the room, which being strongly heated by a stove, the moisture rose up in a thick mist, and made the faces of the burghers indistinct.

"They were all busily engaged talking to each other, some to his neighbour, the others across the table, but all with an expression of the most intense anxiety.

"Who are these?" said I to my guide.

"Ask no questions here," said he, and we passed on.

"I afterwards learned that they were the hostages seized on for the trifling contribution of fifty millions of francs, which had been imposed on the doomed city, and that this very night they had been torn from their families, and cooped up in the way I had seen them, where they were advertised they must remain until the money should be forthcoming.

"As we walked along the streets, and crossed the numerous bridges of the canals and branches of the river, we found all the houses lit up, by order, as I learned, of the French marshal. The rain descended in torrents, sparkling past the lights, while the city was a desert, with one dreadful exception; for we were waylaid at almost every turn by groups of starving lunatics, their half-naked figures and pale visages glimmering in the glancing lights, under the dripping rain; and, had it not been for the numerous sentries scattered along the thoroughfares, I believe we should have been torn to pieces by bands of *moping* idiots, now rendered ferocious from their sufferings, in consequence of the mad-houses having been cleared of their miserable, helpless inmates, in order to be converted into barracks for the troops. At all of these bridges sentries were posted, past which my conductor and myself, to my surprise, were frisked by the sergeant who accompanied us giving the countersign. At length, civilly touching his cap, although he did not refuse the piece of money tendered by my friend, he left us, wishing us good night, and saying the coast was clear. We proceeded without farther challenge, until we came to a very magnificent house, with some fine trees before it. We approached the door, and rung the door-bell. It was immediately opened, and we entered a large desolate looking vestibule, about thirty feet square, filled in the centre with a number of bales of goods, and a variety of merchandise, while a heavy wooden stair, with clumsy oak balustrades, wound round the sides of it. We ascended, and turning to the right, entered a large well-furnished room, with a table laid out for supper, with lights, and a comfortable stove at one

end. Three young officers of cuirassiers, in their superb uniforms, whose breast and back pieces were glittering on a neighbouring sofa, and a colonel of artillery, were standing round the stove. The colonel, the moment we entered, addressed my conductor.

"Ah, ——, we are devilish hungry — Ich ben dem Verhungern nahe — and were just on the point of ordering in the provender, had you not appeared." A little more than that, thought I; for the food was already smoking on the table.

"Mine host acknowledged the speech with a slight smile.

"But who have we here?" said one of the young dragoons; — he waited a moment — "Etes vous Français?" I gave him no answer. He then addressed me in German: — "Sprechen sie gelangig Deutsch?"

"Why," chimed in my conductor, "he does speak a little French, indifferently enough; but still!"

"Well, my dear ——, how have you sped with the Prince?"

"Why, colonel," said my protector, in his cool calm way, "as well as I expected. I was of some service to him when he was here before, at the time he was taken so very ill, and he has not forgotten it, so I am not included amongst the unfortunate *détenu*s for the payment of the fine. But that is not all, for I am allowed to go to-morrow to my father's, and here is my passport."

"Wonders will never cease," said the colonel; "but who is that boy?"

"He is one of the crew of the English boat which tried to cut off colonel —, the other evening, near Cuxhaven. His life was saved by a very laughable circumstance, certainly, — merely by the marshal's sword, from resting on the stove, having become almost red-hot. And here he detailed the whole transaction as it took place, which set the party a-laughing most heartily.

"I will always bear witness to the extreme amenity with which I was now treated by the French officers. The evening passed over quickly. About eleven we retired to rest, my friend furnishing me with clothes, and warning me that next morning he would call me at daylight to proceed to his father's country seat, where he intimated that I must remain in the meantime.

"Next morning I was roused accordingly, and a long, low, open carriage rattled up to the door, just before day dawn. Presently the *réveill* was beaten, answered by the different posts in the city, and on the ramparts.

"We drove on, merely showing our passport to the sentries at the different bridges, until we reached the gate, where we had to pull up until the officer on duty appeared, and had scrupulously compared our personal appearance with the written description. All was found correct, and we drove on. It surprised me very much, after having repeatedly

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head of the great strength of Hamburgh, to look out on the large mound of green turf that constituted its chief defence. It is all true that there was a deep ditch and glacis beyond; but there was no covered way, and both the scarp and counterscarp were simple earthen embankments, so that, had the ditch been filled up with fascines, there was no wall to face the attacking force after crossing it, nothing but a green mound, precipitous enough, certainly, and crowned with a low parapet wall of masonry, and bristling with batteries, about half way down, so that the muzzles of the guns were flush with the neighbouring country beyond the ditch. Still there was wanting, to my imagination, the strength of the high perpendicular wall, with its gaping embrasures, and frowning cannon. All this time it never occurred to me, that to breach such a defence as that we looked upon was impossible. You might have plumped your shot into it until you had converted it into an iron mine, but no cannon could have been forced in it by all the artillery in Europe; so battering in breach was entirely out of the question, and this, in truth, constituted the great strength of the place. We arrived, after an hour's drive, at the villa belonging to my protector's family, and walked into a large room, with a comfortable stove, and extensive preparations made for a comfortable breakfast.

"Presently three young ladies appeared; they were his sisters; blue eyed, fair haired, white skinned, round stoned, plump little partridges.

"*Haben sie gefrühstückt?*" said the eldest. "*Pas encore,*" said he in French, with a smile. "But, sisters, I have brought a stranger here, a young English officer, who was recently captured in the river."

"An English officer!" exclaimed the three ladies looking at me, a poor little dirty midshipman, in my soiled linen, unbrushed shoes, dirty trowsers and jacket, with my little square of white cloth on the collar; and I began to find the eloquent blood mantling in my cheeks, and tingling in my ears; but their kindly feelings got the better of a gentle propensity to laugh, and the youngest said—

"*Sie sind gerade zu rechter zeit gekommen.*" When, finding that her German was Hebrew to me, she tried the other tack. "*Vous arrivez à propos, le déjeûné est prêt.*"

"However, I soon found that the moment they were assured that I was in reality an Englishman, they all spoke English, and exceedingly well too. Our meal was finished, and I was standing at the window looking out on a small lawn, where evergreens of the most beautiful kinds were chequered with little round clumps of most luxuriant hollyhocks, and the fruit-trees in the neighbourhood were absolutely bending to the earth under their loads of apples and pears.

"Presently my friend came up to me; my curiosity could no longer be restrained. 'Pray,

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my good sir, what peculiar cause, may I ask, have you for showing me, an entire stranger to you, all this unexpected kindness? I am fully aware that I have no claim on you.'

"'My good boy, you say true; but I have spent the greatest part of my life in London, although a Hamburgher born, and I consider you therefore in the light of a countryman; besides, I will not conceal that your gallant bearing before Davoust riveted my attention, and engaged my good wishes.'

"'But how come you to have so much influence with the mon—general, I mean?'

"'For several reasons,' he replied; 'for those, amongst others, you heard the colonel who has taken the small liberty of turning me out of my own house in Hamburgh, mention last night at supper; but a man like Davoust cannot be judged of by common rules. He has, in short, taken a fancy to me, for which you may thank your stars—although your life has been actually saved by the Prince having burned his fingers. But here comes my father.'

"A venerable old man entered the room, leaning on his stick. I was introduced in due form.

"'He had breakfasted in his own room,' he said, 'having been ailing, but he could not rest quietly after he had heard there was an Englishman in the house until he had himself welcomed him.'

"I shall never forget the kindness I experienced from this worthy family—for three days I was fed and clothed by them as if I had been a member of the family. Like a boy as I was, I had risen early on the fourth morning at grey dawn, to be aiding in dragging the fish-pond, so that it might be cleaned out. This was an annual amusement, in which the young men and women in the family, under happier circumstances, had been in the invariable custom of joining, and, changed as these were, they still preserved the fashion. The seine was cast in at one end, loaded at the bottom with heavy sinks, and buoyant at the top with cork floats. We hauled it along the whole length of the pond, thereby driving the fish into an enclosure about twenty feet square, with a sluice towards the pond, and another fronting the dull ditch that flowed past beyond it. Whenever we had hunted the whole of the finny tribes (barring those slippery youths, the eels, who, with all their cleverness, were left to dry in the mud) into the toils, we filled all the tubs, and pots, and pans, and vessels of all kinds and descriptions, some of them unnameable, with the fat honest-looking Dutchmen, the carp and tench, who really submitted to their captivity with all the resignation of most ancient and quiet watchmen, scarcely indicating any sense of the irksomeness of captivity, except by a lumbering sluggish flap of their broad heavy tails.

"A transaction of this kind could not take place amongst a group of young folks without

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shouts of laughter, and it was not until we had caught the whole of the fish in the pond, and placed them in safety, that I had leisure to look about me. The city lay about four miles distant from us. The whole country about Hamburg is level, except the right bank below it, of the noble river on which it stands, the Elbe. The house where I was domiciled stood on nearly the highest point of this bank, which gradually sloped down into a swampy hollow, nearly level with the river. It then rose again gently until the swell was crowned with the beautiful town of Altona, and immediately beyond appeared the ramparts and tall spires of the noble city itself.

The morning had been thick and foggy, but as the sun rose, the white mist that had floated over the whole country, gradually concentrated and settled down into the hollow between us and Hamburg, covering it with an impervious veil, which even extended into the city itself, filling the lower part of it with a dense white bank of fog, which rose so high that the spires alone, with one or two of the most lofty buildings, appeared above the rolling sea of white fleece-like vapour, as if it had been a model of the stronghold, in place of the reality, packed in white wool, so distinct did it appear, diminished as it was in the distance. On the tallest spire of the place, which was now sparkling in the early sunbeams, the French flag, the pestilent *tricolor*, that Upas-tree, waved sluggishly in the faint morning breeze.

It attracted my attention, and I pointed it out to my *patron*. Presently it was hauled down, and a series of signals was made at the yard-arm of a spar, that had been slung across it. Who can they be telegraphing to? thought I, while I could notice my host assume a most anxious and startled look, while he peered down into the hollow; but he could see nothing, as the fog bank still filled the whole of the space between the city and the acclivity where we stood.

"What is that?" said I; for I heard, or thought I heard, a low rumbling rushing noise in the ravine. Mr. * * * heard it as well as I apparently, for he put his finger to his lips—as much as to say, 'Hold your tongue, my good boy—*nous verons'.*'

It increased—the clattering of horses' hoofs, and the clang of scabbards was heard, and, in a twinkling, the hussar caps of a squadron of light dragoons emerged from out the fog bank, as, charging up the road, they passed the small gate of green basket-work at a hand-gallop. I ought to have mentioned before that my friend's house was situated about half way up the ascent, so that the rising ground behind it in the opposite direction from the city, shut out all view towards the country. After the dragoons passed, there was an interval of two minutes, when a troop of flying artillery, with three six-pound field-pieces, rattled after the leading squadron, the horses all in a lather, at full speed, with the guns bounding and jump-

ing behind them as if they had been playthings, followed by their *cassions*. Presently we could see the leading squadron file to the right—clear the low hedge—and then disappear over the crest of the hill. Twenty or thirty pioneers, who had been carried forward behind as many of the cavalry, were now seen busily employed in filling up the ditch, and cutting down the short scrubby hedge; and presently, the artillery, coming up also, filed off sharply to the right, and formed on the very summit of the hill, distinctly visible between us and the grey cold streaks of morning. By the time we had noticed this, the clatter in our immediate neighbourhood was renewed, and a group of mounted officers dashed past us, up the path, like a whirlwind, followed, at a distance of twenty yards, by a single cavalier, apparently a general officer. These did not stop, as they rode at speed past the spot where the artillery were in position, but, dipping over the summit, disappeared down the road, from which they did not appear to diverge, until they were lost to our view beyond the crest of the hill. The hum and buzz, and anon, the 'measured tread of marching men,' in the valley between us and Hamburg, still continued. The leading files of a light infantry regiment now appeared, swinging along at a round trot, with their muskets poised in their right hands—no knapsacks on their backs. They appeared to follow the route of the group of mounted officers, until we could see a puff of white smoke, then another and a third from the field-pieces, followed by thundering reports, there being no high ground nor precipitous bank, nor water in the neighbourhood to reflect the sound, and make it emulate Jove's thunder. At this, they struck across the fields, and forming behind the guns, lay down flat on their faces, where they were soon hid from our view by the wreaths of white smoke, as the sluggish morning breeze rolled it down the hill-side towards us.

"What the deuce can all this mean—is it a review?" said I, in my innocence.

"A *reconnaissance* in force," groaned my friend. "The Allied troops must be at hand—now, God help us!"

The women, like frightened hares, paused to look up in their brother's face, as he kept his eye steadily turned towards the ridge of the hill, and, when he involuntarily wrung his hands, they gave a loud scream, a fearful concerto, and ran off into the house.

"The breeze at this moment 'aside the shroud of battle cast,' and we heard a faint bugle call, like an echo wail in the distance, from beyond the hill. It was instantly answered by the loud, startling *blare* of a dozen of the light infantry bugles above us on the hill-side, and we could see them suddenly start from their lair, and form; while between us and the clearing morning sky, the cavalry, magnified into giants in the strong relief on the outline of the hill, were driven in straggling patrols, like chaff, over the summit—their sabres spark-

ting in the level sunbeams, and the reports of the red flashes of their pistols crackling down upon us.

"They are driven in on the infantry," said Mr. * * *. He was right—but the light battalion immediately charged over the hill, with a loud hurrah, after admitting the beaten horse through their intervals, who, however, to give the devils their due, formed again in an instant, under the shelter of the high ground. The artillery again opened their fire—the cavalry once more advanced, and presently we could see nothing but the field-pieces, with their three several groups of soldiers standing quietly by them—a sure proof that the enemy's pickets were now out of cannon-shot, and had been driven back on the main body, and that the *remonnoise* was still advancing.

"What will not an habitual exposure to danger do, even with tender women ?

"The French have advanced, so let us have our breakfast, Julia, my dear," said Mr. * * *, as we entered the house. "The Allied forces would have been welcome, however; and surely, if they do come, they will respect our sufferings and helplessness."

The eldest sister, to whom he spoke, shook her head mournfully; but, nevertheless, betook herself to her task of making coffee.

"What rumbling and rattling is that?" said * * * to an old servant who had just entered the room.

"Two waggons with wounded men, sir, have passed onwards towards the town."

"Ah!" said mine host, in great bitterness of spirit.

"But *allons*, we proceeded to make the best use of our time—Ham, good—fish, excellent—eggs, fresh—coffee, superb—when we again heard the field-pieces above us open their fire, and in the intervals we could distinguish the distant rattle of musketry. Presently this rolling fire slackened, and after a few scattering shots here and there, ceased altogether; but the cannon on the hill still continued to play. We were by this time all standing in a cluster in the porch of the villa, before which stood the tub with the finny spoil of the fish-pond, on a small paddock of velvet grass, about forty yards square, separated from the high-road by a low ornamental fence of green basket-work, as already mentioned. The fire from the great guns increased, and every now and then I thought I heard a distant sound, as if the reports of the guns above us had been reflected from some precipitous bank.

"I did not know that there was any echo here," said the youngest girl.

"Alas, Janette!" said her brother, "I fear that is no echo;" and he put up his hand to his ear, and listened in breathless suspense. The sound was repeated.

"The Russian cannon replying to those on the hill!" said Mr. * * *, with startling energy. "God help us! it can no longer be an affair of posts; the heads of the Allied columns

must be in sight, for the French skirmishers are unquestionably driven in."

A French officer at this moment rattled past us down the road at speed, and vanished in the hollow, taking the direction of the town. His hat fell off, as his horse swerved a little at the open gate as he passed. He never stopped to pick it up. Presently a round shot, with a loud ringing and hissing sound, pitched over the hill, and knocked one of the fish-tubs close to us to pieces, scattering the poor fish all about the lawn. With the recklessness of a mere boy I dashed out, and was busy picking them up, when Mr. * * * called to me to come back.

"Let us go in, and await what may befall; I dread what the ty'—. Here he prudently checked himself, remembering no doubt, 'that a bird of the air might carry the matter'—'I dread what he may do, if they are really investing the place. At any rate, here, in the very arena, where the struggle will doubtless be fiercest, we cannot abide. So go, my dear sisters, and pack up whatever you may have most valuable, or most necessary. Nay, no tears; and I will attend to our poor old father, and get the carriage ready, if, God help me, I dare use it.'

"But where, in the name of all that is fearful, shall we go?" said his second sister. "Not back to Hamburg—not to endure another season of such deep degradation—not to be exposed—Oh, brother, you saw we all submitted to our fate without a murmur, and laboured cheerfully on the fortifications, when compelled to do so by that inhuman monster Davoust, amidst the ribaldry of a licentious soldiery, merely because poor Janette had helped to embroider a standard for the brave Hanseatic Legion—you know how we bore this—here the sweet girl held out her delicate hands, galled by actual and unwonted labour—and many other indignities, until that awful night, when—No, brother, we shall await the arrival of the Russians, even should we see our once happy home converted into a field of battle; but into the city we shall not go."

"Be it so, then, my dearest sister.—Wilhelm, put up the *stuhl wagen*."

He had scarcely returned into the breakfast-room, when the door opened, and the very handsome young officer, the aide-de-camp of the Prince, whom I had seen the night I was carried before Davoust, entered, splashed up to the eyes, and much heated and excited. I noticed blood on the hilt of his sword. His orderly sat on his foaming steed, right opposite where I stood, wiping his bloody sabre on his horse's mane. The women grew pale; but still they had presence of mind enough to do the honours with self-possession. The stranger wished us a good morning; and on being asked to sit down to breakfast, he unbuckled his sword, threw it from him with a clash on the floor, and then, with all the grace in the world, addressed himself to discuss the *comes-*

tibles. He tried a slight approach to jesting now and then; but seeing the heaviness of heart which prevailed amongst the women, he, with the good-breeding of a man of the world, forbore to press his attentions.

"Breakfast being finished, and the ladies having retired, he rose, buckled on his sword again, drew on his gloves, and taking his hat in his hand, he advanced to the window, and desired his men 'to fall in.'

"Men—what men?" said the poor Mr. * * *.

"Why, the Marshal has had a company of *sapeurs* for these three days back in the adjoining village—they are now here."

"Here!" exclaimed * * *; "what do the sappers *here*?" Two of the soldiers carried slow matches in their hands, while their muskets were slung at their backs. "There is no mine to be sprung here!"

The young officer heard him with great politeness, but declined giving any answer. The next moment he turned towards the ladies, and was making himself as agreeable as time and circumstances would admit, when a shot came crashing through the roof, broke down the ceiling, and knocking the flue of the stove to pieces, rebounded from the wall, and rolled harmlessly beneath the table. He was the only person who did not start, or evince any dread. He merely cast his eyes upward and smiled. He then turned to poor * * *, who stood quite collected, but very pale, near where the stove had stood, and held out his hand to him.

"On my honour," said the young soldier, "it grieves me to the very heart; but I must obey my orders. It is no longer an affair of posts; the enemy is pressing on us in force. The Allied columns are in sight; their cannon-shot have but now penetrated your roof; we have but driven in their pickets; very soon they will be here; and in the event of their advance, my orders are to burn down this house and the neighbouring village."

A sudden flush rushed into Mr. * * *'s face. "Indeed! does the Prince really?"

The young officer bowed, and with something more of sternness in his manner than he had yet used, he said, "Mr. * * *, I duly appreciate your situation, and respect your feelings; but the Prince of Eckmühl is my superior officer, and under other circumstances—Here he slightly touched the hilt of his sword.

"For myself I don't care," said * * *; "but what is to become of my sisters?"

"They must proceed to Hamburg."

"Very well—let me order the *stuhl wagen*, and give us, at all events, half an hour to move our valuables."

"Certainly," said the young officer; "and I will myself see you safe into the city."

"Who says that eels cannot be made used to skinning? The poor girls continued their little preparations with an alacrity and presence of mind that truly surprised me. Their was nei-

ther screaming nor fainting, and by the time the carriage was at the door, they, with two female domestics, were ready to mount. I cannot better describe their vehicle, than by comparing it to a canoe mounted on four wheels, connected by a long perch, with a coach-box at the bow, and three gig bodies hung athwart ships, or slung inside of the canoe, by leather thongs. At the moment we were starting, Mr. * * * came close to me and whispered, 'Do you think your ship will still be in the river?'

"I answered that I made no doubt she was."

"But even if she be not," said he, "the Holstein bank is open to us. Anywhere but Hamburg now." And the scalding tears ran down his cheeks.

"At this moment there was a bustle on the hill-top, and presently the artillery began once more to play, while the musketry breezed up again in the distance. A mounted bugler rode half way down the hill, and sounded the *recall*. The young officer hesitated. The man waved his hand, and blew the *advance*.

"It must be for us—answer it." His bugle did so. "Bring the pitch, men—the flax—so now—break the windows, and let the air inset the house on fire; and, Sergeant Guido, remain to prevent it being extinguished—I shall fire the village as we pass through."

"He gave the word to face about, and desiring the men to follow at the same swinging run with which the whole of the infantry had originally advanced, he spurred his horse against the hill, and soon disappeared.

"My host's resolution seemed now taken. Turning to the sergeant—"My good fellow, the *reconnaissance* will soon be returning; I shall precede it into the town."

"The man, a fine *vieux moustache*, hesitated.

"My friend saw it, and hit him in a Frenchman's most assailable quarter.

"The ladies, my good man—the ladies—you would not have them drive *pell mell* in with the troops, exposed most likely to the fire of the Prussian advanced guard, would you?"

"The man grounded his musket, and touched his cap—"Pass on."

"Away we trundled, until coming to a crossroad, we turned down towards the river, and at the angle we could see thick wreaths of smoke curling up into the air, showing that the barbarous order had been but too effectually fulfilled.

"What is that?" said * * *. A horse with his rider entangled, and dragged by the stirrup, passed us at full speed, leaving a long track of blood on the road. "Who is that?" The coachman drove on, and gave no answer; until, at a sharp turn, we came upon the bruised and now breathless body of the young officer, who had so recently obeyed the savage behests of his brutal commander. There was a musket-shot right in the middle of his fine forehead, like a small blue point, with one

or two heavy black drops of blood oozing from it. His pale features wore a mild and placid expression, evincing that the numberless lacerations and bruises, which were evident through his torn uniform, had been inflicted on a breathless corpse.

"The driver of the *stuhl wagen* skulled along, until we arrived at the beautiful, at a mile off, but the beastly, when close to, village of Blankenese.

"When the *voiture* stopped in the village, there seemed to be a *nonplusation*, to coin a word for the *nonce*, between my friend and his sisters. They said something very sharply; and with a degree of determination that startled me. He gave no answer. Presently the Amazonian attack was renewed.

"'We shall go on board,' said they.

"'Very well,' said he; 'but have patience, have patience.'

"'No, no; *Wann wird man sich einschiffen müssen?*'

"By this time we were in the heart of the village, and surrounded with a whole lot, forty at the least, of Blankenese boatmen. We were not long in selecting one of the fleetest-looking of those very fleet boats, when we all trundled on board, and I now witnessed what struck me as being an awful sign of the times. The very coachman of the *stuhl wagen*, after conversing a moment with his master, returned to his team, tied the legs of the poor creatures as they stood, and then with a sharp knife cut their jugular veins through and through on the right side, having previously raised them up sharp to the left, so that, before starting, we could see three of the team, which consisted of four superb bays when we started, level with the soil and dead; the near wheeler only holding out on his forelegs.

"We shoved off at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and after having twice been driven into creeks on the Holstein shore by bad weather, we arrived about two next morning safely on board the *Torch*, which immediately got under weigh for England. After my story had been told to the Captain, I left my preserver and his sisters in his hands, and I need scarcely say that they had as hearty a welcome as the worthy old soul could give them, and dived into the midshipman's berth for a morsel of comfort, where, in a twinkling, I was far into the secrets of a pork pie."

From the *Athenaeum*.

PIOZZIANA.*

This is a lively little book, and cannot fail to be sought after and read with pleasure by all the admirers of Boswell's Johnson, and the *Memoirs* and *Anecdotes* of Dr. Burney. It consists of letters and observations concerning men

* *Piozziana; or, Recollections of the late Mrs. Piozzi With Remarks by a Friend.* London: Moxon.

and books of the days of Burke and Johnson, as well as those of Byron and Scott, and contains much about those eminent men, and others scarcely less distinguished, which the world will be thankful to know; nor is this all: whenever the lady has written a letter, or made some remark, sarcastic or serious, the gentleman, her friend, gives us an explanatory dissertation, often much to the purpose, and always in a kindly spirit, if not a discerning one. This renders the work a great curiosity in its way; we only wish that the editor, or author, or whatever he is, had known the lively and sarcastic relict of the great English brewer and the Italian fiddler earlier in life, that he might have made a more extensive collection of her clever letters and smart sayings.

Mrs. Piozzi is known to the world by the partiality of Dr. Johnson; by her own entertaining anecdotes of the great philosopher; her *Tour in Italy*; the imitable biography of Boswell, and by her suddenly throwing aside the weeds which she wore as the relict of Thrale, and giving her hand to Piozzi, an Italian musician, who was instructing her daughters. All these circumstances united in rendering her name a name of note. But she had merit all her own. She was lively, witty, and handsome; wrote agreeable verses—satires too, upon occasion; had a singular knack of paying compliments; could be, and was ironical and sarcastic on those who displeased her; invited to her house all who were distinguished in her day for science or genius; and while she sat at the head of her first husband's table, was seldom without the presence of such men as Burke, Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Boswell, and Burney, among whom she divided the good things of this life with a readiness of hand and a grace which showed she thought the task a pleasant one. It was generally suspected, too, that the displeasure of Johnson at her second marriage originated in something like disappointment; he had perhaps expected to be consulted, nor has this surmise been at all discredited by the lady herself: but it is neither for their fame nor their philosophy that rosy young widows make the second choice among the sons of men; and Johnson, who knew the world well, could not be ignorant of this. We have sometimes been inclined to set down Boswell's visible dislike of the lady, after she became Mrs. Piozzi, to her discontinuing those frequent and welcome invitations to venison and wine, to which neither Johnson nor Boswell were insensible. But we shall detain our readers no longer, and proceed at once to spread before them some of the choice things of the book.

The first person we are introduced to, is Mr. Gifford, the *satirist* and *critic*: her conduct on meeting with him, shows how well she could command a temper which she acknowledged was touchy:—

"She, one evening, asked me abruptly if I did not remember the scurrilous lines in which

she had been depicted by Gifford in his 'Baviad and Maeviad.' And, not waiting for my answer, for I was indeed too much embarrassed to give one quickly, she recited the verses in question, and added, 'how do you think "Thrale's gray widow" revenged herself? I contrived to get myself invited to meet him at supper at a friend's house (I think she said in Pall Mall) soon after the publication of his poem, sat opposite to him, saw that he was "perplexed in the extreme;" and smiling, proposed a glass of wine as a libation to our future good fellowship. Gifford was sufficiently a man of the world to understand me, and nothing could be more courteous and entertaining than he was while we remained together.' This, it must be allowed was a fine trait of character, evincing thorough knowledge of life, and a very powerful mind."

She loved to look back, in her old age, to the days when she lived at Streatham, and enjoyed the company of the wise and the witty:—

"Sometimes, when she favoured me and mine with a visit, she used to look at her little self, as she called it, and speak drolly of what she once was, as if talking of some one else; and one day, turning to me, I remember her saying, 'no, I never was handsome; I had always too many strong points in my face for beauty.' I ventured to express a doubt of this, and said that Doctor Johnson was certainly an admirer of her personal charms. She replied that she believed his devotion was at least as warm towards the table and the table-talk at Streatham. This was, as is well known, Mrs. Thrale's place of residence in the country. I was tempted to observe that I thought, as I still do, that Johnson's anger on the event of her second marriage was excited by some feeling of disappointment; and that I suspected he had formed hopes of attaching her to himself. It would be disingenuous on my part to attempt to repeat her answer: I forget it; but the impression on my mind is that she did not contradict me."

In one of her conversations, she said, that when Lady Howe cut down Pope's Willow, fourscore years after the poet planted it, the common people cried Shame! and struggled for chips and twigs: she had a tea-chest made out of it. She made a pause, and then began to speak of Johnson, of whom she related the following story, which shows that she had a touch of the vixen rather than that the Doctor was deficient in moral propriety:—

"Johnson was, on the whole, a rigid moralist; but he could be ductile, I may say, servile; and I will give you an instance. We had a large dinner-party at our house; Johnson sat on one side of me, and Burke on the other; and in the company there was a young female (Mrs. Piozzi named her) to whom I, in my peevishness, thought Mr. Thrale superfluously attentive, to the neglect of me and others; especially of myself, then near my confinement, and dismally low-spirited; notwithstanding which Mr.

T. very unceremoniously begged of me to change place with Sophy —, who was threatened with a sore-throat, and might be injured by sitting near the door. I had scarcely swallowed a spoonful of soup when this occurred, and was so overset by the coarseness of the proposal, that I burst into tears, said something petulant—that perhaps ere long, the lady might be at the head of Mr. T.'s table, without displacing the mistress of the house, &c., and so left the apartment. I retired to the drawing-room, and for an hour or two contended with my vexation as I best could, when Johnson and Burke came up. On seeing them, I resolved to give a *jubation* to both, but fixed on Johnson for my charge, and asked him if he had noticed what passed, what I had suffered, and whether, allowing for the state of my nerves, I was much to blame? He answered, 'Why, possibly not; your feelings were outraged.' I said, 'Yes, greatly so; and I cannot help remarking with what blandness and composure you *witnessed* the outrage. Had this transaction been told of others, your anger would have known no bounds; but, towards a man who gives good dinners, &c. you were meekness itself!' Johnson coloured, and Burke, I thought, looked foolish; but I had not a word of answer from either."

We have some suspicion that the story of Henry of Richmond, and the sword with which he fought at Bosworth, is apocryphal: can any of our antiquarian friends throw light upon it!—

"King Henry VIII. when Earl of Richmond, and on his way to fight Richard the Third at Bosworth, stopped for a day at Mostyn-hall; and on leaving, told Lady Mostyn that, should he be victorious as he hoped to be, he would, when the battle was over, send her his *sword* by a special messenger, whom he should despatch from the field. He won the day, and sent the sword, as he promised; and for ages it hung in the armoury at Mostyn. But a good old lady of the family at length observing that the hilt was of pure gold, and exclaiming that it was a pity metal of such value should lie useless, had the handle melted down, and converted into a caudle-cup. The *blade* was lost."

Our friends of the north will be glad to hear that Johnson's dislike of the Scotch was assumed, not serious—if his serious cuts and thrusts would have been sharper than his feints, the Scotch are as well without them:—

"She greatly admired, she said, the Scottish people, admitting that I was right in observing, as I did to compliment her, that *Boswell* was an obtuse man, and did not understand *Johnson*, when he represents him as malevolently disposed towards Scotland; while, in fact, his sarcastic mode of speaking of that nation was only *his* way of being facetious. This led her to remark that she knew the famous *John Wilkes* well, and had often enjoyed his fine 'conversation-talents.' She recalled the droll retort of *Wilkes*, when he one day overheard *Johnson* enlarging on the subject of human freedom,

and cried out, 'What is the man saying? *Liberty* sounds as oddly in his mouth, as *Religion* would in mine!'

"Reverting to *Mackenzie*, she said she did not, any more than Doctor *Johnson*, think highly of his 'Man of the World'; and that *Johnson*, whose name she frequently introduced, was the reverse of illiberal with regard to Scotland, or Scotch genius; for that he perpetually took opportunities of applauding both; and was one time speaking most praising of *Thomson*, when a Scotch gentleman came in; on which *Johnson* immediately desisted; and said afterwards, that he 'could not endure to hear one Scot magnify another, which he knew would be the case.'"

Mrs. Piozzi occasionally says a word or two in her letters of such new books as engaged the attention of the Coterie, of which she was a talking and corresponding member. In the following passage, she discusses Godwin, and dismisses Scott in a few words:

"Godwin's new romance pleases nobody:—though I like the story of a man, who, early crossed in love, lives quite alone, treating his servants as mere automata, and only desiring to remain undisturbed: till—the fall of some planks discovers to him that an attorney, and his nephew, were settled in quiet possession of his spacious mansion, and ample domain; and that his domestics were at the command of those men, assisting to keep him up as a confirmed lunatic. * * *

"The ladies are all reading *Rob Roy*, long waited for, and, in my mind, good for little. '*Frankenstein*' is a filthy thing; and '*Mandeville*' a dull one: they have their admirers, however."

What follows is far better, and very pleasantly told:—

"There is a new book come out since I wrote last; or did I mention it to you before? *Frankenstein*. His female readers are divided strangely; one girl told me she was so affected reading it alone, that she started up, and rang the bell from the agitation of spirits. Another lady said, 'Lord bless me, what alarmed her, I wonder! it is a *rhotomontading* story; I slept over it.' But it is, as you observe, according to the frame one's mind is in. A petty shopkeeper in Westminster once related to me, how she went with many others to see the great Duchess of Northumberland's funeral; it took place at night, for the purpose of increasing the solemnity; and she was buried in Henry the Seventh's chapel. When at last one lamp alone was left burning on the tomb in that immense pile of gothic architecture, and the crowd was pushing to get out, Mrs. Gardner (that was her name) lost her shoe; and endeavouring to regain it, lost, as it were, the tide of company; and heard the great Abbey-doors close on her, with a sound that reverberated through all the aisles, precluding every possibility of making her case known to those without. 'Dear, dear! and what did you think, Mrs. Gardner, and what

did you do?' 'Why, to be sure, Ma'am, I thought I should catch a shocking cold; so I wrapt two handkerchiefs round my head and throat; and crept into a seat in the choir, as they call it, where I fell fast asleep; not without a good deal of uneasiness, lest the 'prentice boy—since my poor husband's death—should lie a-bed in the morning, and shop should be neglected; till those sexton fellows, or whatever you call them, should let me get home to breakfast.' If ever I told you this 'round, unvarnished tale' before, the ladies will recollect it; but I think it is *not* among my *potted stories*."

From authors, it is but a step to actors and actresses: respecting Miss O'Neill, she writes as follows:—

"Miss O'Neill has fascinated all eyes; no wonder: she is *very* fair, *very* young, and innocent-looking; of gentlest manners in appearance certainly; and lady-like to an exactness of imitation. The voice and emphasis are not delightful to my old-fashioned ears: but all must feel that her action is quite appropriate. Where passionate love and melting tenderness are to be expressed, she carries criticism quite away. The scene with *Stukely* disappointed me: I hated to see indignation degenerate into shrewishness, and hear so lovely a creature *scold* the man in a harsh accent—such as *you now* are hearing in the street! My aristocratic prejudices, too, led me to think she under-dressed her characters; one is used to fancy an audience entitled to respect from all public performers; and *Belvidera*'s plain black gown, and her fine hair twisted up, as the girls do for what they call an *old cat's* card party, *pleased me not*. While—the men admired even to ecstasy, as perfectly natural, that which I believe delighted them chiefly—as it was frequent and fashionable."

That the spirit of Scotland was strong in Helen Maria Williams, may be seen by a single anecdote:—

"Did I ever tell you of a Count Andriani, who dined with Mr. Piozzi and me once in Hanover Square? Helen Maria Williams met him, and whispered me, before dinner, how handsome she thought him. He *was* very showy-looking; and had made a long tour about our British dominions. While the dessert was upon the table, I asked him which was finest—Loch Lomond or the Lake of Killarney? 'Oh, no comparison,' was his reply; 'the Irish lake is a body of water worth looking at, even by those who, like you and I, have lived on the banks of *Lago Maggiore*, that much resembles, and little surpasses it; the Highland beauty is a *cold beauty*, truly.' Helen's Scotch blood and national prejudice boiled over in the course of this conversation; and when the ladies retired to the drawing-room after dinner, 'I was mistaken in that man's features,' said she; 'he is not handsome at all, when one looks more at him.' Comical enough, was it not?"

There is much good sense and discernment

in her letter regarding the pleasant vale of Llwydd:—

" We are spoiling the sublimity of this vale of Llwydd; cultivating the fine heathy hills, lately so brown and solemn, like dressing old, black-robed judges up, in green coats and white waistcoats. Sir John S. has done better, and planted his mountains to a large extent, eighty acres, with fine forest timber. Many friends think it a folly; but *he* says, and *I* say, that in forty years, the wood will be worth as much as the estate below. And what signifies tearing men and horses to pieces, to cultivate and manure these upper regions, which will be more profitable when more in character. The *folly* was in forgetting to sow turnips among the plantations, which they help to keep clean; and pay labourers besides. Never was seen such a harvest; all our wheat will be in by to-morrow night, and oats ready to cut on Monday morning. But—while corn is *ripening*, the people are *repining*; a spirit of discontent pervades every part of Europe, I believe. The labourers' wages at the Cross are twenty-one shillings this day, for the week; and when my father lived at old *Bachygraig*,—the date of which is cut in the weather-vane, 1537; the house which Mr. Beloe, God forgive him, has said that dear Mr. Piozzi pulled down,—they were only five shillings; yet in those days, I mean in 1740, and then about, all were well pleased and happy, with their oat-bread and buttermilk; nor dreamed of wearing shoes, and eating roast meat, except at Christmas and Easter. Those who can unriddle this enigma, are better financiers and deeper politicians than I am. Besides that, these fine guinea o'week labourers will be treated with good bacon dinners every day. My father's hinds, as we called them, fed themselves out of their five shillings, and were happy, and their cottages clean, and the renters willing to keep a pointer for the squire besides. What a letter is this! exclaims dear Mrs. —— from our H. L. P.! But *Solomon* says little can be expected from those '*whose talk is of bullocks*,' and I like to enter into the detail of this, my *first* and *last* place, well enough. Adieu, dear friends; for a short time, thank God! I wonder where at Bath you will fix your residence?"

At page 128, we are told that Allan Ramsay's lyrics were not written by the author of the 'Gentle Shepherd,' but by some young men of talent, who frequented a tavern kept by a person of the same name as the Scottish Theocritus. We suspect that none of our antiquarian friends in the north ever heard of this. Mrs. Piozzi remarked too, says her friend, that for her part she had a suspicion that the 'Gentle Shepherd' itself was written by a person of the name of Thomson! This person of the name of Thomson is the author of the 'Seasons,' and we have no doubt that the facetious lady was *trotting*, as it is called, her reverend friend; we hope he has related no other of her experimental stories. We

shall now allow the reverend editor to speak for himself: the three following portraits are not done in the usual style, and we like them all the better for it: we consider them clever and characteristic:

Burke.—" At the time I refer to, and when pointed out to strangers in the streets, as a renowned orator, statesman, and writer, he usually wore a blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, brown breeches, and grey worsted stockings; and a wig of fair, curly hair, made to look natural. He also commonly used spectacles; so that it is not easy to describe his face. But I noticed that he had many wrinkles, and those more of thought than age. He had a double chin, as it is termed; large nostrils, a rather long, irregular nose, and a wide, and, as it were, a loose mouth, such as many public speakers have. His speeches were always worth listening to; though his attitude was often unbecoming, as he would keep one hand in his waistcoat pocket, and the other frequently in his bosom, and swing his body from side to side, while his feet were fixed to one spot. Being an Irishman, he not only spoke with an Irish accent, which might be excused, but with an Irish pronunciation, for which there is no excuse; because English people of good education must needs know how to pronounce their own language; and when an Irishman of discernment and talents speaks differently, it must be because he chooses to do so, which is ridiculous. In spite of these objections, such were the charms of his eloquence, his words flowed in so grand a torrent, and he so abounded in happy metaphor and well-applied learning, that although I have heard him for several hours together, I do not remember being conscious of weariness or impatience while he was on his legs."

Pitt.—" Pitt was a tall thin man, of a fair skin, and with rather an effeminate gait. He had light coloured hair, and grey, watery eyes, and a projecting sharp-pointed nose, a little turned up. His forehead, in the part nearest to his eyebrows, came far out, as may be seen in his statues and busts; and to those who are observers of human faces, gave the notion of his being a man of the greatest possible clearness of thought, and firmness of character; and such he proved himself on every occasion. His manner of speaking in the House (and I seldom heard him except in parliament) was very lordly and commanding; he generally stretched forth his right arm to its utmost length, kept his left hand on his hip, or on the table, near which he usually stood, and his feet at a proper distance from each other, and spoke deliberately, like a person reading from a well-written book, and in a voice as loud and deep almost as a bell."

Sheridan.—" Sheridan was above the middle height: his limbs were well formed, but rather heavy, and his shoulders somewhat round; he had one leg perceptibly larger than the other. His face, in the lower part, was fat, and all over too rosy for a very temperate or very discreet man. His eyes were most remarkable—large, of a dark colour, and shining, as if fire came from them; when near and immediately in front of him, few could bear to look steadily at his countenance. In pronouncing his orations, he had endless grace and variety of action; using both arms with such

propriety, that by their movements one might nearly conjecture what he was saying. His voice had in it almost every sort of musical sound; it was sometimes as sweet as the notes of a violin, and at others as mellow as an organ. He was so great a master of original wit, rhetoric without rules, and natural eloquence of every kind, that he made those who heard him speak believe him in the right for the time, the subject of his oration what it might. He was, in short, neither moral, learned, nor wise; but so amazingly clever that he completely imposed himself as such upon his hearers, while declaiming either on the hustings or in parliament."

We have quoted largely, because this is the first notice the public will have of the contents of a work, which, with many faults, has great merit, and cannot be regarded otherwise than as a valuable addition to the stock of national materials, out of which the lives and characters of illustrious men of Britain will be drawn by some future biographer. We may be tempted to return to it for a few more anecdotes.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON.

By the Countess of Blessington. No. VI.

Continued from p. 708.

She had all of philosophy, save its moroseness, and all of nature, save its defects and general *faiblesse*; or if some portion of *faiblesse* attached to her, it only served to render her more forbearing to the errors of others. I have often thought, that, with a little more youth, Lady M—— might have turned my head—at all events she often turned my heart, by bringing me back to mild feelings, when the demon passion was strong within me. Her mind and heart were as fresh as if only sixteen summers had flown over her, instead of four times that number; and the mind and heart always leave external marks of their state of health. Goodness is the best cosmetic that has yet been discovered, for I am of opinion that, not according to our friend Moore—

'As the shining casket's worn,
The gem within will tarnish too,'—

but, *au contraire*, the decay of the gem will tarnish the casket—the sword will wear away the scabbard. Then how rare is it to see age give its experience without its hardness of heart! and this was Lady M——'s case. She was a captivating creature, *malgré* her eleven or twelve lustres, and I shall always love her.

"Did you know William Spencer, the Poet of Society, as they used to call him? (said Byron.) His was really what your countrymen call an elegant mind, polished, graceful, and sentimental, with just enough gaiety to prevent his being lachrymose, and enough sentiment to prevent his being too anacreontic. There was

a great deal of genuine fun in Spencer's conversation, as well as a great deal of refined sentiment in his verses. I liked both, for both were perfectly aristocratic in their way; neither one nor the other was calculated to please the *canaille*, which made me like them all the better. England was, after all I may say against it, very delightful in my day; that is to say, there were some six or seven very delightful people among the hundred commonplace that one saw every day,—seven stars, the pleiades, visible when all others had hid their diminished heads; and look where we may, where is the place that we can find so many stars united elsewhere? Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Spencer, as poets; and how many conversationists to be added to the galaxy of stars,—one set irradiating our libraries of a morning, and the other illuminating our dining-rooms of an evening! All this was, and would be, very delightful, could you have confined the stars within their own planets; but, alas! they were given to wander into other spheres, and often set in the arctic circles, the frozen zones of nobility. I often thought at that time (continued Byron,) that England had reached the pinnacle,—that point where, as no advance can be made, a nation must retrograde,—and I don't think I was wrong. Our army had arrived at a state of perfection before unknown; Wellington's star was in the ascendant, and all others paled before its influence. We had Grey, Grenville, Wellesley, and Holland in the House of Peers, and Sheridan, Canning, Burdett, and Tierney in the Commons. In society we were rich in poets, then in their zenith, now alas! fallen into the sear and yellow leaf; and in wits of whom one did not speak in the past tense. Of these, those whom the destroyer Time has not cut off he has mutilated,—the wine of their lives has turned sour,—and lost its body, and who is there to supply their places? The march of intellect has been preceded by pioneers, who have levelled all the eminences of distinction, and reduced all to the level of decent mediocrity.

"It is said that as people grow old they magnify the superiority of past times, and detract from the advantages of the present: this is natural enough; for, admitting that the advantages were equal, we view them through a different medium,—the sight, like all the other senses, loses its fine perceptions, and nought looks as bright through the dim optics of age as through the bright ones of youth; but as I have only reached the respectable point of middle age (continued Byron,) I cannot attribute my opinion of the falling off of the present men to my senility; and I really see or hear of no young men, either in the literary or political fields of London, who promise to supply the places of the men of my time—no successive crop to replace the passing or the past." I told Byron that the march of intellect had rendered the spread of knowledge so general, that young men abstained from writing,

or at least from publishing, until they thought they had produced something likely to obtain attention, which was now much more difficult to be obtained than formerly, as people grew more fastidious every day. He would not agree to this, but maintained that mediocrity was the distinguishing feature of the present times, and that we should see no more men like those of his day. To hear Byron talk of himself, one would suppose that instead of thirty-six, he was sixty years old: there is no affectation in this, as he says he feels all the languor and exhaustion of age.

Byron always talks in terms of high admiration of Mr. Canning; says he is a man of superior abilities, brilliant fancy, cultivated mind, and most effective eloquence; and adds that Canning only wanted to be born to a good estate to have made a great statesman. Fortune (continued Byron) would have saved him from tergiversation, the bare suspicion of which is destructive to the confidence a statesman ought to inspire. As it is, said he, Canning is brilliant, but not great, with all the elements in him that constitute greatness.

Talking of Lord ——, Byron observed that his success in life was a proof of the weight that fortune gave a man, and his popularity a certain sign of his mediocrity: "the first (said Byron) puts him out of the possibility of being suspected of mercenary motives; and the second precludes envy; yet you hear him praised at every side for his independence!—and a great merit it is truly (said he) in a man who has high rank and large fortune,—what can he want, and where could be the temptation to barter his principles since he already has all that people seek in such a traffic? No, I see no merit in Lord ——'s independence; give me the man who is poor and untitled, with talents to excite temptation and honesty to resist it, and I will give him credit for independence of principle, because he deserves it." People (continued Byron) talk to you of Lord ——'s high character,—in what does it consist? Why in being, as I before said, put by fortune and rank beyond the power of temptation,—having an even temper, thanks to a cool head and a colder heart!—and a mediocrity of talents that ensures his being 'content to live in decencies for ever,' while it exempts him from exciting envy or jealousy, the followers of excellence."

Byron continually reverts to Sir Walter Scott, and always in terms of admiration for his genius, and affection for his good qualities; he says that he never gets up from the perusal of one of his works without finding himself in a better disposition, and that he generally reads his novels three times. "I find such a just mode of thinking (said Byron,) that I could fill volumes with detached thoughts from Scott, all, and each, full of truth and beauty. Then how good are his definitions. Do you remember, in 'Peveril of the Peak,' where he says, 'Presence of mind is courage.'

Real valour consists, not in being insensible to danger, but in being prompt to confront and disarm it.' How true is this, and what an admirable distinction between moral and physical courage!"

I complimented him on his memory, and he added:—"My memory is very retentive, but the passage I repeated I read this morning for the third time. How applicable to Scott's works is the observation made by Madame de Fléville on Richardson's Novels, in one of her letters to Voltaire: 'La morale y est en action, et n'a jamais été traitée d'une manière plus intéressante. On meurt d'envie d'être parfait après cette lecture, et l'on croit que rien n'est si aisné.' I think," continued Byron, after a pause, "that Scott is the only very successful genius that could be cited as being as generally beloved as a man as he is admired as an author; and, I must add, he deserves it, for he is so thoroughly good-natured, sincere, and honest, that he disarms the envy and jealousy his extraordinary genius must excite. I hope to meet Scott once more before I die; for were out as are my affections, he still retains a strong hold on them."

There was something highly gratifying to the feelings in witnessing the warmth and cordiality that Byron's countenance and manner displayed when talking of Sir W. Scott; it proved how capable he was of entertaining friendship,—a sentiment of which he so frequently professed to doubt the existence: but in this, as on many other points, he never did himself justice; and the turn for ridicule and satire implanted in his nature led him to indulge in observations in which his real feelings had no share. Circumstances had rendered Byron suspicious; he was apt to attribute every mark of interest or good-will shown to him as emanating from vanity, that sought gratification by a contact with his poetical celebrity; this encouraged his predilection for hoaxing, ridiculing, and doubting friends and friendship. But as Sir W. Scott's own well-earned celebrity put the possibility of such a motive out of the question, Byron yielded to the sentiment of friendship in all its force for him, and never named him but with praise and affection. Byron's was a proud mind, that resisted correction, but that might easily be led by kindness; his errors had been so severely punished, that he became reckless and misanthropic, to avenge the injustice he had experienced; and, as misanthropy was foreign to his nature, its partial indulgence produced the painful state of being continually at war with his better feelings, and of rendering him dissatisfied with himself and others.

Talking of the effects that ingratitude and disappointments produced on the character of the individual who experienced them, Byron said, that they invariably soured the nature of the person, who, when reduced to this state of acidity, was described as a cynical, ill-natured brute. "People wonder (continued he) that a

man is sour who has been feeding on acids all his life. The extremes of adversity and prosperity produce the same effects; they harden the heart, and enervate the mind; they render a person so selfish, that, occupied solely with his own pains or pleasures, he ceases to feel for others; hence, as sweets turn to acids as well as sour, excessive prosperity may produce the same consequences as adversity."

His was a nature to be bettered by prosperity, and to be rendered obstinate by adversity. He invoked Stoicism to resist injustice, but its shield repelled not a single blow aimed at his peace, while its appearance deprived him of the sympathy for which his heart yearned. Let those, who would judge with severity the errors of this wayward child of genius, look back at his days of infancy and youth, and ask themselves whether, under such unfavourable auspices, they could have escaped the defects that tarnish the lustre of his fame,—defects rendered more obvious by the brightness they partially obscured, and which, without that brightness, had perhaps never been observed.

An eagle confined in a cage could not have been more displaced than was Byron in the artificial and conventional society that disgusted him with the world; like that daring bird, he could fearlessly soar high, and contemplate the sun, but he was unfit for the busy haunts of men; and he, whose genius could people a desert, pined in the solitude of crowds. The people he saw resembled not the creatures his fancy had formed, and, with a heart yearning towards his fellow men, pride and a false estimate of mankind repelled him from seeking their sympathy, though it deprived them not of his, as not all his assumed Stoicism could conceal the kind feelings that spontaneously showed themselves when the misfortunes of others were named. Byron warred only with the vices and follies of his species; and if he had a bitter jest and biting sarcasm for these, he had pity and forbearance for affliction, even though deserved, and forgot the cause in the effect. Misfortune was sacred in his eyes, and seemed to be the last link of the chain that connected him with his fellow-men. I remember hearing a person in his presence revert to the unhappiness of an individual known to all the party present, and, having instanced some proofs of the unhappiness, observe that the person was not to be pitied, for he had brought it on himself by misconduct. I shall never forget the expression of Byron's face; it glowed with indignation, and, turning to the person who had excited it, he said, "If, as you say, this heavy misfortune had been caused by —'s misconduct, then is he doubly to be pitied, for he has the reproaches of conscience to imbibit his draught. Those who have lost what is considered the right to pity in losing reputation and self-respect, are the persons who stand most in need of commiseration; and yet the charitable feelings of the over-moral would deny them this boon: reserving it for those on

whom undeserved misfortunes fall, and who have that *within* which renders pity superfluous, have also respect to supply its place. Nothing so completely serves to demoralize a man as the certainty that he has lost the sympathy of his fellow-creatures; it breaks the last tie that binds him to humanity, and renders him reckless and irreclaimable. This (continued Byron) is my moral; and this it is that makes me pity the guilty and respect the unfortunate."

While he spoke, the earnestness of his manner, and the increased colour and animation of his countenance, bore evident marks of the sincerity of the sentiments he uttered: it was at such moments that his native goodness burst forth, and pages of misanthropic sarcasms could not efface the impression they left behind, though he often endeavoured to destroy such impressions by pleasantries against himself.

"When you go to Naples you must make acquaintance with Sir William Drummond (said Byron), for he is certainly one of the most erudite men and admirable philosophers now living. He has all the wit of Voltaire, with a profundity that seldom appertains to wit, and writes so forcibly, and with such elegance and purity of style, that his works possess a peculiar charm. Have you read his 'Academical Questions?' if not, get them directly, and I think you will agree with me, that the Preface to that work alone would prove Sir William Drummond an admirable writer. He concludes it by the following sentence, which I think one of the best in our language:—'Prejudice may be trusted to guard the out-works for a short space of time, while Reason slumbers in the citadel; but if the latter sink into a lethargy, the former will quickly erect a standard for herself. Philosophy, wisdom, and liberty support each other; he, who will not reason, is a bigot; he, who cannot, is a fool; and he, who dares not, is a slave.' Is not the passage admirable? (continued Byron); how few could have written it, and yet how few read Drummond's works! they are too good to be popular. His 'Odin' is really a fine poem, and has some passages that are beautiful, but it is so little read that it may be said to have dropped still-born from the press, a mortifying proof of the bad taste of the age. His translation of Persius is not only very literal, but preserves much of the spirit of the original, a merit that, let me tell you, is very rare at present, when translations have about as much of the spirit of the original as champagne diluted with three parts of water, may be supposed to retain of the pure and sparkling wine. Translations, for the most part, resemble imitations, where the marked defects are exaggerated, and the beauties passed over, always excepting the imitations of Mathews (continued Byron,) who seems to have continuous chords in his mind, that vibrate to those in the minds of others, as he gives not only the look, tones, and manners of the persons he

personifies, but the very train of thinking, and the expressions they indulge in; and, strange to say, this modern Proteus succeeds best when the imitated is a person of genius, or great talent, as he seems to identify himself with him. His imitation of Curran can hardly be so called—it is a *continuation*, and is inimitable. I remember Sir Walter Scott's observing that Mathews' imitations were of the *mind*, to those who had the key; but as the majority had it not, they were contented with admiring those of the person, and pronounced him a mimic who ought to be considered an accurate and philosophic observer of human nature, blessed with the rare talent of intuitively identifying himself with the minds of others. But, to return to Sir Wm. Drummond (continued Byron,) he has escaped all the defects of translators, and his Persias resembles the original as nearly in feeling and sentiment as two languages so dissimilar in idiom will admit. Translations almost always disappoint me; I must, however, except Pope's 'Homer,' which has more of the spirit of Homer than all the other translations put together,* and the Teian bard himself might have been proud of the beautiful odes which the Irish Anacreon has given us.

"Of the wits about town, I think (said Byron) that George Colman was one of the most agreeable; he was *toujours prêt*, and after two or three glasses of champaigne, the quicksilver of his wit mounted to *beau fixe*. Colman has a good deal of tact; he feels that convivial hours were meant for enjoyment, and understands society so well, that he never obtrudes any private feeling, except hilarity, into it. His jokes are all good, and *readable*, and flow without effort, like the champaigne that often gives birth to them, sparkle after sparkle, and brilliant to the last. Then one is sure of Colman (continued Byron,) which is a great comfort; for to be made to cry when one had made up one's mind to laugh, is a *triste* affair. I remember that this was the great drawback with Sheridan; a little wine made him melancholy, and his melancholy was contagious; for who could bear to see the wizard, who could at will command smiles or tears, yield to the latter without sharing them, though one wished that the exhibition had been less public! My feelings were never more excited than while writing the Monody on Sheridan,—every word that I wrote came direct from the heart. Poor Sherry! what a noble mind was in him overthrown by poverty; and to see the men with whom he had passed his life, the dark souls whom his genius illuminated, rolling in wealth, the Sybarites whose slumbers a crushed roseleaf would have disturbed, leaving him to die on the pallet of poverty, his last moments disturbed by the myrmidons of the law. Oh! it was enough to disgust one with human nature,

but above all with the nature of those who, professing liberality, were so little acquainted with its twin-sister generosity.

"I have seen poor Sheridan weep, and good cause had he (continued Byron). Placed by his transcendent talents in an elevated sphere, without the means of supporting the necessary appearance, to how many humiliations must his fine mind have submitted, ere he had arrived at the state in which I knew him, of reckless jokes to pacify creditors of a morning, and alternate smiles and tears of an evening, round the boards where ostentatious dulness called in his aid to give a zest to the wine that often maddened him, but could not thaw the frozen current of their blood. Moore's *Monody* on Sheridan (continued Byron) was a fine burst of generous indignation, and is one of the most powerful of his compositions. It was as daring as my 'Avatar,' which was bold enough, and God knows, true enough, but I have never repented it. Your countrymen behaved dreadfully on that occasion; despair may support the chains of tyranny, but it is only baseness that can sing and dance in them, as did the Irish on the —'s visit. But I see you would prefer another subject, so let us talk of something else, though this cannot be a humiliating one to you personally, as I know your husband did not make one among the rabble at that Saturnalia.

"The Irish are strange people (continued Byron), at one moment overpowered by sadness, and the next elevated to joy; impressionable as heated wax, and, like it, changing each time that it is warmed. The dolphin, when shone upon by the sun, changes not its hues more frequently than do your mobile countrymen, and this want of stability will leave them long what centuries have found them—slaves. I liked them before the degradation of 1822, but the dance in chains disgusted me. What would Grattan and Curran have thought of it? and Moore, why struck he not the harp of Erin to awaken the slumbering souls of his supine countrymen?"

To those who only know Byron as an author, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to convey a just impression of him as a man. In him the elements of good and evil were so strongly mixed, that an error could not be detected that was not allied to some good quality; and his fine qualities, and they were many, could hardly be separated from the faults that sullied them. In bestowing on Byron a genius as versatile as it was brilliant and powerful, Nature had not denied him warmth of heart, and the kind affections that beget, while they are formed to repay friendship; but a false beau ideal that he had created for himself, and a wish of exciting wonder, led him into a line of conduct calculated to lower him in the estimation of superficial observers, who judge from appearances, while those who had opportunities of judging him more nearly, and who made allowance for his besetting sin, (the assumption

* This was indeed carrying his admiration of Pope to an extreme. It is impossible to conceive anything more foreign, not only from Homer, but from the spirit of all Greek poetry, than Pope's translation—in fact, it has the air of an imitation from a French paraphrase!

tion of vices and errors, that he either had not, or exaggerated the appearance of,) found in him more to admire than censure, and to pity than condemn. In his severest satires, however much of malice there might be in the expression, there was little in the feeling that dictated them; they came from the imagination, and not from the heart, for in a few minutes after he had unveiled the errors of some friend or acquaintance, he would call attention to some of their good qualities with as much apparent pleasure as he had dwelt on their defects. A nearly daily intercourse of ten weeks with Byron left the impression on my mind, that if an extraordinary quickness of perception prevented his passing over the errors of those with whom he came in contact, and a natural incontinence of speech betrayed him into an exposure of them,—a candour and good-nature, quite as remarkable, often led him to enumerate their virtues, and draw attention to them. It may be supposed, that with such powerful talents, there was less excuse for the attacks he was in the habit of making on his friends and acquaintances; but those very talents were the cause; they suggested a thousand lively and piquant images to his fancy, relative to the defects of those with whom he associated, and he had not self-command sufficient to repress the sallies that he knew must show at once his discrimination and talents for ridicule, and amuse his hearers, however they might betray a want of good-nature and sincerity.

There was no premeditated malignity in Byron's nature; though constantly in the habit of exposing the follies and vanity of his friends, I never heard him blacken their reputation, and I never felt an unfavourable impression from any of the censures he bestowed, because I saw they were aimed at follies, and not character. He used frequently to say, that people hated him more for exposing their follies than if he had attacked their moral characters, adding, "Such is the vanity of human nature, that men would prefer being defamed to being ridiculed, and would much sooner pardon the first than the second. There is much more folly than vice in the world (said Byron). The appearance of the latter is often assumed by the dictates of the former, and people pass for being vicious who are only foolish. I have seen such examples (continued he) of this in the world, that it makes one rather incredulous as to the extent of actual vice; but I can believe any thing of the capabilities of vanity and folly, having witnessed to what length they can go. I have seen women compromise their honour (in appearance only) for the triumph (and a hopeful one) of rivalling some contemporary belle; and men sacrifice theirs, in reality, by false boastings for the gratification of vanity. All, all is vanity and vexation of spirit (added he); the first being the legitimate parent of the second, an offspring that,

school it how you will, is sure to turn out a curse to its parent."

"Lord Blessington has been talking to me about Mr. Galt (said Lord Byron), and tells me much good of him. I am pleased at finding he is as amiable a man as his recent works prove him to be a clever and intelligent author. When I knew Galt, years ago, I was not in a frame of mind to form an impartial opinion of him; his mildness and equanimity struck me even then; but, to say the truth, his manner had not deference enough for my then aristocratical taste, and finding I could not awe him into a respect sufficiently profound for my sublime self, either as a peer or an author, I felt a little grudge towards him that has now completely worn off. There is a quaint humour and observance of character in his novels that interest me very much, and when he chooses to be pathetic, he fools one to his bent, for I assure you the 'Entail' beguiled me of some portion of watery humours, yclept tears, 'albeit unused to the melting mood.' What I admire particularly in Galt's works (continued Byron) is, that with a perfect knowledge of human nature and its frailties and legerdemain tricks, he shows a tenderness of heart which convinces one that *his* is in the right place, and he has a sly caustic humour that is very amusing. All that Lord Blessington has been telling me of Galt has made me reflect on the striking difference between his (Lord B.'s) nature and my own. I had an excellent opportunity of judging Galt, being shut up on board ship with him for some days; and though I saw he was mild, equal, and sensible, I took no pains to cultivate his acquaintance further than I should with any commonplace person, which he was not; and Lord Blessington in London, with a numerous acquaintance, and 'all appliances to boot,' for choosing and selecting, has found so much to like in Galt, *malgré* the difference of their politics, that his liking has grown into friendship.

"I must say that I never saw the milk of human kindness overflow in any nature to so great a degree, as in Lord Blessington's (continued Byron). I used, before I knew him well, to think that Shelley was the most amiable person I ever knew, but I now think that Lord B. bears off the palm, for he has been assailed by all the temptations that so few can resist, those of unvarying prosperity, and has passed the ordeal victoriously, a triumphant proof of the extraordinary goodness of his nature, while poor Shelley had been tried in the school of adversity only, which is not such a corruptor as that of prosperity. If Lord B. has not the power, Midas-like, of turning whatever he touches into gold (continued Byron), he has at least that of turning all into good. I, alas! detect only the evil qualities of those that approach me, while he discovers the good. It appears to me, that the extreme excellence of his own disposition prevents his attributing

evil to others; I do assure you (continued Byron), I have thought better of mankind since I have known him intimately." The earnestness of Byron's manner convinced me that he spoke his real sentiments relative to Lord B., and that his commendations were not uttered with a view of gratifying me, but flowed spontaneously in the honest warmth of the moment. A long, daily, and hourly knowledge of the person he praised, has enabled me to judge of the justice of the commendation, and Byron never spoke more truly than when he pronounced Lord B.'s a faultless nature. While he was speaking, he continually looked back, for fear that the person of whom he spoke should overhear his remarks, as he was riding behind, at a little distance from us.

"Is Lady — as restless and indefatigable as ever? (asked Byron). She is an extraordinary woman, and the most thorough-paced manœuvrer I ever met with; she cannot make or accept an invitation, or perform any of the common courtesies of life, without manœuvring, and has always some plan in agitation, to which all her acquaintance are subservient. This is so evident, that she never approached me that I did not expect her to levy contributions on my muse, the only disposable property I possessed; and I was as surprised as grateful at finding it was not pressed into the service for compassing some job, or accomplishing some mischief. Then she passes for being clever, when she is only cunning, though her life has been passed in giving the best proof of want of cleverness, that of intriguing to carry points not worth intriguing for, and that must have occurred in the natural course of events without any manœuvring on her part. Cleverness and cunning are incompatible—I never saw them united; the latter is the resource of the weak, and is only natural to them: children and fools are always cunning, but clever people never. The world, or rather the persons who compose it, are so indolent, that when they see great personal activity, joined to indefatigable and unshaking exertion of tongue, they conclude that such effects must proceed from adequate causes, never reflecting that real cleverness requires not such aids; but few people take the trouble of analyzing the actions or motives of others, and least of all when such others have no envy-stirring attractions. On this account Lady —'s manœuvres are set down to cleverness; but when she was young and pretty they were less favourably judged. Women of a certain age (continued Byron) are for the most part bores or *méchantes*. I have known some delightful exceptions, but on consideration they were past the certain age, and were no longer, like the coffin of Mahomet, hovering between heaven and earth, that is to say, floating between maturity and age, but had fixed their persons on the unpretending easy chairs of *Vieillesse*, and their thoughts neither on war nor conquest, except the conquest of self. Age is beautiful

when no attempt is made to modernize it. Who can look at the interesting remains of loveliness without some of the same tender feelings of melancholy with which we regard a fine view? Both mark the triumph of the mighty conqueror Time; and whether we examine the eyes, the windows of the soul, through which love and hope once sparkled, now dim and languid, showing only resignation, or the ruined casements of the abbey or castle through which blazed the light of tapers, and the smoke of incense offered to the Deity, the feelings excited are much the same, and we approach both with reverence,—always (interrupted Byron) provided that the old beauty is not a specimen of the florid Gothic,—by which I mean restored, painted, and varnished,—and that the abbey or castle is not whitewashed; both, under such circumstances, produce the same effect on me, and all reverence is lost; but I do seriously admire age when it is not ashamed to let itself be seen, and look on it as something sanctified and holy, having passed through the fire of its passions, and being on the verge of the grave.

"I once (said Byron) found it necessary to call up all that could be said in favour of matured beauty, when my heart became captive to a *donna* of forty-six, who certainly excited as lively a passion in my breast as ever it has known; and even now the autumnal charms of Lady — are remembered by me with more than admiration. She resembled a landscape by Claude Lorraine, with a setting sun, her beauties enhanced by the knowledge that they were shedding their last dying beams, which threw a radiance around. A woman (continued Byron) is only gratified for her *first* and *last* conquest. The first of poor dear Lady —'s was achieved before I entered on this world of care, but the *last* I do fatter myself was reserved for me, and a *bouche* it was."

I told Byron that his poetical sentiments of the attractions of matured beauty had, at the moment, suggested four lines to me, which he begged me to repeat, and he laughed not a little when I repeated the following lines to him:

"Oh! talk not to me of the charms of youth's
dimples,
There's surely more sentiment centred in wrinkles;
They're the triumphs of time that mark beauty's decay.
Telling tales of years past, and the few left to stay."



From the *Athenaeum*.

JOURNAL OF THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.*

We have read this Journal with a double pleasure—pleasure arising from the interest of the work itself, and a little allowable sati-

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faction at finding that our reports of the proceedings of the Society, and the papers read at its meetings, have been generally full and accurate. We have now only a few extracts to make, and our first will be from a despatch received from Lieut.-Governor Stirling, communicated by Lord Goderich, while the work was passing through the press, and which contains the

Latest Official Accounts from Swan River.

"2d April, 1832.—The only portion of Western Australia which has been any way examined or explored is inclosed in the accompanying map of reference, which will afford, at a view, a general idea of the routes and discoveries of the principal exploring parties. It will not be requisite for me to enter into the details of the reports which have been made to me on these matters; but I shall endeavour to give a general sketch of the information which we possess relative to the soils, the surface, the supply of water, the climate, and the indigenous products of the country.

"The coast from Gantheaume Bay on the west to Doubtful Island Bay on the south, including the several islets and rocks, present the remarkable calcareous substance which has been supposed to exist in no other place than on the shores of New Holland and on those of Sicily. Although it serves in general as a kind of edging to this part of the continent, it is occasionally interrupted by the protrusion of granite and trap; and it is in some places covered by sand. The open downs which it forms sometimes afford good sheep-keep, and it burns into very fine lime; but in general the soil upon it is of little value. Behind this sea-range of hills, which are sometimes 800 feet in height, and two or three miles in breadth, there is a low sandy district which appears to have had a diluvial origin, as it exhibits occasionally pebbles and detached pieces of the older rocks, and varies from mere sand to red loam and clay. In some parts this sandy district presents considerable portions of very fine soil, and in no part is it absolutely sterile. The banks of the rivers, which flow through it, are of the richest description of soil, and although a large portion would not pay for cultivation at the present price of labour, it is not unfit for grazing. Out of this sandy plain there occasionally arise ranges and detached hills of primitive formation, the most extensive of which is the range which bounds the plain on the east or landward side, and extends from the south coast between Cape D'Entrecasteau and Wilson's Inlet, northward to the 30th degree of latitude. The highest altitude attained by these primitive mountains is about 3,500 feet, which is supposed to be the height of Roi Kyncriff, behind King George's Sound; but the average height may be stated at 1,000 feet. To the eastward of the principal of these ranges is an interior country of a different formation from that on

the coast, being of a red loamy character. It appears to have the lowest portion of its surface about 500 feet above the level of the sea, and discharges all its waters westwardly, or southwardly, through the range aforesaid. Some of these streams have a constant current, and would afford a supply of water in the dryest months; and, in general, neither the interior nor the country near the coast can be said to be badly watered.

"Such is the imperfect sketch which I am able to afford of the general surface of the country. In the quality of its soils it is extremely variable; but there have been ascertained to exist, by Capt. Bannister, Mr. Dale, and many other explorers, extensive districts of land of the best kind. And having given that point every attention, being fully aware of the great importance of being well assured that there is a sufficiency of fertile land, I may now express my conviction, from the reports of others no less than by my own observations, that there is abundance, and indeed as large a proportion of it as usually exists in such extensive territories.

"The only products of the country of any value at present are its timber, which is inexhaustible and of excellent quality, and its grasses, which afford feed of superior quality for sheep, horses, and cattle. There is a good species of tobacco and perennial flax, similar to the kind usually cultivated in Europe; but these are as yet only valuable as indicative of the capabilities of the soil.

"For some time back registers of the weather have been kept at King George's Sound and at Perth; and hereafter it will be possible to ascertain with precision the ranges of the temperature, the barometrical pressure, and the degree of moisture in these districts, compared with other countries. At present, after three years' experience of the climate of the Swan River district, it may be said to be exceptionable only in the months of January, February, and March, when the heat and drought are as disagreeable as they can be without affecting health. The district of King George's Sound, being exposed to southerly winds in summer, and frequently visited by showers, is the most equable, perhaps, in the world, and the most temperate. The heat on the west coast is certainly intense, and the mosquitos, which abound there in summer, are serious evils in their way, and have caused some dislike to this part of country as a place of residence. But notwithstanding these and other local and trivial objections, the climate, the ports, the position, and extent of the country, are such as fit it to be the seat of a wealthy and populous possession of the crown; and I feel justified in saying in this stage of its occupation, that it will not fail to become such, from any natural disqualification of the soil."

Another interesting paper, from which we shall make an extract, is the account of Capt. Alexander's expedition up the Essequibo. Our

original report was, indeed, very full, and contains some interesting information omitted in the Journal of the Society, as not being purely geographical:

" My purpose was now to proceed up the noble Essequibo river towards the El Dorado of Sir Walter Raleigh, and view the mighty forests of the interior, and the varied and beautiful tribes by which they are inhabited. Our residence on the island of Wakenaam had been truly a tropical one. During the night, the tree-frogs, crickets, razor-grinders, reptiles, and insects of every kind, kept up a continued concert. At sunrise, when the flowers unfolded themselves, the humming-birds, with the metallic lustre glittering on their wings, passed rapidly from blossom to blossom. The bright yellow and black mocking-birds flew from their pendant nests, accompanied by their neighbours, the wild bees, which construct their earthen hives on the same tree. The continued rains had driven the snakes from their holes, and on the path were seen the bush-master (conacouchi) unrivalled for its brilliant colours, and the deadly nature of its poison; and the labari, equally poisonous, which erects its scales in a frightful manner when irritated. The rattlesnake was also to be met with, and harmless tree snakes of many species. Under the river's bank lay enormous caymen or alligators,—one lately killed measured twenty-two feet. Wild deer and the peccari hog were seen in the glades in the centre of the island; and the jaguar and cougour (the American leopard and lion) occasionally swam over from the main land.

" We sailed up the Essequibo for a hundred miles in a small schooner of thirty tons, and occasionally took to canoes or corioals to visit the creeks. We then went up a part of the Mazaroony river, and saw also the unexplored Coioony: these three rivers join their waters about one hundred miles from the mouth of the Essequibo. In sailing or paddling up the stream, the breadth is so great, and the wooded islands so numerous, that it appears as if we navigated a large lake. The Dutch in former times had cotton, indigo, and cocoa estates up the Essequibo, beyond their capital Kykoveral, on an island at the forks or junction of the three rivers. Now, beyond the islands at the mouth of the Essequibo there are no estates, and the mighty forest has obliterated all traces of former cultivation. Solitude and silence are on either hand, not a vestige of the dwellings of the Hollanders being to be seen; and only occasionally in struggling through the entangled brushwood one stumbled over a marble tombstone brought from the shores of the Zuyderzee.

" At every turn of the river we discovered objects of great interest. The dense and nearly impenetrable forest itself occupied our chief attention; magnificent trees, altogether new to us, were anchored to the ground by bush-rope, coconvolvoli, and parasitical plants of

every variety. The flowers of these cause the woods to appear as if hung with garlands. Pre-eminent above the others was the towering and majestic Mora, its trunk spread out into buttresses; on its top would be seen the king of the vultures expanding his immense wings to dry after the dews of night. The very peculiar and romantic cry of the bell-bird, or campanero, would be heard at intervals; it is white, about the size of a pigeon, with a leathery excrescence on its forehead, and the sound which it produces in the lone woods is like that of a convent-bell tolling.

" A crash of the reeds and brushwood on the river's bank would be followed by a tapir, the western elephant, coming down to drink and to roll himself in the mud; and the manati or river-cow would lift its black head and small piercing eye above the water to graze on the leaves of the corridore tree. They are shot from a stage fixed in the water, with branches of their favourite food hanging from it; one of twenty-two cwt. was killed not long ago. High up the river, where the alluvium of the estuary is changed for white sandstone, with occasionally black oxide of manganese, the fish are of delicious flavour; among others, the pacu, near the Falls or Rapids, which is flat, twenty inches long, and weighs four pounds; it feeds on the seed of the *arum arborescens*, in devouring which the Indians shoot it with their arrows: of similar genus are the caribuck, waboory, and amah.

" The most remarkable fish of these rivers are, the *peri* or *omah*, two feet long; its teeth and jaws are so strong, that it cracks the shells of most nuts to feed on their kernels, and is most voracious. * * Also the genus *silurus*, the young of which swim in a shoal of one hundred and fifty over the head of the mother, who, on the approach of danger, opens her mouth, and thus saves her progeny; with the *loricaria calithys*, or *assa*, which constructs a nest on the surface of pools from the blades of grass floating about, and in this deposits its spawn, which is hatched by the sun. In the dry season this remarkable fish has been dug out of the ground, for it burrows in the rains owing to the strength and power of the spine; in the gill-fin and body it is covered with strong plates, and far below the surface finds moisture to keep it alive. The *electric eel* is also an inhabitant of these waters, and has sometimes nearly proved fatal to the strongest swimmer. If sent to England in tuba, the wood and iron act as conductors, and keep the fish in a continued state of exhaustion, causing, eventually, death: an earthenware jar is the vessel in which to keep it in health."

The very valuable notes by Mr. Wilkinson, on a Part of the Eastern Desert of Upper Egypt, appear to have been read at the second meeting of the Society in November, 1830, a few days before those arrangements were perfected, which have since enabled us to report the proceedings of the Society—we shall

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therefore make considerable extracts. Of the Porphyry Quarries at Gebel Dokhán, first visited by Mr. Burton in 1822, the account is exceedingly interesting. It was long unknown where the quarries were situated, and it was doubted whether Egypt produced this stone.

The Ancient Porphyry Quarries.

"At Gebel Dokhán, we had the satisfaction of seeing ruins of some extent; of viewing those vast quarries, from which Rome took so many superb pieces of porphyry to adorn her baths and porticos; of contemplating the labour and expense incurred in making so many fine roads, which cross the mountains in all directions; of walking in the streets and houses of the old inhabitants of an ancient town; and, above all, of finding a temple in the midst of a now deserted and uninhabitable valley.

"The chief difficulty in working these quarries was the want of water. It was removed by sinking two wells, one of which must have cost immense labour, being a shaft of about fifteen feet in diameter, sunk in a solid porphyry rock;—it is now impossible to judge of its depth, being much filled up with earth, but there is still some distance to the spring;—the actual depth of that part where it is solid rock is thirty-eight feet, and much more must be allowed for a good supply of water. It has a cistern attached to it, from which are led troughs for the cattle. The other well is more filled up, being altogether only twenty-two feet deep, with a diameter of fifteen feet;—that part which is still visible is cased with stone. It is placed on one side of a circular space, which was perhaps once covered in, by means of a roof supported on pillars, five of which still remain. On them are scratched boats and various figures, also a few Greek letters above a cross. This last is near the town which the Arabs call Belet Kebear, or the large village; and the other is a ten minutes' walk distant, and in another valley.

"The town was situated on a small height, at the base of the eastern mountain, and contained many houses of various forms and dimensions. At the north end is a square, around which seem to have been shops, where they worked small porphyry mortars, judging from the number of unfinished ones we found in them. In another long apartment, are some round holes in the earth, cased with terra cotta, apparently for the purpose of washing some mineral, though I see no other marks of anything having been wrought here but porphyry. A house, perhaps that of the prefect, consists of an area, on each side of which are four pillars, which perhaps once supported a covering: beyond is a stuccoed cistern, and then a room, from which staircases lead to the upper story, at least to those rooms which are above, for the town is built on a declivity. The whole is surrounded by a wall, strengthened with towers placed according to the nature of the ground. I consider the whole as a milita-

ry station, containing workshops, storehouses, and every thing which the place might require. On the outside of the wall, to the south, is a separate building, either a furnace or a bath, more probably the latter.

"Besides this town there are houses built on either side, at the base of the mountain, or upon the adjacent low hills, which were perhaps habitations of workmen. A little farther up the valley, to the south, is a small temple dedicated to Sarapis;—it was never finished, though all the materials are on the spot; not a column was ever put up,—nothing was completed but the step on which they were to stand, and which was to form the base of the portico. The order is Ionic, the mouldings very simple, and the architecture superior to any thing one could have expected to find in these mountains. * * *

"A little farther up the valley, and on the opposite side, is a small ruin, consisting of a walled area, from which leads a flight of steps to a platform, uniting it to an adytum, which is nearly square,—a colonnade leading up the centre supported the roof, on each side of which was a raised bench; near it, in the bed of a torrent, was a round block, on the circumference of which are the remains of an inscription, recording a dedication to Isis (written *Egyptiæ*), by a military officer of the name of Phanius Severus, in the twenty-second year of the reign of Adrian. As that emperor reigned a month less than twenty-one years, he appears to have been dead at the time of the dedication, though the knowledge of his death had not yet reached this distant station.

"A great quantity of pottery is found in every direction among the ruins, particularly a blue and glazed species, probably used for domestic purposes. There is also much glass and fish-shells, the latter of which are probably the remains of one of the chief articles of food of the ancient inhabitants. They communicated with the sea by a high road leading from the S.E. side of these mountains, of which I shall afterwards have occasion to speak. The roads on the eastern side of the valley are not so wide, neither are the quarries so extensive as on the western mountain; the roads are not, however, unworthy of remark: constructed with the same attention, they fully answer the purpose for which they were intended, though the skill of the engineer was not so much called for.

"In the quarries there is nothing remarkable but the remains of a few furnaces for repairing and tempering the tools; for, it is evident, from the quantity of small chippings of porphyry, that the large blocks were chiselled, and, probably, nearly finished on the mountain. There were several small huts, and others, on the summit of the hill, for these seem to have been watch-towers, perhaps as look outs, on the different heights: in one of these huts, a stone, which formed part of the wall, is inscribed with the name of Socrates.

"The western mountain presents more to interest the traveller. At the base of it is a small village, in which was worked the porphyry that was sent down by the superb road which terminates here. The larger blocks were cut into sarcophagi, or baths, and tazze, in a court without the houses, which were themselves very small; many of the blocks are still in the position in which the workmen left them. The road which leads from this village up the mountain is fourteen paces broad: at the distance of about every twelve paces are piles of stones. Innumerable smaller roads diverge from it, in various directions, to the different quarries.

"On the principal road are buttresses, or solid piles of stone, raised at intervals, probably for lowering the larger blocks; and in some parts we observed inclined descents, paved with great care, which must have been for the same purpose. It is probable that the column, or other kind of wrought stone, was placed on a sledge (similar to that represented in the grottoes of Massara), which was gently lowered by means of cranes attached to the buttresses."

Of Myos Hormos, once the great entrepot of the eastern trade, whence more than a hundred vessels sailed annually to bring back the splendid fabrics, and the spicy woods of India, only the ruins remain—it has not a single inhabitant, and the accumulation of sand has rendered the bay so shallow, that no vessel could now ride in it, even at high tide:

Copper Mines of Réigatameréeh.

"After a short day's journey of little more than 21 miles, we reached the low hills in which are situated the copper mines of Réigatameréeh;—they have evidently been worked by the ancients, as well from the quantity of pottery and scoriae there, as from the remains of the miners' houses, and the regular manner in which the caverns have been cut, following up the veins. Our arrival was welcomed by a gazelle, which some of the Sheikhs had shot. Fortunately for us, we soon had reason to find the accounts given in a modern publication of the horrors of this desert not a little exaggerated. So far from its being for the most part destitute of every trace of animals and vegetation,—so far from its being the Avernum of the winged tribe, and a mere parched sand abandoned by all reptiles but the ant, we had the pleasure of seeing, every now and then, gazelles and taytals browsing under the shadow of the seyále, or brought in by the Arab chasseur;—vultures and kites soaring above us; and, at evening, were visited by a strolling party of scorpions, and a wandering snake. Mr. Granger, too, is wrong in stating that the partridge is only found in the neighbourhood of the convents of St. Antony and St. Paul; we always met with grouse and partridges in great abundance at the different watering-places, but particularly at Howashéa,

and the others in the primitive mountains in the south. As to the ruins of Alabastron being still visible to the north of Mount Kalil, and nearly in the same parallel with Oxyrhynchus, this will appear evident to every one, who examines the relative position of these places, to be impossible, though those ruins may exist somewhere or other in these mountains."

Excavations on the hills near Wady Girf.

"Near the ruins is a small knoll containing eighteen excavated chambers, besides, perhaps, many others, the entrances of which are no longer visible. We went into those where the doors were the least obstructed by the sand or decayed rock, and found them to be catacombs; they are well cut, and vary from about eighty to twenty-four feet, by five; their height may be from six to eight feet. They are rounded at the upper end, and, in many of them, at nearly two feet and a half from the wall, is a partition of hewn stone, stretching across from one side to the other, but not now, if ever, of any height. Some of the chambers are double, communicating by a door. In the largest we found several very fine crystals of salt: the rock is calcareous, and contains a quantity of fossils. We sought in vain for inscriptions or hieroglyphics; our curiosity was only rewarded by finding the scattered fragments of vases, bitumen, charcoal, and cloth. It is evident that the bodies were burned, and the ashes, after the usual ceremony of bathing and wrapping them in these cloths, were probably deposited in the vases, of which innumerable broken remains are seen in every direction;—they are earthenware, mostly red, and heart-shaped, with a mouth of about three inches in diameter, terminating at the base in a point; the materials and workmanship are good.

"To what people shall we ascribe these ruins? The Egyptians did not burn their dead;—the other claimants are the Greeks and Romans; and of these the name of Grady Rouémi, which the headland just below bears, inclines me in favour of the former, Rouémi or Rumi signifying Greek. Grady is a plant which abounds on the flat shore below these hills, and nothing is more common among the Arabs than to name their valleys and mountains from plants growing in them."

With two brief extracts we shall conclude. The first is from a paper, entitled, "Observations on the West Coast of Africa," communicated by Capt. Belcher, and relates to

The Islet of Alcatraz.

"We now then recommence the survey with fresh energy; and as there was much sounding to be performed, and some intricacy in the examination of the reefs, I determined to ascertain, on shore, the latitude and longitude of the islet of Alcatraz.

"The landing was not at all difficult, but the whole summit of the rock was covered

with boobies (*pelicanus sula*). I directed the boat's crew to collect the eggs, which exceeded five hundred, and afforded a grateful treat to our salt-fed crew, being large and not much inferior in quality to those of the plover. The second and third days we collected from one to two hundred; after which they declined laying more for our gratification. We had them cooked in various ways, but the most palatable was an omelet.

"The customary nuisance in islands where these birds reside, was experienced here in its fullest extent; and nothing but the feeling that, in pursuit of science, every consideration of comfort must be sacrificed to attain the object, induced me to endure the almost pestiferous odour to which I was subjected for forty-eight hours. But this annoyance was trifling compared with one still more odious—viz. a species of minute blue louse, common to pelicans and other water-birds of this climate, approaching in character to the acaras, or tick, almost imperceptible, but which, inserting its head beneath the skin, added bodily irritation to the former evil.

"At night the clamour of myriads of these birds, taking up their positions *en masse*, on two-thirds of a space of sixty yards in diameter, defies all description. Every moment a fresh party coming in from their cruise, made directly for our lights, and occasionally coming in contact with our hands, did not neglect to give us proof of the sharpness of their bills, independent of the great nuisance of frequently placing us in darkness at a most critical moment, and bedaubing the instruments, particularly the object-glass of the transit telescope. However, I felt fully repaid for my miseries; and those who shared them with me were not disposed to view them as *hardships*; in fact, I believe the change and diet were viewed rather as a *pic-nic*! Wishing to procure one or two of the finest birds for skinning (without killing some useless dozen), I sallied forth with one of the 'reading off' lamps, and examined 'the host.' After their clamour had nearly subsided (about midnight), I found them all awake, closely huddled together, forming a black crown to this otherwise white islet. None attempted to move, but, boobies as they were, foolishly stared at the light, and, without the slightest resistance or noise, suffered themselves to be handed out by the bill and examined."

The interest of the other extract is nearer home. It relates to the submersion of a part of Hayling Island, near Portsmouth; and as this little retired spot is just now growing into a watering-place, the following particulars may be interesting to those who in summer idleness wander over the beautiful sands, and look, from its silent sea-shore, on the busy stirring life of one of the most magnificent marine views in the world:

"It appears," says Sir Thomas Phillip, "that in the second year of the reign of Richard II.,

a petition was presented by the inhabitants of Hayling Island, claiming exemption from a proportion of taxes levied on them, in consequence of the loss of a great part of their island and by the encroachments of the sea. And an inquest being held to investigate the facts, it was reported, that in the fourteenth year of the preceding reign, the greater part was so destroyed, that the site of the parish church, which at first was in the centre of the island, became afterwards on the sea-shore, and was then two leagues out in the sea; the inhabitants, at the same time, stating that three hundred acres of arable land had been thus lost in forty-three years, and that at every wave, a portion of soil was destroyed."

The various papers are illustrated with maps, and, on the whole, we know of no work which we ought more heartily to recommend to the public, or which deserves a more extensive circulation.

DER FADERLAND.

[The following is a translation of the celebrated Song which some few months since was sung with such enthusiasm at the great meeting in Germany, and was afterwards interdicted by authority.]

Where's the German's Fatherland ?
 Subia, Prussia, which of these ?
Is it where the purple vine
 Blossoms on the beauteous Rhine ?
Is it where the sea-gulls rest
 Their bosoms on the Baltic's breast ?
 No ! ah no ! 'tis none of these—
 Greater is his Fatherland !

Where's the German's Fatherland ?
 Bavaria, Styria, which of these ?
Tell me, tell me, does it lie
 Near Marsi, or Westphalie ?
Is it in the gloomy mine
 Where the gold and iron shine ?
 No ! ah no ! 'tis none of these—
 Greater is the Fatherland !

Where's the German's Fatherland ?
 Pomerania, is it this ?
Is it where the flying sand
 Wind-blown ranges o'er the land ?
Is it where the roaring river
 Of the Danube flows for ever ?
 No ! ah no ! 'tis none of these—
 Larger is his Fatherland !

Where's the German's native home ?
 Breathe to me the glorious land !
Is it where the freeborn Swiss
 Roam contented—is it this ?
Or where the Tyrolians dwell ?
 Tho' clime and people please me well—
Yet no ! yet no ! 'tis none of these—
 Larger is the Fatherland !

Where's the German's native home ?
 Name ! oh, name the glorious clime !
Is it Austria, fair and bright,
 Rich in honours, great in fight ?
No ! ah no ! it is not here—
 Greater is his Fatherland !

Where's the German's native home ?
 Breathe ! oh, breathe the glorious clime !
 I - it the devoted land
 Snatched by Gaul's deceitful hand ?
 Robber of our country's right,
 By the tyranny of might !
 No ! ah no ! it is not this—
 Greater is his Fatherland !

Where's the German's father-home ?
 Breathe at last that glorious spell !
 Where'er a German's freeborn speech
 Is uttered, or where it can reach !
 Where'er by German's pious tongue,
 The grateful Hymn to God is sung !
 'Tis that ! 'tis that ! hail, land divine !
 That, brave Germans ! that call thine !

That's the German's native land !
 Vows are there sworn hand in hand :
 Truth and freedom fire the eye ;
 Love is pure fidelity ;
 'Tis that ! 'tis that ! hail, land divine !
 That, brave Germans ! that call thine !

That's the German's native land !
 Where warm sincerity is known ;
 Where ne'er is heard a foreign tone ;
 Where every cold, unfriendly heart
 Is bidden, as a foe, depart ;
 Where every warm and noble mind
 Is as a friend by God assign'd !
 'Tis there ! 'tis there ! land of the free !
 It shall be all, all Germany !

The whole of Germany shall be
 Our Fatherland ! It shall be free !
 O God of Heav'n ! enthroned above,
 Bless it with thy benignant love !
 With German valour, German truth,
 Fill every soul, and fire our youth,
 That every harp and tongue shall tell,
 They served it faithfully and well !
 'Tis here ! 'tis here ! land of the free !
 It shall be all, all Germany !

From the Athenaeum.

ROYAL ACADEMY.*

THE Royal Spanish Academy of History has just published the seventh volume of its Transactions. This academy was established to aid in illustrating the History of Spain: and it is but justice to acknowledge, that, hitherto, it has admirably fulfilled the purpose. The members have shown themselves worthy of the patronage they have received from the government, by their industry in collecting valuable historical documents, by the ability they have shown in the number of memoirs already published on the obscure points and epochs of Spanish history, and by the excellent editions they have published of the old codes and chronicles.

* Memorias de la Real Academia de la Historia (Transactions of the Royal Academy of History) Tomo VII. Madrid: Sancha.

The seventh volume contains five papers, one of them of great interest to Englishmen. The writer, the Canon Gonzalez, having been many years engaged in arranging the archives of the crown of Castile, fortunately discovered the diplomatic correspondence between Philip the Second and his ambassadors and agents in this country. Of course, such papers throw great light on the secret springs of action, and on the feelings and dispositions of the actors, in one of the most important periods of the history of both England and Spain; and the first part of the memoir now published contains an account of the transactions and negotiations between the two Courts, from 1558 to 1576, illustrated by twenty-four original documents.

We shall make some translations from this interesting paper, and string them together after our own fashion. Our first will be an account of the proceedings of Philip at the time of the illness and death of Queen Mary.

"As soon as Philip heard that his queen was dangerously ill, he despatched his favourite, the Count of Feria, to London, where he arrived eight days before Queen Mary's death. She was already given over by her physicians; and the Count, according to his instructions, immediately assembled the Council, at which he attended, and seeing Mason there, who was known to be a favourite of Elizabeth, he told them, that his master anxiously desired that the right of succession should be declared in favour of Elizabeth; a declaration His Majesty so much desired, that he was of opinion it ought to have been long since made; and he added in proof, that he had, in the name of his master, waited on Elizabeth, and assured her, that, as a good brother, His Majesty would employ all his good offices, in order that she might ascend the throne without those obstacles which some of her enemies intended to oppose to her.

"On the 10th of November, six days before Queen Mary's death, the Count went to Hatfield to see Elizabeth, and he supped with her. He states, that after supper, amongst several other things, he tried to persuade her that the declaration of her right to the crown had not proceeded from the Queen or her counsellors, but the King his master. It appears, however, that he did not succeed, although Elizabeth acknowledged herself obliged to Philip for the protection and friendship which he had heretofore shown her. The ambassador writes as follows—

"She is extremely proud and clever. ** I am afraid that she will not act right in religious affairs, because she is much inclined to govern through men who are considered as heretics; and they say, that all the ladies who surround her are so. She is indignant at the treatment she has received during her sister's reign, and puts her trust in the good opinion of the nation, thinking that the people are all on her side (which is true enough;) and she

wishes it to be understood, that she owes her actual situation only to the people, and neither to your Majesty or the nobility. She is determined to govern herself, and not allow any one to direct her."

The particulars of the Count of Feria's exertions to bring about a marriage between Philip and Elizabeth, are extremely interesting—

"The Count had, it appears, received instructions from Philip, to prepare the way for a proposal of marriage between him and Elizabeth, in case of her sister's death. He was, however, unfortunate in this business, from the beginning. His first letter states, 'That Elizabeth mentioned to him, that Philip had been anxious that she would marry the Duke of Savoy; but that she knew too well that her sister lost her popularity by marrying a foreigner;' and speaking afterwards to Lord Paget on the same subject, his Lordship observed, 'That he was resolved not to interfere in such a business, because he had taken a part in bringing about the marriage between Queen Mary and Philip, and he repented of having done so.' This was before Mary's death; afterwards, it appears that the Count had great difficulty in introducing the subject, in consequence of the ill opinion entertained of his master; and he and his friends proposed to Philip, as an introductory step, to allow them to persuade the Queen and her council, that the ill-will which Queen Mary had shown towards her had arisen from a feeling of jealousy, she thinking that Philip loved her sister better than herself. Philip, however, would not sanction this proceeding, and desired his ambassador not to assign any other reason for his proposal but the interest of the two crowns; and at the same time ordered the Count to give to the new Queen, not only all her sister's jewels, but also a box filled with very valuable ones, belonging to himself, which he had left in Whitehall, and which Elizabeth accepted.

"Though the Count himself never entertained any sanguine hopes of success in this negotiation for a marriage, there was a time, in which he saw that Elizabeth's most confidential friends, for various political reasons, were inclined to favour it. This was at the beginning of 1559, and in consequence, Philip sent a letter to the Count, desiring him to make the proposal openly, telling him, 'That putting aside many obstacles and weighty objections, he had resolved to marry Elizabeth, upon the following conditions:—That she must abjure all errors in matters of religion, and turn Catholic, if she were not so: That she must, secretly if she pleased, ask absolution and dispensation from the Pope: That he must not be required to reside in England longer than he could with convenience; and that he could not now, as on his marriage with Mary, stipulate, that the first-born should inherit the Low Countries.' He also directs the Count to make the

proposal, by word of mouth, to the Queen herself, and not by writing; and he tells him, that it is not necessary to keep the matter secret, because it is no disgrace to ask a lady in marriage, and be rejected; and even though his dignity and authority might suffer by a refusal, he had determined not to take notice of it, since he makes the proposal only for the honour of God and the good of religion.

"In consequence of these instructions, the Count made the proposal direct to the Queen, and he reports that it was well received; but that the Queen stated, 'That she must consult her Parliament on the subject,' adding, 'that the Catholic King might rest assured, that should she resolve to marry, he would be preferred to any other.' Philip was delighted with this answer, and he wrote to Elizabeth, to assure her of his friendship, and of the interest he took in the success of the affair of which the Count had spoken to her.

"As soon as the members of the Council suspected that the Queen was inclined to marry Philip, they endeavoured by every means to dissuade her. In the meantime, the Parliament had been assembled, and it had been there proposed to change the religion, and to repeal the laws promulgated in Queen Mary's time upon the subject. Philip was greatly hurt on hearing this, and wrote immediately to the Count, directing him to wait on Elizabeth, and personally to represent to her the ill consequences of the projected change in matters of religion, and he concludes by desiring him to inform her, unequivocally, that if persevered in, it was useless to treat about the marriage. The Count did as he was ordered; and Elizabeth replied, that she thought it would be better to remain single, for she had great scruple about asking a dispensation from the Pope.

"Philip was greatly displeased with this answer, but he was politic enough to conceal it, and wrote to Elizabeth, telling her that, although he regretted not having succeeded in what he so much desired, and what he believed was so desirable for the public good, he was nevertheless satisfied and content, since she thought that a firm friendship would produce the same beneficial effects."

"A very short time after, when it was known that Philip was about to be married to French princess, Elizabeth was, in her turn, offended, and told the Count, that his master could not have been very much in love with her, when he had not patience to wait even four months. The Count replied, that she only was to blame, which she denied, telling him, that it had been his master's fault, for she had never given a definitive answer. The Count replied, that it was true, the negative had been indirect, but he had not thought proper to bring her to the point of giving a direct refusal, in order not to produce animosity between two such great princes."

Elizabeth's friendship for Lord Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, forms a pro-

minent subject in many of the letters. We shall translate some interesting passages referring to it:—

"The Ambassador Feria writes, in 1559, that the favour enjoyed by Lord Robert was so great, that it was rumoured in London that the Queen would marry him as soon as Lady Robert, who was ill, died. The year after, he reports, that the Queen had publicly declared, that she was about to be married; and, as Lady Robert had died a short time before, it was generally believed that she would marry Lord Robert. He adds, that it was rumoured in London that Lady Robert had been murdered, and that the Secretary Cecil and the Duke of Norfolk had had some difference with the Queen in consequence of her conduct towards Lord Robert.

"In the beginning of 1561, the rumours respecting the connexion between Elizabeth and Lord Robert, were so general, that the Queen herself spoke on the subject to the Ambassador Cuadra, and taking him to her chamber, showed him her sleeping-room, to prove that such rumours were mere calumnies. At that time, Lord Robert tried to gain the goodwill of the Ambassador, and sent presents to Philip. He, indeed, at last succeeded in prevailing on Cuadra to speak to the Queen, and recommend her to marry Lord Robert. The Queen answered, that she wished to know how his master would like such a marriage. Lord Robert then tried to persuade Philip, that his marriage with the Queen would be serviceable to religion itself, all affairs relating to which might then be settled in the Council about to be called by the Pope, and that if it were thought advisable, he would personally attend the Council. Shortly after, the Ambassador wrote, that the Queen had made Lord Robert change his apartments in the palace from the ground floor, where he heretofore lived, to the first floor where she now resided, assigning, as a reason, that the ground floor was unhealthy.

"Mr. Sidney, brother-in-law to Lord Robert, was now employed by him to prevail on Philip to advise Elizabeth to marry him. Philip, however, answered, that he could not interfere in such a business, unless the Queen sent a special Ambassador to propose it to him. At the beginning of 1562, the Ambassador reports, that Lord Robert was exerting himself in every possible way to induce him to write to his master, and prevail on the King to persuade Elizabeth that it would be convenient and serviceable if she would marry him as soon as possible; and, at the end of April, he states, that several peers had presented a petition to the Queen, advising her to marry immediately, and proposing Lord Robert."

"In 1564, when Lord Robert was Earl of Leicester, he tried to persuade the Ambassador Silva, that he was much inclined to favour the Catholics, thinking that it would win over Philip, and induce him to use his influence with the Queen, and forward the marriage.

The Ambassador, however, on making the communication, adds, that it was well known that the Queen did not think of marrying the Earl, and a few days after, he says, that the Queen herself had given him to understand so."

The affairs of religion form the principal subject in the Ambassador's letters, and it is amusing to see Philip's anxiety to persuade Elizabeth to favour the Catholic religion, and her tact in getting rid of his importunities. In one letter the Ambassador Feria writes, that, according to the instructions of his master, he had had a long and private conference with Elizabeth, in which he advised her not to make any change in religion, but to leave all things relating thereto as they were at the death of her sister. To his advice and entreaties, Elizabeth answers, that "she was resolved to have the Augsburg* confession observed throughout her kingdom, or something like it; that, for herself, she differed little from the Catholics, for she believed, that God was in the sacramental bread, but she disliked three or four things in the mass, and was of opinion that she could be saved as well as the Bishop of Rome."

From the Journal of the Belles Lettres.

ABBOTSFORD.

AT the time when a noble effort is making to preserve the mansion of Abbotsford, with its literary treasures, and the specimens of art and taste collected by its late illustrious possessor, that they may remain for ever in the line and name of Scott; and that generations yet unborn may have the opportunity of seeing, as they were created and formed by him, the darling abode, and sources of intellectual enjoyment, of the man who has so largely contributed to the enjoyments of his kind—we have read with great pleasure the description of a visit to Abbotsford, by an enlightened American traveler, and published in the "New York American," of November 23. From this interesting paper we are induced to copy the leading parts, feeling assured that the perusal of so vivid and touching a narrative will have the effect of promoting the patriotic and national object to which we have alluded. If the inhabitant of another hemisphere, in our own day, experienced such emotions and delight in exploring the spot rendered immortal by the genius of its owner, what must be the sensations of his own countrymen in future ages, when they may perform a pilgrimage to the sacred scene—may witness the very works of his living hand, before they drop a tear on the grave where his mortal remains have their lasting rest in Dryburgh's mouldering Abbey! Even now, with what devotedness do we pay our homage to the lowly roof under which Shakspeare is said to

* Augustana in the original. We presume the Augsburg confession must be referred to. Augsburg was formerly called Augusta Vindelicorum.

king the well known ryng the that the understand principal and it is persuade gion, and nities. In sites, that, master, he nce with t to make all things the death of ties. Ellid to have brought through that, for Catholics, the scru e or for of Rome." making , with its possessor, line and et unkon as they e darling rment, of ed to the had with it to Ab in travel Amer interesting parts, vivid and effect of object to bitant of experiencing us of its his own ey may e—may and, be here his in Dry w, with e to the said to — the Aus was fr

have been born,* and look upon the haunts of his youth, unmarked as they are by aught pertaining to him. The house of a Newton, a Bacon, a Pope, an Addison, a Johnson, a Thomsen, and even of many an inferior light, which has shone and gone out, is contemplated with a sense which improves and refines the beholder: their least relics are sought with avidity, and hoarded with a miser's care. What would we give to be able to see the last abode of Shakespeare, left as when his eyes closed for ever on this earthly scene! What would we give for a glance at Spencer's castle as it stood in the age of the author of the *Fairy Queen*—for a view of Dryden's home—or the home of any one of the glorious dead whose productions have adorned and enriched our literature? And shall we not secure a delight like this for posterity, by doing honour of this sort to the memory of our mighty contemporary—the poet, the novelist, the historian, the imaginative, the moral, the instructive, the virtuous, and the kind? No; though the appeal has proceeded slowly, under the influence of extraneous circumstances, it has proceeded, and is proceeding, surely; and we are convinced that the accomplishment of an object so nationally desirable, and so dear to every good feeling, will be very speedily attained.

We now turn to the Letter (written, we believe, by Dr. Macvickar, professor of political economy at New York) which has led to these introductory remarks, adopting the words of the American editor: "We cannot doubt that all our readers will peruse with deep interest the narrative we publish to-day of a visit, by an accomplished American family of this city, to Sir Walter Scott. The taste, the delicacy, and the intelligence which pervade this narrative, impart an additional charm to incidents in themselves of great, and now melancholy, attraction."

The writer, after some preliminary matter, says: "On taking leave of Southey, at the foot of Skiddaw, after a day's ramble, he said to me, 'Have you a letter for Sir Walter Scott?' I had not. A letter to his daughter, which your mother had received from Mrs. Heber, was our only introduction. He replied, 'You shall be the bearer of one from me;' and on reaching the house, the letter was written and handed to me. It was a sealed one, but judging from the reception it brought us, was kindly, perhaps warmly written. Three days afterwards we stopped at the outer gate of Abbotsford, looking down with somewhat of awe as well as interest on its turrets, as they rose above the intervening wood. Unwilling to trespass where I thought we had so little claim, the letter was despatched by a servant in an envelope, with a card, and the unwelcome an-

swer returned, 'Sir Walter Scott is not at home.'" The strangers then drove to Chieftwood, the residence of Mrs. Lockhart, to whom their first letter was addressed, but were equally unfortunate. The letters, however, were left; and they sought the ruins of Melrose Abbey.

"On approaching them," continues the writer, "we met an open barouche returning, in which, with a glance, I recognised the great object of our search, Sir Walter and his family; but I feared to intrude by so unceremonious an introduction, and we passed, taking, as we feared, our first and last look of the Shakespeare of our age. An hour glided quickly away amid the mouldering ruins. Among some modern monuments at their feet, we met with one erected by Sir Walter to the memory of a faithful domestic; but the ancient memorials were the fullest of poetic associations, and we only regretted our inability to comply with the poet's injunction:

If thou wouldest view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by pale moonlight."

Whether Mr. Lockhart returned to invite the party to Abbotsford; but they could only accept it for a future day; and accordingly, on returning from Edinburgh a fortnight afterwards, they met the author of *Waverley* at Chieftwood. The letter continues: "As we approached we had a glimpse of Sir Walter at the door; but when we drove up, he had retired, and Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart alone remained to welcome us. On entering the drawing-room, he was standing with his daughter, Miss Scott, leaning somewhat, as I found was his wont, upon his cane. His appearance—but I will not speak of that, for I had no time to scan it. All that I saw was the face of the 'Great Unknown'—all that I felt was the pressure of that hand which penned the *Antiquary* and the *Lady of the Lake*,—all that I heard were the mellow accents of that northern tongue which now, with courtesy and kindness, welcomed me to Scotland.

"Sir Walter's great delight is in his daughter's harp, and the ballads of the olden time, which she sings with a most winning grace. Thus passed our evening; and on parting for the night, we received and accepted an invitation to Abbotsford; so that, as you may suppose, with gay hearts we returned to our inn. Now, if you ask me the impression of this day, I must confess, in regard to Sir Walter, it partakes somewhat of disappointment. He was kind and courteous, but did not say much; and when he did speak, I missed somewhat of that precision of thought and power of language which had so recently charmed me in Southey and Sir James Mackintosh. But further acquaintance has enabled me to see that I was then in the heresy of ignorance. I was bringing to the measurement an inapplicable standard. It was like measuring weight by length—it was requiring in a boundless scene of natural beauty the polish and proportions of a

* We remember visiting this shrine some years ago, a few days after Sir Walter Scott had been at Stratford-upon-Avon: of which he left some recollection in the book kept by the poor old female in whose custody it then was.—*Ed. L. G.*

Grecian temple. The next day being Sunday, we attended service at the kirk, occupying Sir Walter Scott's pew, which was very near the pulpit. 'How did you like the preacher?' said Sir Walter, when I again met him. 'I confess,' I replied, 'I did not hear a single sentence.' 'You must not complain,' said he; 'you have heard as much as any of his hearers for ten years past.' This voiceless preacher, as I afterwards found, was the father of the original Dominic Sampson. Had delicacy permitted it, the father would himself have made no bad 'study.'

"On approaching Abbotsford a second time, we paused not, as before, at the gate; but driving down through the rich young woods that embower it, and passing through an arched and turreted gateway, found ourselves in a noble court or quadrangle. On our left rose the mansion, in its rich and irregular architecture, bearing in some parts the choice remains of an earlier chisel which Sir Walter has rescued from the contiguous ruins, but generally the result of native genius, working under his eye, and passing rapidly, as he told me, 'from the models of art to those of nature.' In front, a rich and lofty Gothic screen separated the court from the gardens,—happily attaining what Sir Walter said he had almost despaired of doing, 'distancing without hiding them,'—while on the right runs an arcade or cloister, embanking the rising ground behind it, and forming a sheltered walk nearly around two sides of the court. On this occasion Sir Walter met us at the door, again welcomed us to Scotland and Abbotsford, and, taking your mother by the hand, led the way to the library. But of that way I must give a little description.

"The entrance is through an octagonal turret, raised but a step from the ground into a hall, occupying the central front of the building; such a hall as transports you at once into the regions of romance, and the days of baronial chivalry. Its walls and ceiling are of dark oak wainscoting. At either end, on a raised pedestal, stands forth a mailed knight, with visor down and spear in rest, like sentinels to challenge all who enter,—these are formed of complete suits of ancient armour; one of steel, inlaid with gold, the same which was borrowed by the champion of England at the coronation of George IV.; it cost Sir W. 1000 guineas. Along the walls hang 'shield and spear and partisan,' intermixed with horns of the bison and the elk, and the skins of beasts of prey, as if to mark its lord equally ready for the foray or the chase. The windows, too, throw 'a rich and storied light,' being of stained glass, bearing the armorial escutcheons of the whole clan of Scots, the Laird of Buccleuch, as I think, standing at their head. Around the circuit of the walls, near to the ceiling, run those again of the Border families, richly carved in oak, and underneath them the following legend, in the old Gothic letter:—'These be the armour coats of thae who, in times of auld, stood up for

the Marches of Scotland; thae were men of might and fought stoutly, and God did defend them.' From this hall you have access to the other parts of the house, and pass *en suite* through the following rooms: Miss Scott's boudoir; the breakfast and dining room; the armoury; the withdrawing room; the library; and, lastly, Sir Walter Scott's study; which brings you again to the front of the house and end of the building, somewhat thus:

Boudoir.	Dining Room	Armory.	Drawing Room.	Library.
—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—

Gateway.

Entrance

GARDEN.

"Of these rooms the most splendid is the library; the most interesting, I need not add, is the study, into which last we entered not but under its master's guidance. The library, with its noble dimensions and costly furniture; its book-cases and cabinets of odorous cedar; its ceiling of the same, panelled and carved after the model of Melrose; its well-filled shelves; its beautiful oriel window, projecting and spreading out over the Tweed; its curtains of crimson damask with heavy gold fringe; its varied articles of use, curiosity, and luxury, all combine to make it a most splendid room. Of these articles many are presents. Here, for instance, stands a massive chair, once a cardinal's, the carving of which ranks it among the productions of genius,—this is from Rome. There, too, hangs an antique lamp, a relic of the majesty of Venice. Here, in a corner, stands Dean Swift's walking cane; and the splendid silver sarcophagus, on its low pedestal, is the gift of the unfortunate Byron. How many associations does even that one awake! Within it are the bones of ancient heroes—for over their tombs were built the old walls of the Piraeus—yet who can name them? The lines inscribed,

'Expende Hanibalem,' &c.

feelingly convey this lesson,—while the name of Byron, which the donor would not put, but which Scott has added, brings touchingly to mind the danger and the misery of earthly genius unsanctified by religion. The letter accompanying this gift has been purloined from its sacred resting-place. When shall such a theft dare to be shown? Sir Walter deeply regrets its loss; for of Byron he often speaks—sometimes with high admiration—always with tender feelings. 'Poor Byron,' is his familiar appellation: which words, uttered in his deep tones, go to the very heart.

"But with all its splendour, the library yields in interest to the room beyond—his private

study; for there stand his table and his chair, calling up the visions of his past labours—and there lie his pen and papers, the evidence of his present ones—and there, too, his uncorrected yet hasty manuscripts, which show from what a rapid fountain his thoughts must have poured forth. That which lies upon the table I dare not read; but from what he says, conclude it is upon the superstitions of the Highlands. Around this room, at the height of about ten feet (for the ceiling is a high one) runs a light gallery, which gives access, by a private door, to his bedrooms, so that he can at all times command privacy. In addition to cases made from wood that once formed the Heart of Mid-Lothian, filled with books of more frequent reference, the walls of his study are covered with portraits and scenes of Scottish and Border story. Among them those of Claverhouse and the unfortunate Mary seem his especial favourites. This first day we had company at dinner and until near bedtime. His style of living is with considerable state. The buildings are very extensive, and lighted throughout by gas, prepared in one of the remotest parts. Two servants in livery, and his own gentleman in black, are in regular attendance. Of the embarrassments arising from the failure of his publishers, with whom the law adjudged him to be a partner, I here learn but little. The impression given me by Mr. Jeffrey, and others in Edinburgh, was, that these engagements, amounting originally to near 100,000*l.*, were in a great measure liquidated; partly by a heavy policy on his own life of (I understood) 40,000*l.*, and partly by the sale of his subsequent works. But to proceed with my story. Monday, 26th July, shall be marked by us henceforth with a 'white stone,' as having been spent with Sir W. Scott alone. Then, indeed, for the first time, was I made fully aware of being in the presence of 'the mighty master'; for, as with other magicians, the spell increased as the circle narrowed. The truth is, Sir W. Scott is not to be judged of in general society; he never argues, never dogmatizes, and never talks learnedly; his head and heart seemed filled with better thoughts and things; an overflowing benevolence, sympathy for all breathing things; an imagination that teems with all images of natural loveliness; feelings that tremble with every touch of natural affection; a memory that so lives in the records of the romantic past, that a metaphysician might well doubt to which century its possessor in truth belonged; and a sweet simplicity and unassumingness of manner that adds the attractiveness of childhood to the words and thoughts of genius; these are the elements of his strength, and when seen in private they are overpowering in their influence; then a book, a portrait, or a chance word, unlocks, as it were by magic, some hidden fountain; then comes forth at once the splendid train of thought and feeling and imagery, the Border story, the touching ballad, and the heart-rending incident; in the mean-

while his eye lightens up, often suffused with tears, and his voice deepens to a tone that thrills through the nerves like the deep notes of the organ. In this I can liken him to nothing but his own picture of the awakened minstrel, when

'The present scene, his future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot.'

But in all this his true-hearted modesty never forsakes him. In all his poetic recollections, which, on such occasions, came swelling like a tide into his mind, I never once heard him repeat a line of his own; and whenever the subject of his poems was alluded to, he avoided it with a simplicity which always left me in doubt whether he understood the allusion. The old adage of 'genus irritable,' applies not to him; a sneer is as foreign to his nature as it is to the expression of his countenance: and, as far as words and manners go, he certainly knows not what envy is. Of the race of his contemporaries, there is scarce one of whom we did not speak; and not one of whom he spoke otherwise than with respect and kindness; and what at any time was wanting in praise, was sure to be made up in kindness of manner. On his repeating one evening a sea-song of Allan Cunningham's, beginning, 'A wet sheet and a flowing sea,' &c., which he did with great power, I expressed my surprise at its beauty, and said, 'Does Cunningham often write such?' He replied, 'My friend Allan is like a boy that shoots many arrows at a mark, some of them must hit.' Of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey, he spoke often; and his all-powerful memory was ever prompt to bring forth their choicest passages. On mentioning to him Southey's desponding views of political affairs, —'Ah!' said he, little aware how much the past had blinded his own eyes, 'Southey is a retired and bookish man.' On expressing my agreeable disappointment in Jeffrey's character, whom, before personal acquaintance, I had regarded as a cold and cynical critic, he replied with warmth, 'You never did man more injustice—his heart is all tenderness'; and of his own familiar affections you may judge by his warm exclamation, when the conversation turned to such themes,—'I bless God,' said he, 'that he has given me good and affectionate children.' (The writer next relates a conversation respecting Sir Walter's incognito, not now necessary to repeat.) "On asking him here the metaphysical question, whether imagination had ever furnished him with materials not traceable to experience, he replied, after a moment's pause, that his characters were always drawn from nature, and many of them individual pictures, but slightly altered. 'This likeness, on one occasion,' said he, 'betrayed my secret; the original of Oldbuck was an old friend of my father's, whom I well remembered as a boy. It was too faithful a copy not to be known.' Mr. —, on its publication, meeting me, said, as he clapped me on the No. 132.—3 S

shoulder, 'Ah, Scott, you wrote that; no one could paint our old friend to the life but you or I.' Upon my mentioning some other wild surmises as to their authorship, after answering them, he concluded with a smile, as if in reference to my pertinacity, 'In truth, I find that I have kept the secret so long, and so well, as now to find some difficulty in proving my own.'

"On Monday morning, Sir Walter rose as usual about six o'clock, wakened, as he regularly is, by his favourite dog, a large stag-hound of the ancient breed, given him, as he tells me, by Dandie Dinmont himself. This dog, by-the-by, is his constant companion. At meals, it waits behind his master's chair, and not unfrequently puts his paw upon his shoulder, to remind him of his presence; follows him through the day in his drives and walks; dozes at his side while he writes; and completes his tour of duty by guarding him while he sleeps,—his bed being a bear-skin couch. At break of day, he again arouses his master with a gentle paw, knowing well that he has work to do, in which the whole world is interested, and not the least the canine race, of whose virtues he himself has so often sat as the model. In truth, I look upon this dog with equal respect and kindness, as 'part and parcel' of the novelist himself. Until breakfast-time, that is, for about two hours, Sir Walter writes, and about an equal time after it, which brings him to 11 o'clock; after which, he calls himself a free man, writing no more that day, unless perchance in the long evenings of winter. On leaving his study this day, he immediately proposed to your sisters a drive through his plantations, of which he is justly proud, and as far as Melrose; to which they, as you may suppose, well pleased, acceded. His morning's dress accords with his simple rural habits; a well-worn green hunting-coat, with ample flaps and pockets, a flat cloth cap, and an oft-used whistle pendent from his button-hole, agree well with the large frame and manly figure, though slight stoop, of one whom you might take to be a Scottish laird of high degree, and simple tastes,—of one who was beginning to feel the weight of years, without having lost the taste or enjoyment of the more active sports of youth. In this guise I see him now setting forth in his low-wheeled open barouche, accompanied by your sisters, and followed by his deep-mouthed favourite and two others of minor breed. On visiting the scarcely perceptible ruins of the early Melrose on the heights, he expatiated, they tell me, good humouredly on the taste of the lazy monks, who could prefer the fat lands of the valley to such heart-stirring scenes; and on passing at a little distance a Scotch lassie, knee-deep in the river, fishing, he said (whether in joke or earnest), 'There stands my Die Vernon.' But I must not defraud them of the pleasure of telling of their drive, which they describe as all delightful from his attentive kindness and his unceasing flow of anecdote and ballad, in reference

to every spot they visited, or individual of note of whom they chanced to speak.

"On his return I met him in the library; as he approached, he handed me from among a packet of letters just received, a small hard roll of parchment tied with cord and secured by a lump of raw wax. 'Open it,' said he; 'it will be something to tell, that a republican dared to break the seal of a writ of the king; 'at the orders,' I would have added, 'of one whom kings delighted to honour;' but his modesty awed me, and I dared not. It was a writ for the general election, Parliament being dissolved by the king's death, and was addressed to him as high sheriff of Selkirkshire,—the style and form of it have continued unchanged, he tells me, from the time of the earliest Edward: and hence its rude accompaniments. A reformed Parliament, however, will no doubt order all that much better.

"Remembering the dash of superstition which he invariably gives to his fictions, and which always seemed to me to be *ex animo*, I took occasion to ask, after several surprising narratives given by him of individuals possessing the power of second sight, whether he had in the course of his life met with any such which could not be rationally explained. He paused some moments before he answered, 'I cannot say that I have.' Still, however, whether by natural or early association, a lingering respect for such fears, not to say belief in them, often appears in him. And how, indeed, could it be otherwise, with a mind of such prepossessing imagination, of which credulity (I mean it in a poetic sense) must be one of its highest elements? That mind must believe in the reality of its own creations, or it could not give them life, and cannot therefore judge harshly the illusions of other men. Of Coleridge, he quoted with applause the answer, 'That he had seen too many ghosts to believe in them'; and then, in reference to that wayward writer, said, 'He is never ending, still beginning; could he be tied to his char, and to a water diet, he would be the greatest genius living.'

"One evening as we sat in the library alone, on some mention of a present he had received, he opened a cabinet and brought out a store of them,—rings, seals, snuff-boxes, miniatures, &c. without number—each had its own little story. On showing us a splendid gold snuff-box, presented to him by the King, George IV., with his likeness on the lid, he said, 'A princely return for a little book which the king had requested of him.' But on one trifle he seemed to set a peculiar value: it was an antique stone ring found in the Highlands of Scotland, believed to be of Carthaginian origin, and commonly called the adder's stone, of which he said there were but three known, whose owners he then enumerated, to each of which by popular superstition rare virtues were attributed, and more especially to drop one from the hand, portended some great misfor-

tune to its owner. To guard against such an event, to this one was attached a small silver chain, which was to be slipped over the fingers as a security. He took the precaution, I observed, in his own case; and as your sister received it from him, he said, in an apologetic way, as he put the chain on her fingers, 'Permit me,' before untwisting it from his own hand.

"Upon my introducing the subject of the printed editions of his works in America, he spoke of literary property as a literary man cannot but speak, viz. as one of its most sacred forms—and I in turn spoke, I was sure, the feelings of my countrymen, in saying that in proportion to our admiration of his works, was our regret at the inadequacy of our laws to secure to him his rightful returns. 'On one occasion,' said he, 'after trying in vain to prevent their bribery of some one having access to the press, in order to remind the publishers in your country that they were trespassing on others' property, I sent to my printer a sheet utterly unsuitable, as the conclusion to one of my novels just publishing—which sheet was immediately cancelled as soon as I had reason to believe the surreptitious copy was sent off. Now this,' said he, 'I call a fair trick; but seriously,' he continued, 'I think it is but just and becoming that a common language should make common copyright, as is now the case by treaty between the Prussian and Austrian dominions.'

"As we had just returned from a tour to Loch Katrine, and the abode of the M'Gregors, with Rob Roy and the Lady of the Lake in our hands, as our most faithful guide-books, this was an obvious theme; he entered upon it freely, and when his heart was warmed, it only wanted that I should have had (as Boswell says) 'a short hand or a long hand,' to have added another tale to those of Old Mortality, or with but slight addition of melody, another canto to the Lady of the Lake. Rob Roy is, after all, one of Sir Walter's chiecest heroes; he prides himself in showing in his armoury the light short gun of that far-famed freebooter. On our mentioning the inn at the Trosachs; 'Then,' said he, 'you saw my friend Stewart (the host,) the grandson of that Ewan of Briglands, who paid with his life for his tender heart towards poor Rob Roy; he cut the belt and let him slip; he was my authority for that fact.' But details I must reserve for our long winter evenings." The writer speaks of the great kindness he and his family received, and thus concludes: "The remembrance of it will be enduring; it has added love to veneration, so that in my future recollections of Sir Walter Scott, the virtues of the man will come to my heart before his merits as an author. On the third day of our stay at Abbotsford we took leave, Sir Walter returning to your sister, as he parted from her, a little book in which on a blank leaf, he had written these words—

To meet and part is mortals' lot:
You've seen us—pray forget us not;
Such the farewell of 'Walter Scott.' M.'

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE DEATH OF HOFER.

"*Florence, Jan. 20.**

"DEAR LADY * * * * *

"Do not you already begin to repent that you commanded me to write to you on my return to Italy? I passed two entire months in Germany, and like the people. Of the country you know as much as I do—people who paid more attention to it have described it better than I could. In passing I saw Waterloo—an ugly table for an ugly game, played badly both by loser and winner. At Innspruck I entered the church in which Andreas Hofer is buried. He lies under a plain slab, on the left, near the door. I admired the magnificent tomb of bronze, in the centre, surrounded by heroes, real and imaginary. They did not fight tens against thousands—they did not fight for wives and children, but for lands and plunder—therefore they are heroes! My admiration of these works of art was soon satisfied,—which, perhaps, it would not have been in any other place. Snow, mixed with rain, was falling, and was blown by the wind upon the tomb of Hofer. I thought how often he had taken advantage of such weather for his attacks against the enemies of his country, and I seemed to hear his whistle in the wind. At the little village of Landro—(I feel a whimsical satisfaction in the likeness of the name to mine)—the innkeeper was the friend of this truly great man—the only great man that Europe has produced in our days, excepting his true compeer, Kosciusko. By the order of Bonaparte, the companions of Hofer, eighty in number, were chained, thumb-screwed, and taken out of prison in couples, to see him shot. He had about him one thousand florins, in paper currency, which he delivered to his confessor, requesting him to divide it impartially among his unfortunate countrymen. The confessor, an Italian, who spoke German, kept it, and never gave relief from it to any of them,—most of whom were suffering, not only from privation of wholesome air, to which, among other privations, they never had been accustomed, but also from scantiness of nourishment and clothing. Even in Mantua, where, as in the rest of Italy, sympathy is both weak and silent, the lowest of the people were indignant at the sight of so brave a defender of his country led into the public square to expiate a crime unheard of for many centuries in their nation. When they saw him walk forth, with unaltered countenance and firm step before them—

* We need scarcely say that we have the eminent writer's permission to publish this letter.

when, stopping on the ground which was about to receive his blood, they heard him, with un-faltering voice, command his soul and his country to the Creator,—and, as if still under his own roof, a custom with him after the evening prayer, implore a blessing for his boys and little daughter, and for the mother who had reared them up carefully and tenderly thus far through the perils of childhood,—finally, when in a lower tone, but earnestly and emphatically, he besought pardon from the Fount of Mercy for her brother, his betrayer,—many smote their breasts aloud; many, thinking that sorrow was shameful, lowered their heads and wept; many, knowing that it was dangerous, yet wept too. The people remained upon the spot an unusual time; and the French, fearing some commotion, pretended to have received an order from Bonaparte for the mitigation of the sentence, and publicly announced it. Among his many falsehoods, any one of which would have excluded him for ever from the society of men of honour, this is perhaps the basest; as, indeed, of all his atrocities, the death of Hofer, which he had ordered long before, and appointed the time and circumstances, is, of all his actions, that which the brave and virtuous will reprobate the most severely. He was urged by no necessity—he was prompted by no policy: his impatience of courage in an enemy, his hatred of patriotism and integrity in all, of which he had no idea himself, and saw no image in those about him, outstripped his blind passion for fame, and left him nothing but power and celebrity.

"Believe me, dear Lady * * * * *, your very obliged and obedient servant,

"WALTER S. LANDOR."

From the *Athenaeum*.

UNDULATING RAILWAY.

THIS contrivance, which we have already cursorily noticed, has occasioned some discussion among scientific and practical men; but it does not appear that any explanation of its effects has been suggested. Indeed, we are inclined to think, that the patentees themselves are not fully aware of the physical principle on which the advantage which they have undoubtedly gained, depends.

The problem is one, the full illustration and development of which would require the language and symbols of mathematical physics; some notion of it may, however, be conveyed in such a manner as to be intelligible to the general reader. We shall first state what it is that the undulating railway performs, in which the level railway fails; and we shall next explain the physical law on which this depends.

Hitherto, it has been received as a practical axiom, that railways can only be advantageous applied between points where a uniform

dead level can be obtained. Now the patentees of the undulating railway maintain a proposition which is the logical contradictory of this. They hold, that even if the projected line be naturally a dead level, it must be artificially cut into ups and downs, so as to keep the load constantly ascending and descending until the journey is completed; and in so doing, they assert that the transport is produced in a considerably less time with the same moving power, or in the same time with a much less expenditure of the moving principle. Again, it has been held as a practical axiom, that if on a railway it becomes necessary to ascend from one level to another, the ascent is most advantageously made by a plane uniformly inclined from the lower to the higher level. On the contrary, the patentees of the undulating railway hold that the ascent is effected with a lesser power, by dividing the interval into ups and downs, so as to cause the carriage alternately to descend and ascend until it arrive at the upper level. Indeed, one of these propositions follows from the other, for if a greater momentum is generated in going from one point to another of the *same level*, by undulation in the railway, that *excess of momentum* will carry the load to a *greater height* than the momentum which the *same power* would generate on a *level railway*.

These facts have been illustrated by a small model on a wooden railway in the Adelaide street exhibition-room. We have ourselves at that place instituted the following experiments, with the results here detailed. The moving power was a spiral main spring regulated by a fusee: a load was placed on a level railway of such an amount that the moving power was barely able to overcome the friction, but incapable of moving the load. In this state the carriage and load were transferred to the undulating railway, and the same moving power impelled the load with ease and with considerable velocity from one end to the other; and lest any difference of level should exist between the extremities, we caused the same experiment to be made in the contrary direction, which was attended with precisely the same result. Hence it was evident that, at least with the model, a power incapable of transferring the load between two points at a given distance on a level railway, transferred the same load with facility and dispatch through the same distance on the undulating railway.

Our second experiment was as follows:—We loaded the carriage in the same manner on the level railway, so that the power was barely equal to the friction, but incapable of moving the load. We then transferred the power and load to a railway, the remote extremity of which rose above the nearer extremity at the rate of one inch in eight feet. The power which was thus utterly incapable of moving the load on the level, easily transferred the same load from end to end of the un-

patentees a propository of this, and the load be artificially raised until the g, they as in a consider- ing power, its expendi- tain, it has

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dulating railway, and at the same time actually raised it through one perpendicular inch for every ninety-six inches of its progress along the horizontal line.

Among the scientific men who have witnessed this exhibition, many, it is said, have declared, what indeed appears at first to be the case, that the result is contrary to the established principles of mechanics. We do not perceive, however, any difficulty in the phenomenon.

The effective impelling power when a load is tracked upon a railway, must be estimated by the excess of the actual impelling power above the friction. Now, it is well known that the friction, being proportional to the pressure, is less on an inclined than on an horizontal railway. The same impelling power which on the level railway is only equal to the friction, and therefore incapable of accelerating the load, becomes effective on the inclined railway, where it is greater than the friction. The excess, therefore becomes a means of generating velocity, so that when the load arrives at the extremity of the undulating line, a quantity of velocity has been communicated to it, which is proportional to the excess of the friction on the undulating above the friction on the level line. This is, theoretically speaking, a decided and undeniable advantage which the inclined railway possesses over the level. We could make this point still more clear, if we were addressing mathematical readers.

Now, if it be admitted that at the extremity of the undulating line, a velocity is generated in the moving body much greater than any which could be produced by the same power acting on the level line, it will follow demonstratively that this velocity will be sufficient to carry the load up a certain height, bearing a fixed proportion to the velocity itself; and hence it will be perceived that a moving power, which is incapable of moving the load on a dead level, will be capable not only of moving it between the extremities of an undulating line when at the same level, but even of raising it to a higher level.

But the practical application of this principle seems to promise still greater advantages. In the above reasoning, we have assumed that the impelling power acts with a uniform energy in accelerating the motion of the load. This, however, is not the case when steam power is applied: the load soon attains a maximum velocity, and the engine becomes incapable of supplying steam fast enough to produce effective pressure on the piston. The cylinder, in this case, receives steam from the boiler only at the same rate as it is discharged by the motion of the piston, and scarcely any direct effect is produced by its pressure on the piston. In the undulating railway, the working of the engine will be suspended during each descent, and a part of the succeeding ascent. In this interval the steam will be nursed and accumulated so as to be applied with its

utmost possible energy the moment the velocity on the brow of the hill begins to decline. When the load surmounts the summit, and begins to descend the next hill, the operation of the engine will be again suspended, and its powers reserved, and accumulated for the next ascent. The duty of the engine will thus be, not to produce steam constantly at a great rate, but to produce steam of excessive energy for short and distant periods. Every one who knows the practical working of high-pressure engines, will see the advantage likely to result from this circumstance.

When the line connecting two points at the same level is thus resolved into curves, the motion of the engine may not inaptly be compared to that of a pendulum, and the moving principle stands in the place of the maintaining power, the functions of which are the same precisely as those which it discharges.

On the other hand, it is right to consider the practical objections to this projected improvement. The very small amount of friction on iron railways renders the rate of motion when descending an incline frightfully great. We have ourselves descended the Sutton plane on the Manchester Railway, followed by above 100 tons of goods, and, although not particularly timid, we cannot deny that we felt considerable apprehensions, when on applying the drag to moderate the fury of our speed, it was instantly burned to a cinder. The power of gravity in descending a plane of this kind, which only falls one foot in ninety-six, is perfectly uncontrollable; and if great descents be attempted, we very much fear that the velocities will hardly be consistent with safety.* It must not be forgotten that the more rapid the descent, the less will be the friction, and therefore the greater the velocity due to a given number of perpendicular inches. It would be premature, however, at present to pass judgment on what after all can only be satisfactorily decided by experiment. Meanwhile, we have no hesitation in stating, what every scientific man, after reading what we have above said, will confirm, that there is nothing erroneous in principle, as many have supposed, in the project. On the contrary, whatever be the impelling power, it will be undoubtedly rendered more effective by the undulation of the line; and if steam be the power, it will be rendered doubly effective, by the advantage gained by being enabled to suspend the action of the moving principle from time to time, so as to collect its energies.

We are glad to learn that the patentees have obtained the means of constructing an undulating line of railway of some miles in extent, for the purpose of testing on the large scale what they have already proved on a model.

Their success will mainly depend on the

* Since the above was set up in type, we learn that a fatal accident has occurred on the spot here alluded to, arising from the engine and train being carried off the rails.

judicious adaptation and selection of the curves into which the line will be divided. It may be worth while to consider, whether the common *cycloid* may not be rendered, by its well known properties, one of the best which could be selected. It will likewise require consideration, what succession of curves will give a maximum advantage, when the extremities of the line are at different levels, and to provide not only for the efficient ascent from the lower to the higher level, but likewise for the safety of the descent in the contrary direction.

Although, upon the whole, we have a strong persuasion of the ultimate advantages of this project, yet we can see many practical difficulties which still stand in the way of the patentees, and which will require not only expense, but no little ingenuity to overcome.

From the London Examiner.

MEHETABEL WESLEY.

THE most remarkable paper in the number which has just appeared—we might say one of the most remarkable which have appeared in any periodical for many months—is the recital, with its appropriate commentary, of an “oyer true tale”—the authentic history of the life of Mehetabel Wesley, a sister of the celebrated founder of Methodism. The writer has here given us the deeply affecting and most instructive narrative of the sufferings of a being formed to give and to enjoy happiness such as few are capable of, but whose life, from infancy till death, was a continued martyrdom. She was one of the most to be pitied of the victims of whom whole hecatombs have been and are sacrificed, first to a narrow and bigoted and chilling education, aiming deliberately to crush all independent exercise of the faculties whether of heart or of understanding; and next to a marriage-law, which, as at present constituted, is one of the worst of our social institutions—a law which permits the stronger party to evade with impunity every one of the essentials of the contract, while the misery of an ill-assorted union is left to press upon the weaker with unmitigated burden, and without a hope of relief, unless purchased by what the world have stamped as infamy.

Mehetabel Wesley had the misfortune “of being born into what is called a well-regulated family.” After an animated description of the highly correct and respectable formalists whom she had the unhappiness to call father and mother, the writer proceeds as follows:

Under such auspices was the gentle, fragile, playful, lovely, loving, and sensitive Mehetabel Wesley ushered into the world. She sprang up like the chance seedling of a delicate acacia between the cold hard pebbles of a well-rolled gravel walk, in a square bedded garden, with its formal box and thorny fence, there to be trained, nailed up, and crucified to an iron frame, or a varnished

brick-wall, and be tortured, chilled, and wither; beautiful even in her drooping and her death. Her first calamity was what there are too many who would still regard as the best of all possible educations. The industrious Mrs. Wesley, the paragon of moral and religious mothers, was soon hard at work upon her. The plans pursued are minutely detailed in a letter from the good lady herself, which is preserved as an almost infallible directory. It describes the law, order, and duty system, the fear, honour, reverence, and obey plan in its most complete development. Every thing is summed up in submission; submission of heart, mind, and limb, in thought, word, will, and deed.

Mrs. Wesley’s one thing needful in the education of children was to conquer their will.

To inform the understanding (we quote her words) is a work of time, and must proceed with children by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it; but the subjecting the will is a thing that must be done at once, and the sooner the better.

Not one suspicion that it is possible in education to form and guide the will through the agency of the affections, ever seems to have crossed the mind of this paragon of mothers.

We had marked for extraction a passage which not only all parents but all human beings should lay to heart—a protest, noble in thought and animated in expression, against this servile and brutalizing theory of education, the favourite theory even now of the ascetic school of religionists. But our readers should be readers of this admirable paper in its original integrity, not in such fragments as space permits us to transcribe.

It was not, indeed, in the power even of Mrs. Wesley and her well-regulated family to crush the feelings, or altogether deaden the intellect of a being in whom “the spirit of love could not be quenched—it was in her very frame;” but what her wretched education could do to corrupt such a being it accomplished; it did pervert her opinions; it taught her that the subjugation of her own will, and the sacrifice of the entire happiness of her life to the arbitrary commands and to the noxious superstitions of others, was a religious duty. Here was the primary evil; in this lay the origin of “a costly wreck of thoughts, feelings, hopes, and capacities of enjoyment, which surely nothing in nature rendered necessary or unavoidable,” and which needed not even thus to have been so utter and so hopeless, had not the institutions which pass for the highest and holiest safeguards of morality, predetermined that, for the most heart-withering of all miseries, though nature allows a remedy, law should allow none.

In the bitterness of a disappointment in love, she made a vow to marry the first man who offered himself to her. “A creature as low in mind as in condition, ignorant and grovelling,” wholly illiterate and wholly unfeeling,—“a Caliban civilized into vulgarity by the pothouse, had the audacity to offer the violence

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of marriage to this Miranda, and her father compelled her to submit to the brutality. His enforcement of his daughter's vow in misery, was far worse than Jephtha's consummation of his own vow in blood." The importunities of her whole family, who would have regarded the breach of this irrational vow as one of the deadliest of sins, prevailed over a will "effectually broken down" by the notable education of her notable mother, and she offered herself up as a sacrifice.

The victim is bound to the altar. A brand never to be erased marks her for the property of a brute. The truthful burst of agony from the lips of disappointed love was false in its form of expression, and superstition has made it a spell whereby to conjure up more vows, which are false in essence, and defy volition, which pledge her for ever to love the unlovely, and honour the dishonoured, and obey what there were immorality in not resisting. It is done; and the long train of hopeless years commence their lagging march through a world whose beauty should only echo the voice of joy and singing; a wretched procession, in tears and anguish, slow winding to the grave.—And this endured, or rather, she endured, through the quarter of a century. It was only in the sixth-and-twentieth year of her suffering, that she was dismissed to tell Milton in heaven that his doctrine was still immoral upon earth.

For the greater part of that period "she lived in the hope of death." Well and truly does the writer say of this state of endurance, that "it cannot be read of or imagined without acute sympathy or irrepressible indignation."

We will not weaken by any words of ours the impression which must be left upon all minds not utterly callous, by the lofty and moving eloquence of the concluding passage: a passage in which (as indeed in the whole article) the noble soul of the writer actually shines through his words.

Mehetabel Wesley was the victim, as woman is yet continually the victim, of bad education, perverted religion, and unequal institution. The finer the individual nature the more costly is the sacrifice. The feeling, taste, mental power, and moral purity, which some of her poems, and many passages of her life indicate, are such as to prove her capability, in favourable circumstances, of ministering most largely to social improvement and enjoyment, and, at the same time, to individual happiness, and of having both blessings amply measured back into her own bosom. And all this was wasted upon one for whom a comely scullion, with not a thought above her avocation, would have been as satisfactory a companion, probably much more so, and would have received from him much better treatment. How is this? Her brothers would have said that it pleased Heaven sorely to try her; and that is true as far as it goes; but we rather think it also pleases Heaven to show by this, and similar examples, that the true morality, that which conducts to happiness, is not always correctly interpreted by society, not even by that portion of society which claims to be emi-

nently religious. The restraint which crippled her faculties, the awful rod which made her an infant slave, was an immorality. This was the source of her own errors. The twig was twisted, and so grew the tree, though graceful even in its distortion. Her marriage was an immorality. So was her continuing through life in a sexual companionship where mutual affection was impossible; not that she was conscious of viciousness, but the contrary; she no doubt thought her misery was her duty. Ill fare the machinery that wrought the perversion and the suffering. For woman so situated there ought to be redress, open and honourable redress, in every country that calls itself civilized. Her situation was even worse than if she had committed that act which, by the law of Moses, would have subjected her to death by stoning; for then she might have been liberated from an enforced and intolerable bond, and even have entered on a new state, perchance of the affection and enjoyment for which she was framed. But her mind was enslaved; it had been scourged into the faith that she was a property, and not a being; her father had divorced himself for a twelvemonth; her husband probably did worse; but she never suspected reciprocity of right or equality of will. And they never suspected that there was degradation in the species of mastery which they arrogated. Savage man kicks and beats woman, and makes her toil in the fields; semi-civilized man locks her up in a harem; and man three-quarters civilized, which is as far as we are got, educates her for pleasure and dependency, keeps her in a state of pupilage, closes against her most of the avenues of self-support, and cheats her by the false forms of an irrevocable contract, into a life of subservience to his will. The reason for all which is "that he is the stronger." And the result of which is that he often lacks an intelligent and sympathizing companion when most he needs one; a high-minded helpmate to cheer him in noble toils and bitter sacrifices; and a mother for his children who will take care that the next generation shall advance on the mental and moral attainments of the present. Truly he makes as bad a bargain as he deserves.

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From the London Examiner.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN, MORAL, POETICAL, AND HISTORICAL; WITH FIFTY VIGNETTES.*

If this book do not become popular, and we are not very sanguine on the subject, it will prove that half the world is too deeply immersed in politics for any second passion, and that the other half is dead to mere intellectual and poetical beauty, and is, as we fear, wholly engrossed by the pettiest tastes, the most vulgar pleasures, such as in fact turn upon envy, outvying, sheer luxury, show, and expense.

The book is, when shortly described, a development of the true character of the female heroines of Shakspeare, as they have unfolded

* By Mrs. Jameson, author of the "Diary of an Ennuyeuse," &c.—2 vols. post 8vo. Saunders & Otley.

themselves to the studious imagination of a most accomplished and poetically-minded woman. The true criticism of a master's work, is the right and full conception of all he meant. Schlegel's lectures on Shakspeare had this virtue: they took the reader into the very workshop of the author's brain, and showed us, not only what the nature of the thing was he selected, but what he selected from. Others, such as Dennis, compared him and his works with the dimensions of other intellectual structures, and condemned or approved him by a reference to rules laid down in other times. Men like Richardson or Johnson decided on his merits by a more liberal mode of comparison—but still a comparison with the writings of others. An inspired work is dealt with only in one way—as inspired: if it is obscure, it must be illustrated by reference to other parts; if its scope is with difficulty comprehended, let all its bearings be studied. Shakspeare is a sort of revelation of human nature: his inspiration granted, the next thing is to open the mind for the reception of the beauty, the wisdom, the intelligence presented to us. Hazlitt approached his works in this spirit; but his own mind was warped, and, though ingenious and often wise, he ran too much after his own fancies and caprices. Now Mrs. Jameson seems, as far as the female characters are concerned, exactly to open the rose and spread the perfume. This is a task that requires the utmost delicacy of touch, a fine warm poetical temperament, much experience of her sex or her sex's feelings, joined to a high intellectual character. All these very noble qualifications are possessed by the authoress in high perfection.

After an introduction explanatory of her objects and motives, in which occur several interesting passages, she proceeds to a separate consideration of each of the principal female characters of Shakspeare. Under each head is developed, fully and beautifully, the *ideal* of the woman as we see her on the stage. Under characters of intellect, we have *Portia*, *Isabella*, *Beatrice*, *Rosalind*. Characters of passion and imagination: *Juliet*, *Helena*, *Perdita*, *Viola*, *Ophelia*, *Miranda*. Characters of the affections: *Hermione*, *Desdemona*, *Imogen*. Historical characters: *Cleopatra*, *Octavia*, *Volumnia*, *Constance*, *Elinor*, *Blanche*, *Margaret of Anjou*, *Katherine of Arragon*, *Lady Macbeth*.

Every lady should possess this book as the chief ornament of her feminine library; and every man should study it that he may learn at least the poetical version of the female character. No one, male or female, can read it without classing the authoress among the women of first-rate intellect.

ANECDOTE OF COBBETT.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

AT eleven years of age, my employment was clipping off box-edgings, and weeding

beds of flowers, in the garden of the bishop of Winchester, at the Castle of Farnham, my native town. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens, and a gardener, who had just come from the King's Gardens at Kew, gave such a description of them, as made me instantly resolve to work in these gardens. The next morning, without saying a word to any one, off I set, with no clothes except those upon my back, and with thirteen half-pence in my pocket. I found that I must go to Richmond, and I accordingly went on from place to place, inquiring my way thither. A long day (it was in June) brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two penny-worth of bread and cheese, and a penny-worth of small beer, which I had on the road, and one half-penny that I had lost somehow or other, left three-pence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond, in my blue smock-frock, and my red garters tied under my knees, when, staring about me, my eye fell upon a little book, in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written, "Tale of a Tub; price 3d." The title was so odd, that my curiosity was excited. I had the three-pence, but then I could have no supper. I al went, and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read, that I got over into a field, at the upper corner of Kew-gardens, where there stood a hay-stack. On the shadowy side of this I sat down to read. The book was so different from any thing I had ever read before—it was something so new to my mind, that, though I could not at all understand some of it, it delighted me beyond description, and it produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark, without any thought about supper or bed. When I could see no longer, I put my little book into my pocket and tumbled down by the side of the hay-stack, where I slept till the birds in Kew-gardens awakened me in the morning, when off I started to Kew, reading my little book. The singularity of my dress, the simplicity of my manner, my confident and lively air, and, doubtless, his own compassion besides, induced the gardener, who was a Scotchman, I remember, to give me victuals, find me lodging, and set me to work; and it was during the period that I was at Kew, that the present King and two of his brothers laughed at the oddness of my dress, while I was sweeping the grass-plat round the foot of the pagoda. The gardener, seeing me fond of books, lent me some gardening books to read; but these I could not relish after my *Tale of a Tub*, which I carried about me wherever I went; and when I, at about twenty years old, lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, in North America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have ever felt at losing thousands of pounds. This circumstance, trifling as it was, and childish as it may seem to relate it, has always endeared the recollection of Kew to me. About five weeks ago, I had

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occasion to go from Cheltenham to Twickenham, with my two eldest sons; I brought them the lock through Kew, in order to show them the place where the hay-stack stood, having frequently related to them what I have now related to you.

From the Spectator.

PICTURES OF PRIVATE LIFE.

PERHAPS the most distinguishing feature of educated England is the affluence of female genius. The names of English women of great intellectual power would form a list which the whole of Europe might be challenged in vain to meet. Here is SARAH STICKNEY,—be she maid, wife, or widow, she is an honour to her sex and an ornament to literature. Her not harmonious name we never heard of before: she is new in authorship, and yet how rich in experience—how subtle in thought—how deep in knowledge—what “pictures of private,” that is, real “life,” she can call up by the magic of her pen! No doubt there are hundreds of Sarah Stickneys, whose writings are born to blush unseen in the post-office or in the private drawer, or whose maiden pens are still guiltless of the juice of bruised galls. Many towns, many villages, many rural districts have their Stickneys, and we know them not. Happy men of England, how is it, with such companions, you are not better guided? How is it that you riot, rail, or buffoon through life, when Sarah Stickneys—Stickneys of the tongue, if not of the pen—abound in your homes?

We are half inclined to suspect that our Sarah is a Quakeress: if so, the murder is out! No wonder then that meekness modestly bows in every line—that the sentences are as pure and as neatly disposed as her folds of white muslin—that piety and decorum range hand in hand through her volume. But if a Friend, whence comes her knowledge of all the sensibilities of poor Anna Clare,—her shadowy longings after luxurious refinements—her mazy dreams of soft and sensual climes—her passionate love of art—her enthusiasm, her feminine trials, and in all her thorough womanhood? We had fancied the Quakeresses were either more or less than women: we suppose we were mistaken, and that Sarah Stickney, like Mrs. Hutchinson, means to prove in her own person, that Quakerdom is susceptible of all the intellectual refinements of art and taste and feeling.

Be she Quaker or be she not, Sarah Stickney's Tales are excellent. The history of poor, pining, romantic Miss Clare is our first favourite; then comes “Marriage, what it may be,” then “Ellen Eskdale.” We would place this volume in an exquisite small library, sacred to Sabbath feelings and the heart's best modes, when love and charity and hope combine to throw over the mind that soft and tranquil glow only to be compared to the later glories of the

day. Mr. Evans's *Rectory of the Valehead* should have a place; Mr. Tayler's *Records of a Good Man's Life* stand next to Sarah Stickney or Mary Howitt; and then we would have Mrs. Johnston's *Widow of Spitalfields*, and others there is not now time to mention.

It is with difficulty we can make an extract; for here, unhappily for us, effect is only produced by a series of sweet but gentle strokes. The following is the history of a crisis. A poor young thing of genius is on the brink of seduction: illness, poverty, and similar circumstances, have exposed her to the insidious siege of a dangerous young man of rank: it is overcome by the aid of a faithful friend, who makes a single appeal that turns a whole current of tempestuous feelings and wild imaginings.

“Were there no words she could bring in opposition to that fatal journey but this simple expression of total and solitary bereavement, ‘I must be left behind,’ a sound that touches so painfully upon the heart of woman? Anna felt all its force; and exclaiming, with convulsive effort, ‘Then I will go,’ she tore herself from her delighted lover, and hurried over the fields, and through the little gate, opening immediately beside the door, that was once her father's. She entered: it was the time of evening prayer. Andrew, his wife, and servants, were gathered together in the performance of this holy duty; and Anna knelt down beside them. But O! what a contrast to the quiet and peaceful inhabitants of that dwelling! Her hair fell around her in loose tresses, her cheek was flushed, and her eye wild and wandering. She uttered no response to the prayers—she joined not the hymn which that night arose to heaven.

“Mary went with her friend to her own apartment, for she thought she must surely be ill, and might want something; so setting down the candle, she said she would stay with her until she went to sleep.

“‘No, no,’ said Anna, ‘you are very kind, but I would rather be alone.’

“‘Then I will come again;’ and so saying, she left the room; and when she returned, it was with the quiet step of a mother who fears to wake her child. Finding Anna was not asleep, she stooped over her, and said she had just come to see that she was comfortable, and wanted nothing.

“‘There is one thing I want,’ said Anna, for her heart was melted, and she stretched out her arms to meet the embrace of her friend; ‘I want you to pray for me. I am a weak and sinful creature; but I cannot tell you all now. No, Mary, you must leave me, for I am so very sinful, that even your presence is not welcome to me.’

“And thus they parted for the night.

“In the morning, Anna was not disposed to be more communicative, nor Mary to intrude upon her confidence; so they both went through the day with more than usual reserve. But Mary's suspicions were awakened; and having

heard that Frederick Langley was in the neighbourhood, it was not difficult to surmise the rest. There was, besides, a slight appearance of preparation in Anna's room, and Mary's fears were wrought up to the most agonizing apprehensions.

"It was on the night before that fixed upon for the departure of the lovers, that, after a long season of communion with her own heart, Mary entered the chamber of her friend, determined not to leave it until she had wrung from her a full confession.

"Anna was still up, and busy with something which she hastily concealed. Her looks were confused, and her whole manner was constrained and embarrassed.

"'Anna,' said Mary, seating herself and extinguishing her candle, 'I have come to talk with you for a little while. I know that my company is an intrusion, and I once thought that if ever I should arrive at this conviction I should leave you for ever. But I am not yet prepared to leave you, Anna, though you seem disposed to shake me off. So I have come to ask you a single question; and because I am in earnest, in serious and sad earnest, I will speak at once to the point; and now ask you, Anna Clare, if you are not, in the secret of your heart, harbouring a design, upon which you cannot, before you go to rest this night, pray for the blessing of Almighty God.'

"Anna bent her eyes upon the ground, and was silent for some time; but at length she roused herself.

"'I will never be guilty of telling a deliberate falsehood to you, or to any one; and since, by evasion, I should stand as much committed in your eyes as by a disclosure of the whole truth, I will tell you that to-morrow night Frederick Langley will set off for Italy;—at eleven o'clock his carriage will pass your gate, and—I am to be his companion.'

A long silence followed, for Anna had nothing more to say, and Mary was not prepared for so sudden, so awful a termination to all her love, and all her kindness. Thoughts of tenderness, mingled with the recollection of early years, rushed upon her, too powerfully for utterance; and she burst into tears.

"'I know what you are thinking of,' continued Anna, 'you are thinking of my ingratitude to you. And, ah! Mary, when I am laid on my death-bed I shall think of it too.'

"'I believe I was,' replied Mary, 'but it was a selfish and unworthy thought.' And then, taking the hand of her friend, she continued, 'Let us turn our attention to weightier considerations. Let us think where that death-bed may be! But first, tell me truly, did my senses deceive me?' And she questioned Anna, in such plain and homely words, that the poor victim of self-deception, who had been cheating her understanding with the language of poetry, shrank back, wounded and terrified, from Mary's strict and determined investigation of the truth; while all that she could venture

in her own defence was a few words about her lover's devoted and generous attachment.

"'Oh! trust him not,' replied Mary, 'the generosity of man wakes only while his passions sleep. And as for his love, think not of it. A few years will pass away, and he will laugh at the village girl who was the plaything of his youth; and she will be dying in that far country where there is not a single friend to protect her.'

"'Mary, you do not know, it is impossible that you should know, the strength of love like ours.'

"'Then, because you wander out by moonlight, and read verses, and sing love-songs together, you think you know better than we do what belongs to true and faithful love. Listen to me, my poor infatuated friend. I cannot speak in polished language, but I will tell you a plain truth. The man who leads you from the path of duty, and calls upon your generosity for the sacrifice of your good name, is not your lover, he is your enemy. No: though he may follow, flatter, and serve you, I repeat what I have said, he is your deadliest enemy; but he who strives to correct your foibles, who points out your faults, who loves you most tenderly when you are serving God, even though you should at the same time be neglecting him; with this man you may reasonably hope to live happily on earth,—with this man you may hope to live more happily in heaven. I know that you look down with contempt upon the affection which subsists between Andrew Miller and myself; but that humble man, whom you despise, would sooner part with his right hand than he would make me a fit object for the finger of malice to point at with scorn and derision.'

"'Then will you, Mary, never look upon me, nor call me your friend again?'

"'That is a question which I am hardly prepared to answer. I have striven to reason with you coolly, and without throwing into the scale the least particle of individual feeling, for we ought to look up to higher considerations; but since you have asked me, I will say, that I do not believe there is any circumstance in life that can tear away my deep-rooted love for you, Anna; nor any situation in which I would forsake you. I like not professions, but I do feel that in the lowest pit of wretchedness and vice I should be ready to seek you, and, if it were possible, to save you. Nay, do not weep, Anna; you surely must have believed as much as this of me before, or else my conduct has sadly belied my feelings; but I will talk no more of myself; it is for you that I feel this torturing anxiety; for you, who have dwelt in the bosom of a kind family—who have been brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord—are you prepared to meet the common adversities of life, without a home in your sickness, a friend in your sorrow, or the consolations of religion in your remorse? Are you prepared to live on, from day

today, without asking the blessing of your Creator, at your lying down and your uprising! Are you prepared to be hurried to the grave, by the hands of un pitying strangers, with no tear shed over you, no memorial, but in the wounded spirits of those who would gladly remember you no more? And this, Anna, is but an outline—but a faint sketch of the fate to which you are about to consign yourself. Fill it up with all that you can imagine of wretchedness, and the picture will not be less true. I know too well that I have little to offer you on the other side; little, as regards the things of this world; but, oh! let me entreat you to trust in Him who can make a path for his people through the wilderness. We cannot tell when the precious manna will fall, nor discern which is the rock that will be smitten, nor say in what quarter the pillar of fire will first appear; but we know that his promises are sure, and that he will never leave nor forsake his suffering people. Into his hands I commit you, beloved friend of my youth; farewell, and may his blessing be upon you.'

"On the following morning, a note was brought to Anna, which she read hastily, and then presented in silence to her friend. It ran as follows.

"Dear Anna—I have but a moment of time to tell you that I still keep to my purpose of going to-night; and as a proof how much I leave you to the liberty of your own choice, I propose the following plan:—at eleven my carriage will be at the gate. You of course will be at your window. If you are still generous enough to make me happy, you shall wave a white handkerchief, and I will fly to you; but should any thing have occurred to alter your determination, and I see no sign, I will pass on, and the world will be to me a wilderness.

"F. L."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mary, "you are not forsaken. Here is an easy escape for you. Strengthen yourself for the trial, and all will yet be well. This plan is admirable, for you will never meet again, and the temptation will be so much less." But Anna turned away from these congratulations to hide her tears; for Mary, in her uncontrollable ecstasy, had hit upon the expression of all others least calculated to convey any thing like pleasure to the mind of her friend. "You will never meet again."

Finding it almost impossible for minds under the influence of such opposite feelings to meet together through this critical day, in any thing like confidence, Mary busied herself more than usual with her domestic affairs, and Anna spent nearly the whole time in the solitude of her own room. Once, or twice, Mary knocked at her door, but as Anna opened it without saying a word, she made some indifferent inquiries about ordinary concerns, and left her to the meditations of her own heart; wisely judging, that after having said all she could when the ear of friendship was open,

to urge her with repeated arguments and entreaties, would only be defeating her own purpose, by strengthening the opposition of her friend.

"It was a quiet day in April, but there were no showers nor any wind, and the sun shone out upon the opening flowers; the buds burst forth, and the bees were awakened from their long sleep; the birds were busy with their nests, singing as they built their summer homes; the fields were green, and the lambs, in merry troops, gambolled over the smooth lawn that lay beside the garden and orchard of Andrew Miller, who stood for a long time upon the threshold of his door, as if hesitating which he should most enjoy—the fair face of Nature smiling in her loveliness without, or that which perpetually blessed his peaceful home within. You would have thought, to see that man when he looked around him, that his cup of happiness was full; and yet, when he turned to enter, there was an expression upon his countenance that seemed to say, 'I have yet more.'

"At the pleasant window of a chamber in that same house, a window that looked out upon the same lawn, and was lighted up by the same cheering sunshine, sat a melancholy creature, almost without life, and apparently without motion. That glorious sunshine fell upon her cheek, as upon a marble statue; that fair landscape smiled before her in vain; and those merry birds,—what was their ceaseless song to her who knew neither sound of joy nor sight of loveliness; to whom the heavens were darkness, and the earth a desert?

The evening came, the grey, still evening; and the birds that had been busy all the day, folded their weary wings to rest. The curtain of night fell silently, and Anna was alone,—alone in the presence of her God.

"It is not difficult to cherish in our hearts an evil purpose, while engaged in the active scenes of life, and associated with beings frail and erring as ourselves; for the bustle of business and the dissipation of society both tend to drown the whispers of the still, small voice. But in the solitude and silence of the night, when we are taught from our cradles to believe, and feel in our inmost souls, that an Almighty being is watching over us; that he who spangled the blue vault with an innumerable multitude of stars, and led forth the silver moon along her pathway in the heavens, and spread the silent and refreshing dews upon the earth, and hushed the winds at his bidding, is regarding with eyes of benignity and love the creatures whom he has sent, for some wise purpose, to trace out their pilgrimage through a life of trials and temptations,—ah! it needs heart of adamant to look out upon a slumbering world, and up to the glorious heavens, and yet keep this evil purpose unchanged.

Anna Clare was more than commonly alive to the sweet influences of Nature, and perhaps no other medium could have been found so ef-

factual to restore to its proper tone her wandering and distracted mind.

"There was a sound of distant wheels;—no! it must have been the rustling leaves of the poplar, for this was not the hour;—again,—it was no deception, she heard them afar off, and they came nearer and nearer to the appointed place, and stopped. For a few moments all was silence, and then the carriage rolled on, and the sound died away upon the breeze. It was but for a few moments that her spirit had to struggle with temptation, but were they not ages in their intensity of suffering?"

DEPRAVED TASTE.—Moore's *Life of Byron* was not purchased in greedy haste by an over-anxious body of readers, in consequence of any intrinsic merit which the piece of biography might possess, as the composition of the author of the *Irish Melodies*, (because all men were aware that, from his conspicuous failure in his volumes upon poor Sheridan, he had no discriminative judgment or power for that species of writing;) but the world expected to find endless scandalous details, and displays of sensuality, low-mindedness, jealousy, and hatred,—all tending to diminish the dignity of human nature.—*Frazer's Magazine*.

A most striking discovery has lately been made, no less than that of the long anticipated Port of Pompeii, with its vessels overthrown on their sides, and covered and preserved by the eruptive volcanic matter which has thus anchored them for so many ages. About thirty masts have been found.

The young man *Cooper*, who was charged with the murder of Benjamin Danby, at Enfield-chace, returned to Enfield on his discharge from Newgate; but so much abhorrence do the inhabitants feel at the commission of the horrid murder, that they positively refused to render him the slightest assistance, nor could he obtain employment from any individual. He has applied to various persons in Hertfordshire to engage him in any occupation in which his services could be useful, but there also he was equally unsuccessful. Several humane gentlemen residing in Enfield, in consequence of his distress, contemplate raising by subscription a fund sufficient to enable him to leave the country for ever.

Lord Brougham.—Lord Brougham is an extremely clever man. He possesses great variety of talent, as well as a great amount of talent. But to the highest species of talent—to inventive power—he has not the slightest claim. Nothing is more remarkable about him, than his utter want of originality. He has added nothing to the stock of truth—nor does he possess that faculty, by the exercise of which new truths spring into existence. He affects familiarity with all prevailing symptoms of opinion, yet his survey of their nature and influences has been of the most barren and unproductive character. Not merely has Lord Brougham added nothing to the stores of human knowledge; he evidently fears and hates the pro-

pagators of new truths in political and social science. Under the manner and aspect of a bully, there lurks essential and extreme timidity in all matters of opinion. His creed is a compound of common places; his whole intellect is commonplace in quality.—*True Sun*.

Formation of a Musical Ear.—The formation of the musical ear depends on early impressions. Infants who are placed within the constant hearing of musical sounds soon learn to appreciate them, and nurses have the merit of giving the first lessons in melody; for we learn from the lives of eminent composers, that their early fondness for the art may be traced to the ditties of the nursery.—*Gardiner's Music of Nature*.

Powerful Tones of Birds.—It is difficult to account for so small a creature as a bird making a tone as loud as some animals a thousand times its size; but a recent discovery has shown, that birds the lungs have several openings communicating with corresponding air-bags or cells, which fill the whole cavity of the body, from the neck downwards, and into which the air passes and re-passes in the progress of breathing. This is not all; the very bones are hollow, from which air-pipes are conveyed to the most parts of the body, even into the quills and feathers: this air, being rarified by the heat of the body, adds to their levity. By forcing the air out of the body, they can dart down from the greatest heights with astonishing velocity. No doubt the same machinery forms the basis of their vocal powers, and at once solves the mystery.—*Ibid*.

Soundings.—By practice, the discriminating powers of the ear may be carried to the highest degree of perfection. The success of thieves and gamblers depends upon its quickness. Since money has been recoined, the regularity with which each piece is struck gives them a uniformity of sound that is very remarkable. Bankers quickly discover the least deviation from the proper tone, by which they readily detect the counterfeits. In the tossing up of money, gamblers can perceive a difference in the sound, whether it falls upon one side or the other. Pye-men are furnished with a covering to their baskets, made of a smooth plate or metal, by which they take in the unwary, as they readily tell which side is uppermost by the sound upon the plate, though concealed by the hand.—*Ibid*.

Bourbon Honour and Fraternal Affection.—In the recent sale of autographs at Evans's, was a letter of Louis XVIII., written in his own hand, to the Duke of Fitzjames, in 1789. He reminds him that six weeks had elapsed since he placed in his hands unquestionable proofs that the children of Louis XVI. were not his own, (*less siens.*) and proofs of the culpable conduct of the Queen (Marie Antoinette.) He urges him to bring forward a motion on the subject in the assembly of Notables, that *he himself will be absent*; but that his brother, the Count D'Artois (now Charles X.) will attend. He adds, that the proceedings will not be agreeable to the King, who is the tool of his wife, (*Jouet de sa femme.*) and significantly asks, "Merite-t-il de regner?" This most extraordinary letter was purchased by Treuttel and Wurtz.—*Morning Chronicle*.

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From the Examiner.

DISCRIMINATION OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF (*the least*) USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

It is a fact which should be known, as an example of the judgment exercised on moral and political subjects by the self-elected committee of this corporation, that Miss Martineau's series of "Illustrations of Political Economy," one of the most useful and successful works that has been issued from the press of late years, was offered to them, and rejected. The specimen submitted to them was one of the tales which has been the most popular of the series. They kept this young lady in waiting nearly twelve months for their decision. One of the professed objects of this society was to relieve literary men from the oppression of the booksellers. Had this young lady been dependent for her bread on the payment for the particular work submitted to them, it is obvious that she must have starved before obtaining their decision, even had it been favourable. Now, however, when success attends her labours—when prosperous, and no longer needing their aid, she is pestered with their solicitations. Following the judgment they pretend to guide, these acute and sagacious teachers of the public have at length forgot their horror of moral sciences; political economy is no longer decried and derided; and even the Lord Chancellor has courage to put his name before a work touching on subjects that may offend the clergy. One of his understrappers is directed to court her, whom a few weeks ago they rejected; and they now are as servile, as before they were insolent. Poor literature is in a piteous plight, when such ignorant and jobbing pretenders rule her destiny.

Miss Martineau lives in or near Norwich: her connexions are numerous, and may influence the coming election. Great already have been the changes worked in those who now assume the character of popular candidates. Pledges are given by wholesale, in spite of blustering determinations to refuse them. Mighty strides are made in liberality in public professions, where before was nothing but insolent contempt for the people. So resolves respecting moral teaching are forgotten, when private, personal, electioneering interest intervenes. Then is the Lord Chancellor made a cat's paw—and a rejected author courted.

Another instance has come to our knowledge of the sort of remuneration given to those authors whose works are accepted. A gentleman wrote one work for the Useful Knowledge series, and, by some strenuous proceedings, obtained their decision at the end of eight months. The work was then published in the form of one number of that series, and, we believe, he got for it thirty guineas. It would have formed, in the ordinary print, a moderately sized octavo volume. It was, with considerable labour, compressed into the size of one of the society's numbers. Any respectable bookseller

would not have thought of offering less than fifty guineas for it, and would have given his decision to the author in a fortnight. We have heard of another instance, in which no decision has yet been given on manuscripts which have been in their possession upwards of three years! We remember that the gentleman to whom we have alluded, finding after several months had elapsed, that he received no information with respect to his work, made application for it, and was informed that a noble lord, to whom it had been submitted for an opinion, had mislaid it. The author peremptorily required that it should be found, and then, after much vexatious delay, it was forthcoming. Had he been a more submissive and retiring person, his work might possibly have been to this day "under consideration."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

BLUEBEARD.

A Dramatic Tale, in Five Acts.

BY LUDWIG TIECK.

We are persuaded for our own part, that the character of Bluebeard, like that of Richard III., has been much misunderstood. Superior to his age, he has suffered by the ignorance of those who were incapable of appreciating the grandeur of his character. In the eyes of the vulgar, he appears a mere Ogre, a monster like Dzezzar Pacha, cutting off heads, merely with the view of giving a stimulus to the nerves, and promoting the circulation; he is considered as a pure incarnation of the Spirit of Evil, rendered ludicrous as well as hideous by personal deformity.

To us, on the contrary, he appears in a very different light—in fact, very closely resembling Othello. Nature has framed him with the quickest and deepest sensibilities; of a generous, noble nature, as the liberality of his establishment attests. Where he loves, he embarks his all upon the venture, and his enthusiastic temperament demands a corresponding return. Like Achilles, he foresees his fate in the fatal curiosity of his wife, yet he is prepared to stand the hazard of the die. In return for his love, he asks implicit obedience in one point, yet that's not much—the test is not a severe one. He only begs that his wife will keep clear of the Blue Parlour.

It is the very humility of the demand that aggravates her crime. Had he refused her a suitable pin-money, her guilt would have been intelligible. We would wish to speak mildly of the character of the first Mrs. Bluebeard. Her domestic cookery was unexceptionable, and we never heard a whisper against her character; in the ordinary relations of life she may have been a good sort of woman. But the black ingratitude of her conduct towards her trusting husband admits of no defence. He would not even permit the winds of heaven to

visit her too roughly; for he kept her snug within four walls at his country-house. But the keys are at her disposal in his absence; with one exception she has been allowed "the run of the house," yet she sacrifices her duty and her love to the demon of curiosity. She violates the sanctity of the Blue Parlour.

Probably she found nothing there—no secrets to disclose. But the attempt confounds her as much as the deed. Bluebeard feels at once that all confidence between them is at an end; that his occupation is gone. His own flesh and blood to rebel against him—his wife to be the first to set the example of breaking open lock-fast places in her own house—his own private retreat to be invaded in this way—it is a consummation too severe for his fiery nature. All his fond love he blows to heaven; insulted love demands an awful sacrifice on the altar of eternal justice.

Yet with deep relenting and fearful struggles is the deed accomplished. Like Othello, we doubt not, he kissed her ere he killed her, handled her gently as if he loved her, and, instead of blundering the business with a dagger and pillow, performed the unpleasant ceremony at once, "civilly, by the sword." And when his painful task was done, he shows his tenderness by having the body handsomely embalmed, or preserved in spirits, in that Blue Parlour which had been the scene of her crime and its atonement.

For a time, doubtless, all his affections slept in the tomb of the first Mrs. Bluebeard. The fountain, from the which his current ran, seemed dried up. Never more would he trust his happiness with the too curious daughters of Eve; man is nothing to him henceforth, nor woman either. But there is no armour against fate. His destiny impels him, like Mrs. Norton's wandering Jew, into the snare of another attachment. He forgets his vows, his convictions of the depravity of human nature; he loves again, and is again undone.

Six times already has the awful sacrifice been exacted of him. He has now lost all hope; he sees that it is his destiny to go on marrying and murdering to the end. This conviction surrounds his character with a shade of soft melancholy; at times it tinges his conversation with an air of misanthropy. Grief turns other men's beards white, or perhaps a sable silvered; but the fearful agonies he has undergone have changed his to blue. At this period of his history, he bears a close resemblance to Sir Edward Mortimer. The mystery that rests over his establishment gives a strange interest to all his proceedings. Yet it is evident, that at bottom Bluebeard was a man of the finest feelings. If he had not been one of the mildest of men, could that housekeeper of his, with her pestilent temper, have kept her place during the successive reigns of seven Mrs. Bluebeards? Could any man suspect Bluebeard of being stingy! Is it not evident, on the contrary, that he scatters his money about him like a prince?

Is not his conduct in regard to marriage settlements that of a perfect gentleman? Is not his wife indulged with every thing her heart could desire at his chateau, saving always her admission into the forbidden chamber! And then how liberal to her sister Anne! Yes—Bluebeard must have been a man of the noblest nature—the victim, in fact, of a too deep and lively sensibility.

This is our conception of the character of Bluebeard—a man by nature noble, loving not wisely, but too well; and when deceived, avenging the outrage with the calm dignity of a destroying angel. Viewed in this light, the character is profoundly tragical. The injured husband tearing his (blue) beard over the body of his last wife, is a situation as terrible as that of Ugolino in the Tower of Hunger.

However much the strain of these remarks may resemble the manner of our esteemed friend, Augustus William Schlegel, we assure the public they are quite original, and express our own unbiased convictions in regard to the character. If ever we write a tragedy on the subject of Bluebeard, it shall be framed on this model; though we much fear our numerous avocations render such a feat by no means probable. But as we are quite above the mean vanity of taking out a patent for a happy conception, we venture to suggest the above view of the subject to the Author of *Eugene Aram*, whose fine mind, we think, would do justice to the subject. He has this additional advantage, that all those exquisite verses from "*Eugene Aram, an unpublished tragedy*," with which he has prefaced the chapters of *Eugene Aram*, a published novel, may, with a very little alteration, we think, be made available for the composition of Bluebeard. His own good sense, we are sure, will suggest to him the superior capabilities of the present subject to that on which his distinguished talents were formerly employed.

Tieck, we regret to say, has but imperfectly developed these views of ours in his conception of the character of Bluebeard; he seems to have perceived that he was not an ordinary being; but he evidently wanted that knowledge of human nature which was necessary to understand the anomalies he presented. His plummet was too short to fathom so profound a character. Yet his work, though partaking of some of those prejudices to which we have alluded, is, on the whole, superior to George Colman's. In puns and processions, scenery, dresses, decorations, and incantations, we willingly award the palm to our distinguished licenser; but for the rest, we fear, the preference must be given to the German.

Tieck had been led to think of dramatising the subject of Bluebeard, by the perusal of Count Carlo Gozzi's Fairy Dramas, which is almost perfectly unknown in this country, (a defect which we shall endeavour shortly to supply,) have always been enthusiastically admired by the Germans. The oddest thing

about these dramas was, in the first place, that the idea of turning our old nursery recollections, and the gorgeous visions of the East, to a dramatic account, should have occurred to nobody before 1781; and, secondly, that even then it should have been done so by accident, rather than by design. The occasion was this. The Count, thoroughly sick of the solemn prising of the Abbate Chiari, with his *Versi Martelliani*, and the endless repetitions of Goldoni, had composed a satirical dramatic sketch, in which the absurdities of his rivals were exposed, under the disguise of a Fairy Tale, and had put it into the hands of the Sacchi Company, the representatives of the old Commedia dell' Arte, for performance. In this sketch, to which he gave the name of the *Loves of the Three Oranges*, the scene is laid at the court of the King of Diamonds, where Tartaglia, the hereditary Prince of Diamonds, is represented as in the last stage of melancholy, produced by the soot of a wicked enchanter, (the Abbate Chiari,) who has poisoned him with a course of the *Versi Martelliani*. Another enchanter, (the representative of Goldoni,) endeavours to counteract the melancholy poison of the other, by despatching his servant Truffaldino, to the court, for the purpose of tempting the Prince into a hearty laugh, which it seems is the only means of accomplishing his recovery. It may easily be imagined, that when these outlines were cleverly filled up by parodies of the peculiarities of both, and by a caricature of their manner and personal appearance, such a mélange could hardly fail to be amusing enough to an Italian audience; and, accordingly, Gozzi's capriccio was received with enthusiastic applause. To his surprise, however, he found that that part of his piece which he had intended as a mere groundwork and vehicle for his satire, was received, if possible, with more approbation than his parodies and satirical salutes themselves. All the fairy machinery he had at first set down as the mere balsam of the piece, and accordingly, without giving himself the least trouble in the way of arrangement or embellishment, he had inserted it literally as he found it in the nursery original. "The Fairy Creonta, for instance, summons her Dog: 'Go, bite the thief who stole my oranges.' The Dog replies, 'Why should I bite him? I have given me something to eat, while you have kept me here months and years dying of hunger.'—'Rope, Rope,' says the Fairy; 'bind the thief who stole my oranges.'—'Why should I bind him,' replies the Rope, 'who hung me in the sun to dry, while you have left me for months and years to moulder in a corner?' As a last resource, the Fairy appeals to the Iron Gate of the Castle. 'Crush the thief who stole my oranges;' but the Gate, as obstinate as its companion, answers, in a creaking tone of voice, 'Why should I crush him who oiled me, while you have left me here to rust?'

During all these extravagances, the Count found to his surprise that the Venetian public

sat rapt in mute attention;—and the admiration and enthusiasm rose to its height when the oranges, on being cut open by Truffaldino, exhibited to view three princesses, two of whom immediately died of thirst, while the third, by the timely application of cold water, survived to become the happy bride of the hereditary Prince of Diamonds. Gozzi immediately perceived the firm hold which these recollections of infancy maintain over children of a larger growth; and how easily, by the aid of graceful versification and imposing scenery, they may be turned to dramatic account. Accordingly, he adopted the judicious rule of striking out in future every thing which he had formerly thought particularly fine; confined himself to the simple *bona fide* exhibitions of his fairy marvels; and being determined that the Venetian public should be at no loss for a liberal supply of such sources of amusement, the Blue Monster, the Green Bird, the Stag King, the Lady Serpent, Zobeide, the King of the Genii, with a host of others appearing in quick succession, and played with all the talent, humour, and power of extempore allusion, for which the Sacchi company was so celebrated, for a time fascinated the lively inhabitants of the City of the Sea, and even so lately as 1801, still took their turn as stock pieces on the Venetian boards. But more of the Venetian-Dalmatian Count anon.

Tieck had read Gozzi's dramas with much admiration. Their graceful ease, the brilliancy and fertility of imagination which they displayed, had captivated his fancy. But it naturally occurred to him, that Gozzi had taken matters rather too much *au pied de la lettre*; had addressed himself too purely to the imagination, based his plots too exclusively on the marvellous, and that it would be quite possible to combine the charm of nursery fable, and all the dreams and associations of childhood, with scenes of interest which might find an echo in the bosom of manhood, with passions and incidents such as this visible diurnal sphere affords;—and thus,

"To clothe the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn."

In Tieck's view, the marvellous of the Nursery tale was to be reduced as nearly as possible to the standard of common life; no longer to remain the moving principle of the story, but only occasionally to manifest itself in fitful glimpses, sufficient to remind the reader or spectator, that an invisible agency, like a thread of silver tissue, pervaded and ran through the whole web of human existence. The main interest was to rest on human passions, crimes, or follies, and the ever-springing changes which the ordinary course of real life exhibits. The difficulty, therefore, was in such a case to find a subject which should possess the airy charm of a Nursery Tale, and yet where the human interest should not be entirely merged in the allegorical or the marvellous;—some neutral

ground on which infancy and manhood might shake hands; and where the influence of the good and evil passions which sway the heart within, should blend and harmonize naturally with the agency of spells or spirits from without. Such subject seemed to be presented by Bluebeard.

It was but transferring the scene from Asia to Europe—exhibiting the characters on a background of chivalry—substituting the monastery and the castle for the mosque and the seraglios; attiring Bluebeard in a helmet instead of a turban; exchanging the despotism of the East for the feudal tyranny and oppression of Germany, and the thing was done to his hand. Daughters were as commonly brought to sale under the holy Roman Empire, as in Bagdad or Cairo; necromancy was as much the order of the day in the one as the other; wives now and then disappeared in a German Burg as well as in a Turkish harem; curiosity was a failing not confined to Europe; all this in short, required no alteration; Bluebeard seemed to conform himself to the custom of the country as naturally as if he had been native, and to the manner born.

One reason for this, though perhaps Tieck was not aware of it, might be, that the story of Bluebeard was after all founded on fact, and that Bluebeard was, in truth, a Frenchman of the fifteenth century. Tieck took the story from Perrault's Fairy Tales, most of which are borrowed from Straparolas (1550, 1554), and all of them, we believe, with the exception of Bluebeard, either from Straparola, the Pentamerone, or some other Italian source. But the subject of Bluebeard was to be found nearer home. Report ascribes the honour of being its original to the famous or rather infamous Gilles de Laval Marechal de Retz, executed and burnt in 1440 for crimes, of which the monstrous and almost incredible record slumbers in the archives of Nantes, and the royal library of Paris. The boundless wealth, the dealings in magic, the murders of immense numbers of young persons of both sexes, his demoniacal atrocities and debaucheries, and his terrible end, long rendered him a source of horror and disgust, till his name, or rather some features of his character, became interwoven even with the nursery legends of the time. From some of these, aided a little by his own imagination, Perrault appears to have composed the tale which has stimulated the curiosity, and shaken the nerves of so many of the rising generation since his time.

There was little difficulty on the whole, therefore, in transplanting the scene of Bluebeard to the banks of the Rhine, and changing the three-tailed Bashaw of Colman, into the German Ritter; while all the old features of the tale, even to the magical practices and secret murders of the gloomy feudal chieftain, were accurately preserved. The great aim of Tieck throughout is evidently to keep down the marvellous as much as possible, so as even

to render it doubtful whether there be any marvel in the case after all; to pitch every thing on a subdued and natural key, and to produce his catastrophes by motives and incidents arising naturally out of the contrasted characters of his piece.*

This is peculiarly the case with the hero, the German representative of Bluebeard, Peter Berner himself. At first we see in him nothing but an ordinary feudal chief of the time, brief and calm in speech, prudent in council, valiant in war, cruel or lenient as suits his purpose; rather an admirer of the fair sex, sensitive on the subject of his blue-beard, which he feels to be his weak point; not without a perception of humour; and, on the whole, a favourite with his vassals. It is only as we draw near the close, that by hints and glimpses we begin to perceive the secret ferocity of temperament which burns under this outward crust of calmness of deportment. Peter Berner indulges in no harangues against curiosity and its consequences, he makes no boast of his past achievements, he allows the dead to rest, but he is not the less determined, if necessary, to make short work with the living. He is agitated by no passion, affected by no fears, tormented by no remorse. He has been actuated all his life only by one principle, that of trampling under foot, without hesitation, every thing which stands in the way of his will; and the crimes to which this unalterable resolve may have led, he does not regard as crimes, because any other line of conduct would have appeared to him as folly.

The subsidiary characters are grouped about him with much diversity of feature and situation. Even the character of the sisters,—Agnes, the giddy, childish, and thoughtless bride, and intended victim of Berner, with scarcely any wish beyond that of gay clothes and gilded apartments; and Anne, more serene, reflecting, and impassioned, thinking constantly of her lover, who thinks much more of tournaments and adventures than of her, as discriminated by light, yet decided touches. The brothers, too, are ably drawn, and the peculiarities of their character are made to exercise a natural and important influence on the progress of the drama; the one prudent and farseeing; the second a light-hearted, light-headed, and thick-skinned adventurer; the third, a hypochondriacal dreamer, whom even the rubs and shocks of the world about him are scarcely sufficient to awaken from his reverie, and who, out of the hanging of the hinge of a door, or the stuff that his morning dreams are made of, can find matter for an hour's meditation. But why should we try to describe in our dull prose what Tieck has painted with so much more clearness and liveliness in his own?

We pass over the first act, which does little

* The very names of the characters are selected on this homely principle: Peter, Simon, Anthony, Anne, Bridget, Agnes, instead of the high sounding and romantic appellatives which distinguish an ordinary German Ritter Romanus.

towards the advancement of the piece. It is occupied almost entirely with an expedition undertaken by the brothers of Wallenrod, with the view of surprising the terror of the surrounding country, Peter Berner, in which expedition, however, it turns out, that the conspirators are themselves surprised, defeated without difficulty, and made prisoners by the redoubtable proprietor of the blue-beard. Its chief merit, which, however, is entirely episodic, is the humorous contrast of the professional fool of the family, with the professional wise man or counsellor of the neighbourhood; the wit and good sense turning out, in the end, to be entirely on the side of the fool, the folly on the side of the counsellor; a view of the case, which, though scouted at first with much contempt, begins to dawn at last, even on the obtuse intellects of Heymon and Conrade von Wallenrod.

In the second act, however, we find ourselves at the Castle of Friedheim, where Sisters Anne, and Agnes, are endeavouring to while away a tedious hour by music and conversation, now and then enlivened by a little gentle *malice* towards each other.

Agnes (with a lute.) Now, listen, dear sister, see if I can play this air now.

Jane. You have no turn for music. You will never play in life.

Agnes. And why not I as well as others? Come now, listen.

In the blasts of winter,
Are the sere leaves sighing,
And the dreams of love
Faded are and dying.
Cloudy shadows flying
Over field and plain,
Sad the traveller hieing
Through the blinding rain.
Overhead the moon
Looks into the vale;
From the twilight forest
Comes a song of wail.
“Ah! the winds have wafted
My faithless love away,
Swift as lightning flashes
Fled Life’s golden ray.
O, wherefore came the vision,
Or why so brief its stay!

Once with pinks and roses
Were my temples shaded;
Now the flowers are withered,
Now the trees are faded;
Now the spring departed,
Yields to winter’s sway,
And my love false hearted,
He is far away.”

Life so dark and wilder’d,
What remains for thee?
Hope and memory bringing
Joy or grief to me;
Ah! for them the bosom
Open still must be!

Anne. Better than I thought.

Agnes. Canst tell me why in all these ditties there is always so much of love? Have these song-makers no other subject to harp upon?

Anne. They think it one with which every one must sympathize.

Agnes. Not I. Nothing worries me more than these eternal complaints. But, come explain to me what this love is—I can make nothing of it.

Anne. Nay, prithee, dear sister!

Agnes. How long has he been gone—three years?

Anne. Ah!

Agnes. There you sit and sigh, where you should be telling your story like a girl of sense.

Anne. I am but a poor story-teller.

Agnes. Well, but—seriously—this love must be a very strange affair.

Anne. Well for you that you comprehend it not.

Agnes. I am always gay and cheerful. You are the very picture of melancholy—you have no sympathy with the world and its events—your very existence is a mere shadow of life—but all has long been dead and lifeless within.

Anne. Each has his own way—leave me to follow mine.

Agnes. But how can any one be so insensible to joy. To me the world looks so kindly, so beautiful, so varied, methinks we can never see or know too much of it. I would wish to be always in motion, travelling through unknown cities, climbing hills, seeing other dresses, and other manners. Then I would shut myself up in some palace, with the key of every chamber or cabinet in my hand. I would open them one after the other, take out the beautiful and rare jewels, carry them to the window, gaze at them till I was tired; then fly to the next, and so on, and on, without end.

Jane. And so grow old? So labour through a weary unconnected life?

Agnes. I understand you not. But, in truth, I have often thought if I were to arrive at some strange castle, where every thing was new to me, how I should hurry from one chamber to another, always impatient, always curious—how I should make myself acquainted by degrees with every article of furniture it contained! Here I know every nail by heart.

Anne. Give me the lute a moment.

(Sings.)

O well with him that in the arms
Of love can sink to rest;
No danger harms, no care alarms,
The quiet of his breast.

No change is here, no doubt or fear,
To mar his tranquil lot;
The present joy is all too near,
The past is all forgot.

With warmer caressing,
Lip to lip pressing,

The warmer the longer,
Each moment that flies,
Draws closer and stronger,
Love's gentlest of ties.

Agnes. That is one of those ditties which are more easily sung than understood.

Enter ANTHONY.

Anth. A strange household to be sure!—Singing in every room; Simon walking about, and gazing at the walls; Leopold preparing to ride on some mad adventure. Faith, if I were not here to keep the whole together, our establishment would be scattered like chaff before the wind.

Agnes. To be sure. As you are the eldest of the family, you are bound to have understanding enough for us all.

Anth. Do you know what is in Leopold's head?

Agnes. What can it be?

Anne. Something absurd, I am certain.

Agnes. You call many things absurd which are not so.

Enter LEOPOLD.

Leo. Now, good-bye for a time; I must leave you for a day or two.

Anth. Where are you going?

Leo. I don't exactly know. My notion, dear brother, has always been this,—that a man makes his life a burden when he considers every step he takes too minutely. Begin as we like, it all comes to the same thing; it is good luck or mischance that makes our plans wise or foolish.

Anth. Brother, such language becomes not a man.

Leo. Not a man, I dare say, according to your notion; an old superannuated animal, who has passed over youth as over some bridge which was to fall, once for all, behind him; and who within the precincts of age, sits down delighted to put on a grave face, deal in sober counsel, listen when other men speak, and find fault with every thing about him. A man, such as you would make, would censure the cat for instance, if he did not catch his mice according to his notions, and in the most approved fashion. I always hated to hear people say—he acts like a man—he is a model of a man—for ten to one but these heroes were mere overgrown children—creatures that creep through the world on all fours, and only meet with more stumbling-blocks by trying to avoid them. And yet the bystanders exclaim, Lord, what a deal of experience he has got!

Anth. That portrait, I am to understand, is intended for me?

Leo. Oh! no. You have more sense about you, though you won't admit it, even to yourself. But most men, now, think your thorough-paced plodder must be a more sensible fellow than your hop, skip, and jump man, and yet the

difference between them is only in their motion.

Anth. You will admit, however, that with the latter many things are constantly going wrong.

Leo. Naturally enough! because he undertakes a great many things. Your slow-going fellow cannot go wrong, because he spends all his time in calculating, and thrusting out all his feelers on all sides before he ventures a step. Ah, brother, if we could see, for instance, how all is arranged, and set to rights for us before hand, would we not be tempted to laugh, thinking, at our deep-laid plans?

Anth. A pleasant philosophy.

Leo. But I must break off, and take my leave. I feel so cheerful, I am sure I shall be fortunate.

Enter SIMON.

Simon. So you are going, brother?

Leo. I am.

Simon. I don't think the circumstances are favourable.

Leo. How so?

Simon. There is such a moving, and howling, and scudding among the clouds.

Agnes. How do you mean, brother?

Anth. As he usually does—he does not know why, but he thinks so.

Simon. One frequently can't tell why he anticipates misfortune; yet there is something within which—

Leo. Well?

Simon. Ah! how can I explain such a thing to you?

Anth. Among these half-witted creatures one might almost turn crazed himself.

Leo. Well, since you can't explain it, I may go. When I come back I'll take your advice.

[Exit.]

Anth. His wildness is sure to lead him into some other scrape.

Simon. No doubt.

Anne. How do you feel, brother?

Simon. Well—I have been thinking of many things this morning. There may be many changes soon.

Agnes. How so?

Anth. Do not ask him. It would be labor lost. He knows just as little as you; and observation only keeps his folly alive, which otherwise would have died long ago for want of nourishment.

Agnes. But let him speak, brother!

Anth. As you will,—so you don't condemn me to listen to his talk.

[Exit.]

Simon. I can speak with more comfort now that Anthony is gone. He is always shrugging his shoulders when things are not according to his own notions; and yet he has a most limited understanding. He is like the mass of men, who blame without knowing why, and often merely because the subject is above their comprehension.

Anne. True.

Simon. And yet one would think that the very reason for bestowing a little more attention upon it; when we are learning nothing new, what we learned before begins to fade in us.

Agnes. Brother Simon speaks exceedingly wisely to-day.

Simon. It is only that you seldom understand me. This appears to you wise, because you may have thought something of the same kind yourself.

Agnes. What is understanding then?

Simon. Why, that our understandings can't very easily comprehend; but it is certain that, like an onion, it has a number of skins; each of these is called an understanding, and the last the kernel of the whole, is the *true* understanding itself. They are the truly intelligent who in their thoughts employ not the mere outer rind, but the kernel itself; but with most men, prudent as they think themselves, nothing but the very outermost skin is ever set in motion—and such is brother Anthony.

Agnes. Ha, ha! odd enough. An onion and the understanding, what a comparison! And how then does brother Leopold think?

Simon. Not at all—he thinks only with the tongue; and as other men eat to support existence, so he talks incessantly to supply him with thought. What he has said the one moment he has forgotten the next; his thoughts are like vegetables, they are cropped the instant they show a green leaf above the ground, and so shoot on till summer, when they are left to run to seed; and so will Leopold, when his summer is over, and he gossips no more, the people will say of him, There! what an excellent father of a family!

Agnes. And how do you think, brother?

Simon. I—that is the difficulty—that is what vexes me; to conceive how it is we think! Observe, that which was thought must itself think; a puzzle enough to drive a sensible man mad.

Agnes. How so?

Simon. You do not understand me at present, because such ideas never occurred to yourself. Endeavour to comprehend:—I think, and with the instrument by which I think, I am to think how this thinking machine itself is framed. The thing is impossible; for that which thinks can never be comprehended by itself.

Agnes. It is very true—such notions are enough to drive a man mad.

Simon. Well then—and do you ask why it is that I am melancholy?"

The conversation is shortly after interrupted by the announcement of the intended visit of Peter Berner, who, having long heard of the fame of the beauties of Friedheim, has come in person to judge for himself. Some vague reports, as the sudden deaths of his wives, and his own gloomy temper, had reached Friedheim; but, in the mind of the giddy Agnes, these weigh little against the prospect of a rich

establishment, and that of rummaging among the secrets and treasures of Berner's castle. When the new suitor urges his proposals, she hesitates for a little, pleads his beard, the loneliness of his castle, the shortness of the time allowed her for decision; but long before the interview in the garden is over, it is evident her mind is made up. "We see how it is,—she will be the sixteenth Mrs. Shuffleton." The truth is, Peter pleads his case remarkably well; and we recommend the general outline of his statement as a model to young gentlemen who are about to rush upon their fate by "popping the question." *Probatum est.*

"The Garden."

PETER BERNER, AGNES.

Agnes. Knight, you are pressing.

Peter. How otherwise shall I try to gain your love?

Agnes. You love me, then—as you tell me?

Peter. From my heart, lady.

Agnes. But what do you call love?

Peter. If you feel it not, I cannot describe it to you.

Agnes. So I hear from all who call themselves in love.

Peter. Because it is the truth;—do you doubt my sincerity?

Agnes. Oh no! not so; but—

ANTHONY enters.

Peter. I speed but indifferently with my wooing, knight.

Anth. How?

Peter. Your fair sister believes not my words.

Agnes. You are pleased to say so.

Peter. I am no orator; I am a rough man, born and brought up amidst arms and tumult; fair speeches are not at my command; I can only say I love, and with that my whole stock of oratory is at an end. Yet those who say little are more to be trusted than many who deal at once in fine-spun phrases and false hearts. If I cannot express myself gracefully, I have but to learn the art of lying, and that may count for something. So believe me, then, when I say I love you from my heart.

Agnes. And what if I do believe you?

Peter. A strange question! Then you must love me in return. Or perhaps it is—how shall I express myself—my figure, my appearance is not inviting enough—or rather is disagreeable? It is true, there is something about me which strikes one as singular till they know me; but that surely could be no reason for rejecting an honourable man. Honesty is better than a fair outside. What if I have a bluish, aye, or a blue beard, as people say—still that is better than no beard at all.

Anth. Well, sister—

Peter. Perhaps you think—though that would be an inhuman superstition—that I must

be something different, something meaner than other men, because my beard is not of the most approved colour. Ladies know how to change the colour of theirs; and for your love I will do as much for mine. Can man do more?

Agnes. You misconstrue my hesitation.

Peter. You need only say, Yes or No. All the rest is but the preface to these. Now, lady.

Agnes. I must have time. The loneliness of your castle, too, terrifies me.

Peter. That can be easily remedied. If my society be not enough, we can invite company,—people of all kinds—though you will soon tire of them. But time will not hang heavy on your hands. If you love novelties or strange curiosities, you will find plenty at my castle, which will employ you long enough. In my travels and in my campaigns, I have picked up many things which amuse even me in an idle hour.

Agnes. May I take my sister Anne with me?

Peter. With much pleasure, if she will accompany you."

The consent is at last given—the marriage is over—with many evil forebodings on the part of Simon. The brothers accompany the new-married pair part of the way towards Berner's Castle, and leave them at an inn at no great distance from their journey's end. Peter addresses his wife—

" You have not spoken a word, Agnes ?

Agnes. I must confess, the tears came rushing into my eyes, so that I could not utter a word.

Peter. Wherefore do you weep ?

Agnes. My brothers, they are gone; who knows if I shall ever see them again ?

Peter. She who loves her husband truly, must forget both brothers and sisters. We are now left to ourselves. Kiss me, Agnes.

Agnes. If we are to travel farther, do not, I pray you, urge on your horse so fearfully; the poor creature is almost sinking beneath you.

Peter. He will enjoy his stall the more. It is only after severe toil that rest appears to us as rest. Mind him no farther, child.

Agnes. But you may fall.

Peter. I have often fallen; it matters not.

Agnes. You terrify me.

Peter. 'Tis well; that is a proof of your love.

Agnes. In truth, now that I am alone with you, I could find it in my heart to be afraid.

Peter. Indeed ! I am not sorry for it. But you will become accustomed to me by degrees, child.

Agnes. The country hereabout is very wild. That mill, yonder in the valley, sounds fearfully in this solitude. Ah ! see, yonder are my brothers riding up the mountain side.

Peter. My eyes do not reach so far.

Agnes. As I rode down I did not think the spot was so near where we were to part.

Peter. Drive these things out of your thoughts.

Agnes. Before I had ever travelled, there was nothing I longed for so anxiously as a long journey; I thought of nothing but beautiful, incredibly beautiful, countries, castles and towers with wondrous battlements, their gilded roofs sparkling in the morning sun; steep rocks, and wide prospects from their tops; always new faces; leafy forests, and lonely winding footpaths, through green labyrinths echoing to the nightingale's song : and now, everything is so different, I grow more and more fearful the farther I wander from my home.

Peter. We shall meet with some remarkable scenes still.

Agnes. Look at those waste dreary fields yonder, those bleak sandy hilis, over which the dark rain-clouds are gathering.

Peter. My castle has a more pleasant site.

Agnes. Ah ! it begins to rain; the sky grows darker and darker.

Peter. We must to horse; we shall be too late. Where is your sister ? Call her, and cease whining. Come, our horses are already fed.

[*Exeunt.*]

The fourth act passes at the castle of Berner. Agnes has begun to get accustomed to his revolting aspect and gloomy temper; nay, to feel for him something akin to love. She has heard a thousand stories from the old house-keeper, Mechthilde, of the treasures and curiosities which the castle contains; her curiosity is roused to the highest pitch, but, controlled by the awe in which she holds her husband, she has not ventured to ask the fulfilment of his promise. The opportunity, however, of gratifying her curiosity unexpectedly occurs. Peter announces his intention of leaving the castle for a few days, to meet another of those feudal inroads, to which his riches and his remorseless temper continually exposed him.

" *Peter.* During my absence, Agnes, I shall place all my keys in your keeping. Here, in a few days I intend to return. You may amuse yourself during the interval with looking at those rooms which I have not yet shown to you. Six chambers are open to you. But the seventh, which this golden key opens, remains closed—for you. Have you understood me ?

Agnes. Perfectly.

Peter. Agnes, be not tempted to open that seventh chamber.

Agnes. Surely not.

Peter. I might take the key with me; and then it were impossible; but I will trust you. You will not be so foolish. Now, farewell !

Agnes. Farewell !

Peter. If I return, and find you have been in the forbidden room—

Agnes. Be not so warm for no purpose. I will not enter it, and there's an end.

Peter. That will be seen when I return.

[*Exeunt.*]

Agnes. Now, then, I have it in my power

to see those long-wished curiosities! Absurd! to think that when six chambers, with their treasures, are open, we should think of longing after the seventh; that would indeed be a childish curiosity! But how passionate he gets about everything; I should not like to meet him the first time I have done anything against his will.

ANNE enters.

Agnes. How are you sister—better?

Anne. Somewhat.

Agnes. I have got the keys of the rooms at last. My husband is gone.

Anne. So!

Agnes. Into one of them we must not enter. No admission for you into the seventh, Anne.

Anne. I care not.

Agnes. He has strictly forbidden it.

Anne. I have no anxiety for it.

Agnes. Are you not rejoiced, then?

Anne. Wherefore?

Agnes. That I have got the keys.

Anne. If you are rejoiced, I am so too.

Agnes. (*At the window.*) There he is, riding off with his followers. (*Opens the window.*) Good fortune go with you. Return soon.

(*Trumpets from without.*)

Anne. How gaily they ride forth! Heaven grant they may return as gaily!

Agnes. Why should they not?

Anne. The end is not always so happy as the beginning; new clothes wear out; the green tree becomes sere; the evening often does not fulfil the promise of the dawn; joyfully does the youth commence what advancing years soon sternly forbid; and often apparent good luck is but the prelude to misfortune.

Agnes. You make my heart beat, sister.

Anne. I feel melancholy to-day.

Agnes. See, what procession is this passing by?

Anne. A peasant's wedding.

Agnes. How happy the people seem! They salute us. A song!

SONG from without.

O happy, when weary days are past,
Who rests in his true love's arms at last;

For him the tale

Of the nightingale,

It sounds more gaily from bush and vale.

CHORUS.

From bush and vale

Love's joyous tale,

In the sweet-voiced note of the nightingale.

(*The music grows more and more distant, and at last is hushed.*)

Agnes. Sister, you weep.

Anne. The music—

Agnes. It sounds so cheerfully.

Anne. Not to me.

Agnes. But you are never cheerful.

Anne. Ah! in those days when he used to

play his lute under my window, and a light and distant echo repeated its tones! How the moon used to shine down on all, and I saw nothing but him, heard nothing but his song, which floated through the lonely night like a white swan upon some gloomy water.—O sister, never, never, can I forget him.

Agnes. Was he so dear to you?

Anne. More than words—more than the sweetest music can express. His presence used to fall upon my heart as when the ruddy morning rises on the earth after a stormy night, and sheds its peaceful dew on the tempest-shaken trees and flowers—and the clouds take to flight before the golden beams of the sun. Ah! sister, forgive me these tears.

Agnes. Come—endeavour to amuse yourself; here are the keys. Be cheerful.

Anne. Kind sister!

Agnes. We will call the old woman to go with us. She knows everything.

Anne. As you will, but I confess I like her not.

Agnes. True. She is ugly enough, and her croaking voice very disagreeable; but these are the defects of age—she cannot help them. Come, come—I am dying with curiosity to see everything.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

Hall in Berner's Castle.

AGNES, ANNE, MECHTHILDE (*the housekeeper,*)
Servants carrying away supper.

Agnes. My head is perfectly giddy with all the wonders I have seen. I feel as if the whole had been a dream.

Anne. The senses grow weary at last, and variety itself becomes monotony.

Anne. Mechthilde is getting sleepy.

Mech. Yes, children; I commonly go to bed at this hour, and then sleep comes to me without an effort.

Agnes. Then go to bed. I will sit up a little. The moon shines so clear. I will walk awhile and take the air on the balcony.

Mech. Take care of the bats, they are flying about at this season.

Agnes. We never once thought of the Seventh Room, and yet the knight was so anxious about it; I dare say, after all, there is nothing in the least remarkable about it.

Mech. Likely not.

Agnes. How! were you never in it?

Mech. Never.

Agnes. That is strange: Take the keys with you, mother; we shall not need them longer.

Mech. Willingly.

Agnes. Men have their secrets too, as well as women.

Mech. Still more so; only they won't confess it.

Agnes. Give me back the keys.

Mech. Here they are.

Agnes. The Knight might be displeased—as he gave them into my own hands.

Anne. Now, good night, sister, I go to bed.

Mech. I wish you a happy repose.

[*Exeunt.*

Agnes. What a lovely night! How people talk of the curiosity of women, and yet here it is in my power to enter the forbidden chamber when I please. I made the keys be returned to me, partly, that my husband might not think I could not trust my own strength of mind. And yet, if I should yield to the temptation, no human being would ever know that I had been in the room; no farther evil would come of it. My sister, the preacher of morality, is asleep. I wish to heaven I had left the keys with that hideous old woman! The whole, I see, is arranged for the purpose of trying me—I shall not allow myself to be so easily ensnared. (*Walks up and down.*) The old woman herself has never been in the room. The Knight must have something strange in it. I'll think on't no more. (*She goes to the window.*) If I could only imagine why it was forbidden to me? The key is of gold—the others are not. It must be the costliest chamber of all, and he wishes to surprise me with it some time or other. Nonsense! Why should I not see it now? There is nothing I detest more than these attempts at surprising one into pleasure. You can enjoy nothing, just because you see beforehand all the preparations that have been made for it! Agnes! Agnes! be on your guard—what torments you at present is neither more nor less than female curiosity! And why should I not be a woman as well as others? I should like to see the man in my situation who would not be curious. My sister would be as much so as I, if her head were not incessantly filled with love; but if she were to take it into her head that her Reinhold was concealed in that chamber, she would ask me for the key upon her knees. Ah, people are only accommodating to their own weaknesses. And, after all, it may be no weakness in me; something may be concealed in that chamber on which my happiness depends. I almost begin to think so. I will look in;—how should he ever know that I have been there? There must be some reason for this strong prohibition, and he should have told me what it was, then my compliance would have been an intelligent obedience, instead of blind subjection—a procedure against which my whole heart revolts. Am I not a fool to hesitate so long? The thing is a trifle not worth so much trouble. (*She takes the key.*) Why do I not go on? If he should return while I am in the chamber? It is night, and ere he could ascend the stairs, I should easily be in my own room—besides, he will not be back for some days yet. He should have kept his keys if he did not intend that I should enter. (*Goes out with a light.*)

Enter CLAUS the FOOL, and the COUNSELLOR.

Well, how do you like your residence at the Castle?

Coun. I scarcely know. I have slept till this moment, I was so weary. How clear the stars shine!

Claus. Can you read in the stars?

Coun. I wish I had learned; it must be a pleasant employment at night.

Claus. One can read their fate in them.

Coun. At times.

Claus. Do you believe in ghosts?

Coun. O yes!

Claus. This is the very witching time of night.

Coun. The very time for any spirit who is inclined to walk. I shall go to bed again.

Claus. I thought you had slept your sleep out.

Coun. I mean on account of the ghosts. It has a bad appearance to be found by them awake at this hour.

Claus. Go then.

(*A door is shut too with force.*)

Coun. Do you hear?

(*Runs off.*)

AGNES enters, pale and trembling.

Claus. What is the matter, gracious lady?

Agnes. Nothing, nothing—get me a glass of cold water. (*Claus goes out. She sits into a chair.*) Am I alone—where am I—God in Heaven! How my heart beats—even to my throat.

(*Claus comes with water.*)

Agnes. Put it there; I cannot drink yet. Now go, go, there is nothing the matter with me. Go—(*Claus goes out.*) I know not how I came hither. (*She drinks.*) I am better now. It is deep night—the rest are asleep. (*She looks at the key.*) Here is a dark-red, a bloody spot; was it there before? Ah, no! I let it fall. All about me still smells of blood. (*She rubs the key with her handkerchief.*) It will not out. 'Tis strange! O curiosity,—accursed, shameful curiosity—what sin is worse than thine! And my husband, how looks he now? my husband—can I say? No, a frightful, a horrible monster; savage, and hideous as a scaly dragon, from which the eye turns with loathing. Ah! I must to bed—my poor head is whirling. But the key—I must not leave it here—O God be praised that the spot is gone! Oh! no, no, wretched child, here it is again on the other side. I know not what to do—where to turn—I will try if I can sleep. Oh, yes—sleep—sleep, dream of other things, forget all; that will be sweet, that will be delightful! (*Goes out.*)

There is a difference, as our play-going readers will have remarked, between the treatment of this scene by Tieck, and our distinguished and highly moral stage-liscensor. In Tieck's, to be sure, the public are cheated of

all the horrors of the Blue Chamber. No groan breaks the stillness of the night as when the unfortunate Fatima approaches the forbidden chamber of Abomelique; no hollow voice from within proclaims death to the intruder; nor do the yawning doors disclose the interior streaked with blood, and garnished with sepulchres "in the midst of which ghastly and supernatural forms are seen, some in motion, some fixed;" with a large skeleton in the centre, seated on a tomb, with a dart in his hand, and over his head written in characters of blood, 'The Punishment of Curiosity.' Of all this raw-head and bloody-bones pageant, we see nothing. But was ever the natural progress of curiosity—the sophisms to which it has recourse, the oscillations between fear and desire, the sense of duty, and the longings of the sex after things denied, more graphically depicted? Does not our own curiosity seem to rise as we read? Do we not follow the retreating steps of Agnes with the deepest interest, with something of our ancient childish terror? And from her broken sentences, her dark hints—her terror, her confusion of mind, do we not picture to ourselves something a little more ghastly than the above phantasmas of Colman?

The commencement of the Fifth Act carries us back to the Castle of Friedheim.

Scene I.

A Hall at Friedheim.

Simon. (With a torch.) He must rise whether he will or not, for now I know it for a certainty. He can escape me no longer.—(He knocks at a door)—Anthony! Anthony!—awake!

Anth. (Within.) Who is there?

Simon. 'Tis I—Simon—your brother; get up quickly, I must speak to you of something urgent.

Anth. Must your madness destroy to me the repose of midnight?

Simon. Speak not so, brother. You will repent of it. I believe he has fallen asleep again. What, ho!—get up—awake.

Anth. Will you never give over raving?

Simon. Abuse me as you will—only rise. Rise—I will give you no rest, brother.

Anth. (Comes out in his night-dress.) Tell me then what you want?

Simon. Brother, I have been unable to sleep the whole night.

Anth. I slept so much the sounder.

Simon. You see my prophecies, my forebodings, or what you will, were more distinct than wont.

Anth. What! have I risen only to listen to your folly?

Simon. I foretold to you that our brother had carried off the daughter of Hans von Marloff, and so it was. The old man was here to complain of it last night.

Anth. Any one might have prophesied that.

Simon. And this night I have seen our sister weeping incessantly, and I have been fighting the whole night through with Bluebeard.

Anth. Well—what then?

Simon. Her life is in danger, I tell you, brother. That Bluebeard is a villain—in what I know not—but enough that he is so.

Anth. Good night, brother. Your mode of reasoning is too much for me.

Simon. Is it not enough, brother, that you have thrown away our sister on a ruffian like this? Will you now leave her in danger of her life? Anthony, let your fraternal heart for once be melted. Perhaps, at this moment, she casts a longing look for us from the window of her prison. She wishes that her deep sobs could reach to us to lure us to her assistance. She wails for her brothers. And we may arrive only to find her dead, and stretched upon her bier.

Anth. But what has awakened these thoughts?

Simon. My whole fancy is filled with these gloomy imaginings. I can think and dream of nothing cheerful. All my visions are of death. I cannot rest till my sword has stretched this villain at my feet. Come, come, methinks somehow, at this distance, I hear my sister's cry. How soon may our horses be saddled—how soon may we be there?

Anth. The maddest thing about insanity is, that it infects the sane.

Simon. You will see I am not mistaken.

Anth. I scarcely know how it is, I yield to you.

Simon. Dress yourself. I will saddle the horses;—this torch will light our way till the sun rises.

*

Scene II.

BERNER'S Castle.

AGNES enters with a lamp. She places it upon a table, and sits down beside it, then takes the key from her pocket.

Agnes. That spot will not out. I have rubbed it and washed it all day, but there it remains. When I gaze at it thus fixedly, I sometimes think it is disappearing; but when I turn my eyes to other objects and then look at it again, it is still there, and, as it were, darker than ever. I might tell him I had lost it, but that would raise his suspicions to a height. Perhaps he may not ask me for the key. Perhaps he may not observe it. When I give it to him I will hand it to him with the clear side uppermost. Why should he think of looking at it so minutely? Perhaps the spot may disappear before he return. Ah! if Heaven could only be so gracious to me!

Anne. (Enters.) How are you, dear sister?

Agnes. But what if it do not disappear? I shall begin to think the key knows all, and that it is for my punishment that it will not be cleaned.

Anne. Sister!

Agnes. God in heaven!--Who is there?

Anne. How you start--It is I.

Agnes. (*Concealing the key with precipitation.*)
I did not expect--

Anne. How changed you are, Agnes, within these few days!--Speak to me--to your sister--who loves you so tenderly. You are feverish--your pulse burns--Tell me, are you ill?

Agnes. Nay, sister--Come, we will to bed again.

Anne. Something has happened to you, though you will not confess it to me. Why will you not trust me?--Have I ever deceived you?--Have you ever found me treacherous--destitute of sisterly affection?

Agnes. (*Weeping.*) Never, never. You were always good--O, better--far better than I!

Anne. Ah! not so--Often have you suffered from my moody humours. Forgive me--Can you?

Agnes. Do not speak so.

Anne. I have watched you for two days--You do not speak--You steal about--You conceal yourself in a corner--At night you do not sleep--You sigh so heavily--Share your grief with me. If I cannot console you, I can bear your sorrows with you.

Agnes. Hear me then--but you will blame me.

Anne. Nay--if you have no confidence in me--

Agnes. And yet perhaps you would yourself have done the same. You know that from my childhood I was ever fond of seeing and hearing novelties. This luckless passion has deprived me of my happiness--perhaps of my life.

Anne. You terrify me.

Agnes. I could not restrain my curiosity. The other night I entered the forbidden chamber.

Anne. Well?

Agnes. O, would to heaven I had remained behind! Why is the human mind so framed, that such a prohibition only operates as an incentive! I know not how I shall be able to relate the circumstances to you; for, as often as I think of them, a cold shudder comes over me. I opened the door with care. I had a light in my hand. My first resolve had been only to look in, and to retire immediately. When I opened the door, I saw nothing but an empty room, and in the background, a green curtain, as if concealing an alcove or a bed chamber. I could not turn--the curtain looked so mysterious. Methought it moved--it was the current rushing in through the open door. A strange oppressive smell pervaded the apartment. In order to be careful, I drew out the key--I advanced trembling--I felt a secret terror that the door would close of itself and for ever behind me. I drew near to the curtain. My heart beat, but it was no longer with curiosity. I drew it back--still I saw nothing; for the light threw only a weak and uncertain glimmer into the gloom. I advanced behind

the curtain--and now, sister--sister--think of my horror! Round about on the walls stood six skeletons. There was blood on the walls--blood on the floor. A shriek seemed to echo from the window--it was myself doubtless that screamed. The key fell from my hands. I was deafened--it sounded as if the castle were crumbling to the ground. Above the skeletons stood inscriptions with the names of the murdered--the six former wives of Berner--with the date on which they were punished for their curiosity--or perhaps I may have but fancied that--for I know not when or how I came to my senses! O with what horrid fancies has my mind been since haunted! I had picked up the key--it had fallen among blood. I was in agony lest I should find the door had closed upon me. I rushed against the curtain, as if I were labouring to overturn a giant, and again I was alone in the desolate chamber. O think, sister--if I had been doomed to pass the night in that abode of misery--if the moon had shone into the bloody chamber--if the skeletons had moved--or if my fancy had imparted life to them--I should have dashed my head against the walls--I should have clasped the hideous mouldering remnants in my arms--I should have gone distracted with terror and despair! O think--think of that, sister--such visions are enough to drive one mad.

Anne. Calm yourself, Agnes--It is I--Hold you here in my arms.

Agnes. Ah! what avails that, when home is so near at hand! You have but to cross that threshold, and it lies before you. O sister, what a castle this is--a slaughter-house!

Anne. Sister, we must hence--our brothers must protect us. Would the old woman were not here!

Agnes. Perhaps she will assist us.

Anne. Poor child! Doubtless she is in league with the monster.

Agnes. Heavens! and she so old!

Anne. Unfortunate sister!

Agnes. But perhaps he may not return. But lately you made me melancholy with that thought--now it is almost my only consolation.

Anne. But if he should return?

Agnes. Ah! sister, I fear me I am lost. That old woman! She must know everything. What must be her feelings? But she has a revolting aspect. When she thinks of all this, when the thought of that chamber of blood is present with her, how can she eat, drink, or sleep? And he--he himself--O tell me! how can a man be so converted into a monster! It all seems to me like a hideous vision. And yet I am spell-bound in the centre of this fearful picture.

Anne. Compose yourself--if you would have a chance of salvation--if you would not lose your reason.

Agnes. It is half gone already. O, Anne, it is frightful. Even when you were labouring to console me, methought it was the

old woman that sate beside me—(grasping her.) But it is yourself—is it not?

Anne. Agnes—Agnes, restrain yourself. Away with this madness.

Agnes. Look on this key, that betrays all. Day and night I have laboured to efface this frightful spot, but all in vain.

Anne. Be calm—be calm.

MECHTHILDE enters with a lantern.

Anne. Are you astir so early?

Mech. I have been crawling through all the house already, for I have a presentiment that our master will be home to-day.

Agnes. My lord?

Mech. Your joy seems to agitate you strangely. But how is it, lady, that you too are up so early?

Anne. My sister is not well.

Mech. Not well! You too are pale. Ah! that will not please my master. I will sit beside you, for my sleep is by; at this early hour it is difficult to sleep.

Agnes. Sit down.

Mech. We can amuse ourselves with story-telling. Nothing serves better to keep the eyes open, especially when the stories are somewhat terrible.

Anne. I know none: but you may tell us something.

Mech. See, the moon is going down. The sky is getting black and gloomy. Your lamp is going out; I will place my lantern on the table. Truly, lady, I know not many, and am but an indifferent story-teller; but I will try.

'There was once a forester who lived in a thick wood—so thick, that the sunbeams only pierced through it in broken beams; and when the horn blew, it sounded awfully in that green loneliness. The house of the forester lay in the very thickest of the wood. His children grew up in the wilderness, and saw nobody but their father, for their mother had been long dead.

'At a certain period of the year, the father was always accustomed to shut himself up for a whole day in the hut; and then the children used to hear a strange noise about the house—a whining, and shouting, and running, and crying; in short, a disturbance as if the devil himself were abroad. At such times they spent their time in that hut in singing and prayer; and their father warned the children carefully not to go out.

'It happened, however, on one occasion, that he was obliged to go on a journey during the week when that day happened. He gave them the strongest orders not to stir out; but the girl, partly through curiosity, partly that she had forgotten the day, went out of the hut. Not far from the house, there lay a grey stag-lake, round which old moss-grown willows stood. The girl sat down by the lake; and as she looked in, she thought she saw strange bearded countenances gazing at her. The trees began to rustle; something seemed

to move in the distance; the water began to boil up, to grow blacker and blacker, and all at once something like a fish or a frog sprung up, and three bloody, bloody hands slowly rose, and pointed with their crimson fingers towards the girl!—

Agnes. Bloody! Sister, sister, for God's sake! look at the old witch! See how her face is distorted! Look, sister!

Mech. Child! what is the matter?

Agnes. Bloody, did you say? Yes, bloody, thou loathsome hag! Your life is one of blood, ye butchers, ye ruthless murderers! Away with her, I cannot bear her grinning visage opposite me! Away! So long as I am mistress here, I shall be obeyed.

Mech. These are strange attacks. [Exit.

Anne. O sister, calm yourself.

Agnes. You should have seen how her visage changed during the story.

Anne. You are heated—these are mere imaginations.

Agnes. Then why did she speak of blood? I cannot hear the word without going mad.

Anne. You must lie down again. Sleep may refresh you.

Agnes. Sleep! O, no—no sleep. I cannot sleep—but I will rest beside you—I will hold your dear hand in mine, while you speak consolation to me.

[Exeunt.]

Scene IV.

A Terrace before the Castle, with trees. On the right, part of the Castle, with the great gate, is visible. The Castle is flat-roofed, and surrounded with a balcony; at the side a tower, to which a stair leads up.

ANNE, AGNES, upon the roof.

Anne. How beautiful the sun has risen!

Agnes. It brings no consolation to me.

Anne. See how the fresh and ruddy beam streams in yonder between the far hills—how the country becomes visible by degrees in the morning ray.

Agnes. Oh! Anne! (hastily.)

Anne. What is it, sister?

Agnes. Perhaps he may not return. I am so agitated since that night, that your lightest tone falls grating on my ear.

Anne. I meant it for the best.

Agnes. I know it. It is that supports me.

Anne. No.

Agnes. It comes from the corner of the wood yonder.

Anne. It is want of sleep which makes strange noises in your ear.

Agnes. No—I hear the trumpets plainly.

Anne. (After a pause.) I hear them too. *Agnes.* O, my breast beats wildly! It is they! I will try, in the meantime to compose myself. Perhaps he will not be so enraged as I expected. In our terror we are apt to over-rate things. Is it not so, sister?

Anne. Surely.

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Agnes. It approaches. It is my husband? I can recognise the colours already.

Anne. It is they.

Martial music. A train of servants. PETER on horseback below.

Peter. Ah! my wife. Good morning, Agnes.

Agnes. Good morning.

Peter. Remain there, I will come up. Leave the gates open. The others with the booty will be here immediately.

[They enter the gate.]

Agnes. He is coming here. It is he, indeed!

Anne. Collect yourself, dear sister, all may yet be well.

Agnes. I am sick of life: yet death is terrible to me. I understand not myself.

PETER BERNER appears on the balcony.

Agnes. I had a presentiment that you would come.

Peter. I have returned sooner than I had calculated on. My foes are defeated, and rich booty has fallen into our hands.

Agnes. Fortune seems always to accompany you.

Peter. Think you so?—And how, in the meantime, have you been?

Agnes. Quite well.

Peter. Methinks you look pale.

Agnes. We rose this morning so early.

MECHTHILDE enters.

Peter. How have you crawled up, old house-dragon?

Mech. I came to wish you joy, my lord.

Peter. I thank you.

Mech. The morning meal is ready.

Peter. Good. It is a fair prospect from hence. But standing at this height one must be wary; sometimes the inclination seizes us to leap down; the depth of the descent lures us into the abyss.

Anne. Women think not of such things; but my brother Simon would talk of it for hours.

Agnes. Here are the keys; but I'll give you them afterwards.

Peter. Very good. You have seen every thing!

Agnes. With delight. I have satiated myself with wonders.

Peter. I think you may as well give me them now.

Agnes. Here. The golden one I shall keep.

Peter. For what purpose?

Agnes. As a remembrance.

Peter. Little fool!

Agnes. Now, seriously, I don't intend to give it you. I must try your patience a little.

Peter. My patience does not bear much.

Agnes. And yet we have not been so long married as to quarrel already.

Peter. After a quarrel the reconciliation is the sweeter.

Agnes. I see you do not trust me; so I'll keep the key a little longer in jest.

Peter. You will give it to me—I ask it seriously.

Agnes. What if I refuse?

Peter. Then you may keep it entirely.

Agnes. I never saw you in such good-mour.

Peter. I am well to-day. Every thing has succeeded with me. Now, childish wife, give me the key.

Agnes. Here, then.

Peter. Now we will go down to breakfast.

Mech. Come, my lord.

Peter. (Playing with the key.) What is the matter!

Agnes. Nothing. Shall we go?

Peter. What spot is this?

Agnes. A spot! Perhaps it may have got it just now.

Peter. Now! hypocritical serpent. O Agnes! I thought not to lose you so soon. None of my wives left me so suddenly; for to all of them my commands were of some force for a few weeks. But you—

Agnes. Ah! be not angry.

Peter. Accursed curiosity. (He throws the key from him.) Through thee came the first sin into the guiltless world, and still thou leadest men to sins too dark, too monstrous to be named. The crime of the first mother of mankind has poisoned all her daughters, and we to the deceived husband who trusts to your false tenderness, the feigned innocence of your eyes, your smiles, the pressure of your hands! Deceit is your trade, and you are beautiful only that you may the better deceive. Your very sex should be swept from the face of the earth. This shameless curiosity—this baseness of heart—this contemptible weakness of disposition it is, which with you diserves every thing,—makes you break your plighted faith; and then, allied with cowardice, tempts you to the most ruthless murders. Hell itself! the very embraces of the devil, are the price ye pay for the indulgence of this pleasure. Enough! you have chosen your fate.

Agnes. I tremble to look on you. Haste pity on me!

Peter. Old woman, take up the key.

Mech. You wish to open the Cabinet? Good. [Enters.]

Agnes. (Kneels.) Have mercy! Forgive me my presumption; you shall not repent of it; I will reward you for it with all my love.

Peter. Do I not know you? At this moment you loathe me, you would fly if but an opportunity offered.

Agnes. So young, and yet to die so terribly a death!—Discard me as your wife—make me your servant; the servant of your housekeeper; any thing; but Oh! let me live!

Peter. Your prayers are vain. It is against my vow.

Anne. (Kneels.) O spare my sister; let your heart be moved as becomes a man: give mercy as you expect mercy; look on the agony of your poor wife! Let my tears find their way to your heart. I will not say her guilt is trifling, but the greater it is, the more noble will be your lenity.

Agnes. Dear, dear husband, look on me with kindness; not so; not with these fearful eyes. Let me cling to your knees; turn not from me so coldly, think of the love you once bore to me. Ah! let me not die this fearful, fearful death; drag me not into the bloody chamber; drive me forth to the woods—to the wilderness—to the stags and wolves; but oh! let me not die here; not to-day!

Peter. All is in vain.

Agnes. Every prayer—every tear in vain?

Peter. By the heaven above us!—

Agnes. (Rising hastily.) Then rise, sister, pollute your knees no longer. Now hear me for the last time, thou cold-blooded, blood-thirsty monster! hear that I loathe thee, that thou wilt not escape thy punishment.

Anne. Had we but other two women here, our nails should scratch your little serpent-like eyes out of your head.

Agnes. Detestable monster!—no man, but an abortion—the mother that bore you should have drowned you like a dog, in order to avert the evil you were to bring upon the world.

Peter. Ho! ho! What prevents me from throwing you both down from this height? Bethink yourselves, ye are mad. Is this language for women—Now come, Agnes. The door beneath is unlocked.

Agnes. And is this your final purpose? O woe is me! I cannot move, my strength is exhausted.

Peter. Come!

Agnes. One prayer to Heaven—you will allow me time for that?

Peter. Then be quick, I will wait below.

[Exit.]

Agnes. Ah! sister—were it not better to leap down at once from this giddy height. But my courage fails me. (She kneels.) I will pray. O, if my brothers could but come! Sister, look out into the country—it were possible. Ah! I cannot give a thought to heaven. See you nothing?

Peter. (From below.) Agnes!

Agnes. Immediately.

Anne. I see nothing but the field, and the wood, and the mountains. All is calm—not a breath stirs. The trees on this side shut out the prospect.

Agnes. If your head be not giddy, I would pray you to ascend the tower—but beware of falling. Now, see you any thing?

Peter. (Below.) Agnes!

Agnes. This instant.

Anne. Nothing but trees, fields, and mountains, and the warm air moves in waves over the ground in the heat of the sun.

Agnes. Alas! and I cannot pray. Involun-

tarily I feel myself calling Simon, Anthony, as if help were yet at hand.

Peter. (Below.) Agnes, you make me impatient!

Agnes. But one short prayer! See you nothing still?

Anne. I see dust rising.

Agnes. O joy, joy!

Anne. Alas, alas! it is but a flock of sheep.

Agnes. Am I not a fool to hope for impossibilities? I will resign myself to my fate. I will reconcile myself to death. Come down, sister—you see nothing still—and let me take leave of you.

Anne. I see a horseman—two.

Agnes. How? is it possible?

Anne. They rush like lightning down the mountain, the one after the other.

Agnes. O God!

Anne. The one is before the other—far before.

Peter. (Below.) Agnes, I am coming.

Agnes. I am on my way to you; my sister is giving me a last embrace.

Anne. He comes nearer and nearer!

Agnes. Do you not know him?

Anne. No—yes!—it is Simon! (She waves her handkerchief.) Oh woe! his horse stumbles with him—he falls—he rises—he runs on foot!

Agnes. Where am I!—I know not whether I am alive or dead.

Anne. He is close by!

Agnes. What a strange dream—would I were awake. (She sinks down.)

Peter (comes up with a drawn sword.) In the devil's name, where do you tarry? How, dead, insensible!—I will drag her by the hair to the spot where she is to bleed.

Simon (rushes in hastily below with his sword drawn.) Stay—stay—murderer—villain! (He rushes through the gate.)

Anne. (Above.) Help, help!

Peter, (letting Agnes fall.) What cry was that that rose so shrilly here? (Lays hold of her again.) Down with you—despite of angels or devils! (He attempts to drag her out.)

Simon (rushing against him.) Stay—villain!

Peter. How! Do you dare?

Simon. Speak not. Let the sword decide. (They fight. PETER falls. SIMON drives the sword through his heart.) Now, I feel happy. Now I am at ease. Agnes! God in heaven, she is dead!

Anne. Agnes, dear sister! O brother, thanks Agnes, all danger is over. (She opens her eyes.)

Agnes. Where am I!—Ah, heaven, Simon! Are you there?—Whence did you come? And the murderer—

Simon. There he lies dead at your feet. I scarcely know how I came hither—Something like a tempest seemed to blow me on. And when I first came in sight of the castle, and saw your handkerchief waving—No matter—

All is well now. Come down—the sight of this wretch shall agitate you no more. (*They lead her down.*)

We have omitted a good deal of episodical matter, which refers chiefly to the love adventures of Brother Leopold with Brigitte, the daughter of Hans von Marloff, and sundry comic scenes with the Fool and Counsellor, thinking their prattle to be tedious, in order to present the real point of interest unencumbered by these accessories. The truth is, that all that part of the play, which is a mere excrescence on the original, might, with much advantage, have been omitted; nor is there any thing in the humour of the Fool, or the folly of the Counsellor, which, to those accustomed to the Touchstone or Dogberry of Shakespeare, is likely to reconcile them to the introduction of characters so totally unconnected with the plot. The wit, such as it is, is too obviously prepared, and the characters too palpably opposed to each other, on a principle of absolute contrast. Had Bluebeard been written in three Acts instead of five, and the action confined to the single idea of the punishment of curiosity, it would have been an admirable effective acting play. The whole of the last Act is dramatic, and agitating in the highest degree. As it is, however, we scarcely wonder that, as yet, Bluebeard, though printed in 1797, and read, admired, and lauded by every German critic, since Schlegel lead the way in the *Jena Litteratur-Zeitung*, has found no manager enterprising enough to bring it upon the stage.

From the Monthly Review.

SCENES IN TURKEY.*

THERE is in these volumes a source of interest for British readers, exceeding in attraction whatever might be expected in a work which purports to be merely the record of an extensive journey through foreign countries. They contain the results of protracted observation directed on the inhabitants of the Turkish dominions, during an interesting period of the recent history of that empire, namely, the time when an experiment had but just been introduced by the Sultan for the purpose of ameliorating the moral condition of his subjects. The importance of the author's testimony regarding the present condition of Turkey, and the effects upon it of the reforms instituted by the government, is considerably enhanced by the circumstance, that these measures have comparatively failed—that instead of being a blessing to the people they have proved to it a curse, and that they have only widened the breach between contending parties, and even shaken the very foundations of the throne. Descriptions which

involve such historical coincidences as these, must be pregnant with instruction to states of every degree. They are striking lessons—they are warnings that are calculated to make an indelible impression on the civilized world.

But it would be great injustice to the author were the observations which we have just concluded, to be considered as implying, that the general contents of these volumes were of a description to require some such accidental material as that which we have just alluded to, in order to confer interest upon them. We are happy to have it in our power to undeceive any reader who may have mistakenly so interpreted our remarks, and to assure him, that no record of travels in modern times, with which we are acquainted, presents so many features of general attraction as the volumes before us. This superiority is owing, in some measure, to the fortunate opportunities which Mr. Slade enjoyed of becoming acquainted with Turkish character and manners, and by and by we shall come to understand how great is the debt we owe to him for the use to which he has converted the facilities thus luckily afforded him.

The author seems to be a traveller from taste, and to have been led to undertake the long journey, of which these volumes present an account, from curiosity alone. After making the tour of France, passing through part of Italy, and sailing amidst the Grecian isles, Mr. Slade reached the Bosphorus in May 1829.—He remained in Constantinople for some time, when he proceeded to some of the chief places which could be conveniently visited by one who was cruising in the Black Sea. He next visited Rummelia, the seat of a war then subsisting between the Russians and the Turks, passed the winter quarters of the former, and arrived at Shumla. From this place, so celebrated in the annals of war, the traveller returned to Constantinople; thence he migrated to Adrianople, and visited Demotica, Enos, Sathothraki, and Mount Athos, as also Salona and Smyrna, returning home by way of Italy.

At the period of the author's arrival at Constantinople the Turks were busily employed in preparations for the second campaign with Russia. The fleet of the contending powers were on the sea, that of the Turks being anchored in the Bosphorus. It happened that out of his intense anxiety to gain all the information in his power, and that too in the best manner, Mr. Slade left no method untried to gain access to Turkish society; and no sooner had he made up his mind to get on deck of the ship of the Capitan Pashn, the commander of the fleet, than he proceeded to accomplish his purpose. Permitted under proper auspices to enter the Capitan's vessel, he found the Turkish dignitary reclining on a couch in the middle of the quarter deck, surrounded by his attendants, listening to the reading of some papers and smoking his pipe. The reception on board was hospitable, and was followed by an invitation on the part of the Capitan, requesting the English-

* *Records of Travels in Turkey, Greece, &c., and of a Cruise in the Black Sea with the Capitan Pa-sha, in the years 1828, 1829, and 1831.* By Adolphus Slade Esq. In 2 Vols. 8vo. London: Saunders and Otley. 1832.

man to remain in the ship, as he was about sailing that day into the Black Sea, to seek the Russian fleet. The invitation was not pressing, but it was quite enough for our author, who accepted it with delight, and after returning to land, where he fitted himself out for a cruise, speedily proceeded on deck, just as the fleet was beginning to sail.

At the very outset of his close intimacy with the Turkish people, Mr. Slade tells us he formed a strong resolution as to the ceremonies which he should employ in his intercourse with them. His experience of the people has satisfied him, that an European should never abate one iota of his due as a gentleman in the society of the Turks, or as he uniformly calls them, the Osmanleys: he recommends a stranger who visits a Pacha, that if the latter does not ask him to be seated, that he (the visitor) should sit down of his own accord, for he may be sure, that the next time he comes into the presence of the same Pacha, he will be requested to enjoy the dignity of taking a seat on the great man's sofa. Again, should an European at the divan of a Turk of rank be offered coffee at the same time that the chibouque (the pipe) is not tendered, it is advisable for him to demand the chibouque from the attendants. This is a mark of respect, and it will not be withheld from those who firmly manifest their resolution to obtain it. These directions are worthy of being strictly attended to, inasmuch as submission to the demeanour of the Turks on the part of an European, makes him contemptible in their eyes, and will justify every attempt which their hatred for the Christians may prompt to humiliate and annoy him.

The time spent by the author on board the Capitan's vessel savours more of the wildness of a romance than it does of any of the scenes of ordinary life. As soon as night set in, his attention was roused to the melodious accents of the Imams, who from the mizen rigging of each ship called the faithful to prayer; everywhere, he says, this appeal is calculated to charm the auditor, but to hear it in the stillness of the evening, responding from ship to ship, as if proceeding from the voices of invisible spirits, is calculated to fill the soul with unearthly pleasure. The holy summons was expeditiously obeyed, and every deck was in a moment covered with prostrated worshippers, presenting a spectacle which deeply impressed the Christian who surveyed it. Prayers being concluded the Capitan invited the Englishman to sup with him. The reader will be interested in perusing an account of the entertainment:

'A small carpet was spread between two guns on the main deck outside his cabin. It was not screened off. On it we sat down, cross-legged opposite to each other. Two agas—they were gentlemen of no less rank—knelt to us with sewers to wash our hands; then tied napkins round our necks, and placed between us a circular metal tray upon a low stool, provided with four saucers, containing as many kinds of conserves, slices of

bread and of cake, salt, and a bowl of salad sauce, to be eaten at discretion. Our fingers were the operating instruments. The first dish was a pile of red mullet. The pasha of course had the first help; being a bit of an epicure, he pawed every one individual before choosing. I took one whose tail had come in contact with his forceps. The next dish was a fowl. The pasha steadied it with the thumb of his left hand, and with his right hand pulled off a wing. I tried the same manœuvre on a leg; but, owing to delicacy in not making free use of both hands, failed in dislocating it. The pasha perceiving my awkwardness, motioned to an officer to assist me. I would fain have declined his services, but it was too late. The fellow took it up in his brawny hands, ripped off the joints with surprising dexterity, peeled the breast with his thumb-nail, tore it in thin slices, and, thus dissected, laid the bird before me with an air of superiority, saying, "Eat." I was very hungry, or I should not have been able. The third dish was lamb stewed with olives. On this I showed that I had fully profited by my late lesson, and, dreading the intrusion of another person's fingers on so slippery a subject, dug my own in with unblushing effrontery. I followed precisely the pasha's motions, scooping the olives out of the dish, with a piece of bread and my thumb, as adroitly as tho' I had never seen a fork. The attendants winked at each other, and my host's unmeaning eyes faintly radiated at the rapidity with which I adapted myself to existing circumstances. I never fully understood before the point of the saying, "Do at Rome as Rome does." Various other means followed, which I will not enumerate; they were all diminished by a similar process; suffice to say that they were excellent, the Turkish kitchen being in many points equal to the French kitchen, and in one article superior—the exquisiteness of lamb drest in Turkey far, very far, surpasses my feeble praise. About twelve dishes, of which, in compliment, I was obliged to eat more than my inclination prompted, rendered still more irksome by the absence of wine, had been shifted with great dispatch, and a pause ensuing, I began to breathe, thinking my replete task over, when, to my utter dismay, a huge platter of pilaff, the standing last dish, was placed between us. Never having liked rice since I was at school, the sight of the pressed greasy mess before me was positively revolting. However, there it was, and had I only been required to eat a part of it, I might have esteemed myself happy. A much severer trial awaited me. The pasha, immersing his fingers deep into it, drew forth a tolerable quantity, with which he amused himself some minutes, rolling it into a ball, while I stared, simply supposing that the delicate morsel, when it should have received the last touch, was destined for his throat. It was lucky that I did not foresee its right destination, or the bare thought would infallibly have made me forget myself, which would have grieved me before so many witnesses, not to mention the insult of the restitution. When fairly reduced to the substance of a grape-shot, the pasha stretched his lean hand over the tray; I involuntarily shrank back; he stretched further, and inserted it—O nausea!—into my mouth. I swallowed it with an effort of despair, but know not what power of

nerves kept it down. The attendants arched the brows of wonder : a capitan pasha bestow such an exceeding mark of distinction on a stranger ! Had there been then a gazette in Stamboul the circumstance would have been published, at our return, as the most notable event of the cruise. I was delighted to find that the honour was too great to be repeated.

'The appetizers which came on with the tray were removed, and replaced by a bowl of koshub, a sweet liquid, composed of various preserved fruits, perfumed with rose; two tortoise-shell spoons were in it. This was very good, especially as we were not reduced to lap it up with the palms of our hands, as I might have reasonably expected after what had passed. A glass of sherbet assisted our degustation, and chibouques, with coffee, assured its efficacy : while enjoying the latter, an Albanian bagpipe, harsher, if possible, than a Scotch one, supplied the absence of conversation.

—154—158.

There was no bed, not even a substitute for such an accommodation on board ; the Pacha himself slept in a box, which resembled as nearly as possible a dog kennel ; and this was placed abaft the mizen mast. In the morning Mr. Slade obtained permission to exercise the seamen in firing the guns. The fleet consisted of one three-decker, five two-deckers, three frigates, five corvettes, and three brigs. The first morning that he exercised the men a rare scene of confusion ensued. They were much amused with him, and behaved in a very riotous manner, but still with great civility. The master gunner seconded the Englishman's instructions, by using the rattan to the stupid ; but this system of correction was opposed by the author, and he had the satisfaction to find that the succeeding trials were better received, and produced more gratifying effects. The artillery of the Pacha's ship consisted of 120 guns, French calibres. The quarters were magnificent, but there were no match tubs : the matches were stuck about the deck on spiked stakes, ready to burn any thing that came near them. Neither sights nor notches could be found on any of the guns ; and these were altogether so defective that no guns could be laid horizontally, so that if an action had taken place, these guns at every recoil would have fallen down in the bed, and most likely would have remained in that position for want of somebody to replace them. The men were so unconquerably lazy, that it was impossible to induce them to remain any time at a particular employment ; they could run in and out pretty well, could load a gun without putting in the shot before the powder as they used to do, but could never be brought to think of stopping the vent. The author used to tell the men to point the guns at the hull of a ship ; but though this was a good sized mark, still, after taking the greatest pains, they fired a whole broadside several times, without the object being ever approached by a single shot.

The sailors on board, amounting to 1,400,

amused themselves most of the time, and were little troubled by the officers. The only restraint upon them was that of living and sleeping at their respective guns, to each of which there was a distinct crew. This crew composed a mess, and each spread his little carpet on the deck ; here they played drafts and chess, and drank coffee, which was in continual demand day and night. The only strict duty which all had, without distinction, to perform, was that of attending at the stated time of prayers. The whole crew were summoned for this purpose three times every day, at dawn, at noon, and after twilight, to which the more scrupulous portion of the party on board added two other turns, making five in all. When a devotional fit seized one of the Mussulmen, down he popped on his knees, quite regardless of the circumstances he was in, or the company he was keeping. Sometimes our countryman was inclined to suspect that the sudden paroxysm of the devotee was a stratagem to enable him to skulk (as the sailors have it) from a disagreeable duty ; but his misgivings on this part of the conduct of the crew were soon dispelled, when he found that there was no labour to which the seaman could be put that would impose more downright fatigue upon him, than one of these fits of enthusiastic piety. These devotions are composed of seven adorations—each adoration consisting of three prostrations ; so that to complete the ceremony of prayer, as it is ordinarily performed, requires from the suppliant not less than twenty-one applications of his head to the ground. Amongst the old and infirm Mussulmen the practice is frequently attended with a degree of exhaustion which must sometimes be productive of the most fatal consequences.

The amusements carried on on board were quite peculiar in their style. The Capitan Pacha could neither read nor write, therefore intellectual recreation was for him at least out of the question. His hands appeared to be given to him for no other purpose than to handle his comboloyo (rosery), and his legs were merely employed to bend under him. If he wished to rise, the attendants lifted him up ; in walking he was likewise supported ; even when he spelt being asthmatic, there was a servile creature near to receive, with becoming solemnity in a handkerchief, what the Pacha had ejected. The entertainments chiefly cultivated by the crew were such gross buffoonery as ducking in tubs of water for money, or playing at bear and monkey, or blindman's-buff. In these amusements the Pacha used to take great delight, and once he said to the author, 'Does your Capitan Pacha amuse himself in this way?' The former replied, that 'English Pachas had rather too much to do to employ their time in such things.'

Upon the whole, the few days spent by the author on board the Pacha's vessel were passed in a very agreeable manner, whilst he often witnessed a great many things which made

him turn up his eyes in wonder, that such an ignorant, sickly, and incompetent creature as the Pacha could have been the third most considerable character throughout the vast empire of Turkey.

The news of Mr. Slade's marine excursion reached the ears of the Sultan, who intimated his wish for a private interview with the former. Pressing affairs, however, prevented the meeting, at least such is the excuse offered by the author for not complying with the appointment. We suspect, however, that the real objection was the natural dislike of Mr. Slade to the company of a man, whose character he paints in the darkest colours of his pencil. The policy of Sultan Mahmoud is traced from his first accession to the throne, involving as it did errors of the grossest nature, together with deeds of blood, at which human nature would shudder. He is described by our author as hypocritical and ungrateful, and possessed of a degree of obstinate tenacity of purpose, which, as he is generally in the wrong, leads necessarily to injustice and cruelty. We cannot follow Mr. Slade through the steps of the historical details, which he furnishes of the proceedings pursued by the Turkish government, and the causes in which the revolt of Greece originated. Though the Sultan increased his personal power, though he multiplied the sources of his own peculiar enjoyments, still it is not less a certainty, and a fatal one it is, that his individual conduct has done more to shake the foundations of the empire, than all the evil that has been perpetrated by his predecessors for a century. The deep designing plan for extirpating the Janissaries, was marked by a refinement of fraud, such as is sufficient to excite astonishment, when we consider the country and the people amongst whom it was practised. The act itself, the destruction of the Janissaries, was useful, and perhaps wise; no blame, therefore, can attach to the monarch who took the first opportunity which presented itself of ridding Turkey of such a nuisance. The means alone, by which this necessary duty was accomplished, are open to objection. The stern resentment of the Sultan was carried even beyond the grave, against the Janissaries, for he prohibited all those Oriental usages which he could satisfy himself were invented by that body, and sought to establish entirely new observances. Thus the costume of his court, which was always Asiatic, he now exchanged for that of Europe; his soldiers were shaved, and even the turban, the most sacred portion of the national dress, was ordered to be discontinued. In these regulations, Mahmoud exhibited an ignorance of human nature, and by his subsequent impolitic measures, he showed how extensive as well as obstinate was that ignorance. As a proof of the precipitancy with which he was disposed to act, it is only necessary to mention that he very readily played into the hands of the Russians when they wanted to go to war. Nicho-

las was anxious for a quarrel with Turkey, he could not fight her without an adequate excuse, and this, which seemed beyond his power to create, was, in an evil moment, supplied by the Pacha himself.

Mr. Slade gives a detailed account of the visit of Sir Robert Gordon in the Blonde to Constantinople. The circumstances of this visit have been already before the public; it deceived the Turks, who thought that the English would prevent the horrors of war from falling on them; but the consternation which they felt on learning that Russia was in earnest with her threats, is well described by Mr. Slade. Some details of the war follow, but they are destined chiefly for the perusal of military men. During the progress of hostilities, a conspiracy broke out at Constantinople, which Mahmoud found the means of utterly suppressing. His purpose was effected by a terrible destruction of life, which he sacrificed without remorse. The description of a visit to the seraglio, in Constantinople, in which however there is nothing particularly interesting, nearly concludes the first of these volumes.

From Constantinople the author proceeded, at the close of December 1829, on a tour over the seat of war in Roumelia, first directing his route to Philippopolis, then taking the right, traversing the cantonments of the Russian army, and finally crossing the Balkans to gain Schumla. He had not been long acquainted with the Tartars, of whom he had, during the journey, seen a great deal, before he conceived a strong partiality for them. A Tartar, according to our author, is the very picture of animation: with his face transparently clear, his beard and moustaches carefully trimmed, the high calpeck tied by a coloured handkerchief under his chin, his long fur riding cloak, capacious trowsers, and huge boots, his brass shovel stirrups bright as the day, his polished saddle, and silver-hilted pistols,—all these varieties of ornaments give to the Tartar a bearing and an aspect which command respect if not admiration from all who see him. We have, however, described merely the decorative portion of his costume; the substantial part of it remains to be mentioned. This consists of a long robe of silk, waistcoat of cloth, a jacket of ditto, a jacket lined with fox fur, an overall jacket with open sleeves, at times a pelisse, drawers, enormous cloth trowsers, woollen leggings, and heavy boots; lastly and externally to all these, the Tartar wears a sash, both bulky and heavy, in which he carries his pistols and his ataghan, whilst in his bosom he bears his towels, handkerchiefs, and tobacco purse. The grave-digger in Hamlet was a child of nakedness compared with a Tartar. The people who go under this name, are principally employed as couriers; they perform the most extended expeditions with safety and dispatch, and there is an establishment of them organized in every Pashalick.

On his way back to Constantinople from the seat of the Russian and Turkish war, the author stopped for a short time at Adrianople, where the Grand Vizir, Redschid Pasha, was then holding his court. Notwithstanding a panic which was felt at the time in Adrianople, the author was able to penetrate the seraglio of the Vizir, to which we had been pressingly invited by the liberal host. The account of his visit will be read with attention :

' He had lately come from Schumla, whence his journey was as a triumphant march, consequent on his dignity. The beys and agas of the towns through which he passed, prostrated themselves before his horse ; and as he approached the city, the pashas, Husseyin and Alish, met him, and, dismounting, kissed his stirrup. We had, therefore, reason to esteem ourselves honoured by his invitation, enhanced by the gracious reception which he gave us. His residence had an air of barbaric magnificence. Saddled steeds were in the court : crowds of Albanians, armed to the teeth, in the halls ; trimly bearded, long robed officers, in the anti-rooms ; himself, in pelissed state, reclined in the angle of a divan at the farther end of a handsome saloon, on the floor of which were squatting some of his intimates in humble demeanour.

' He clapped his hands, and ordered coffee and pipes, a mark of attention which we scarcely expected from one of his rank ; at least not the pipes, that cherished symbol of equality, token of precedence, among the Osmanleys, which a son may not use in the presence of his father, or a younger brother in that of an elder one. And as this ceremony is the only picture of ostentation observed in Turkish social life, occupying the place of dinners and suppers, I will briefly describe it. To preface : the chiboukgis are the most important menials of an Ottoman establishment, the favourites of the lord. He who presents the pipe to the Sultan is not only a pasha, but can dispose of pashalicks. They must be comely persons, and well skilled in the difficult art—only obtained by long practice—of so filling a bowl, that the slightest inspiration will spread a complete ignition over the superficies of the tobacco, replaced at each expiration by a layer of delicate white ashes. The bowl should be in the form of a bell ; the reed, a Bagdad cherry branch, at least seven feet long without a joining ; the mouth-piece, of lemon or cloud-coloured amber, clear, but not transparent, inviting, by its *tatto morbido*, the lips to caress it. With such an apparatus, presented by a youth à la Ganymede, you may imagine that you are inhaling the spirit of nectar, and, while in a kind of trance, watching the odorous vapour curling above your head, that the ceiling is studded with houris' eyes. But this perfection can only be obtained at the divan of a refined Osmanley. What, compared to it, is a cigar or a meerschaum ! they may well be termed weed, while the other is a bouquet.

" Sublime in hookahs, glorious in a pipe,
When tipped with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe,"
sung Byron ; but farther on he added,

" But thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties ; give me a cigar."

Thus proving that he had not been chez a pasha of acknowledged taste. Indeed, his highest acquaintance among the Faithful was the aga of Thebes, a drunken old sot—I knew him since at Smyrna, as chief douanier—who probably never gave him a clean turn out ; for the true lover of tobacco, real discriminator of its beauties, must be a sober person, capable of being exhilarated by the brown berry's juice. But to return to our subject. Scarcely had the vizir's laconic order, " Coffee, pipes, bring," undulated through the ante-room, than it was obeyed. Two egyptis with silver sticks, vizirial emblems, marshalled in a shoeless, noiseless train, which nearly filled the apartment. The chiboukgis advanced first, describing circles in the air with the long chibouques, and placing brass saucers on the spotless floor to receive the bowls, presented one to each guest, with a finished and graceful submission, that would have become ambassadors offering gifts to a queen. In the middle of the apartment, the Cavedji took his station, holding a tray covered over with a piece of gold brocade : beside him waited the dispenser of the sober decoction ; while a third person removed the covering, and disclosed the china cups and filagreed silver saucers (the latter in some cases are studded with jewels.) The cup-bearers then advanced to perform their duty ; and, the cups being all filled, stood one beside each guest, waiting, according to etiquette, till the vizir took his, to present them. At the same moment we were saved ; we sipped, returned the cups to the expectant hands, and then the room was cleared with the same quiet haste. His Highness showed us yet farther honour. When we had skimmed the cream of our first pipes, he again clapped, and ordered fresh ones. Again the silver sticks and train entered ; this time bringing a handsomer set of chibouques, and, instead of coffee, conserve of roses. We were much pleased, and enjoyed the second pipe equally. His Highness clapped a third time, and a third batch of pipes was brought in, yet handsomer than the preceding. Sherbet was the accompaniment, and on each bowl a fragrant pastille was laid, producing a delightful effect. Not content with displaying his smoking apparatus, his Highness indulged in another species of vanity—in having his pelisse changed three times, each time for one of richer furs ; yet so quietly was this little manœuvre performed, that it might have passed unnoticed, had we not seen it in other instances ; almost imperceptibly the attendant removed one from his shoulders, and replaced it by another. Our visit occupied an hour, during which we conversed a good deal.—pp. 166-171.

At the close of January 1830, the author returned to Pera, a suburb towards the seaside of Constantinople, just in time to participate in the saturnalia of the Carnival. This place presents as singular a spectacle as can be found in any place of similar size in the east, namely, the assemblage of the chief foreign ambassadors crowded together in a narrow wretched street. The representatives of England, France,

Russia, and Pera, may be styled the kings of Pera, so absolutely does each ambassador exercise control, without the slightest reference to Turkish laws or authority. These little kings preserve altogether a feudal state; each is almost immured in his own castle, and except on public nights, and then they meet at each other's houses by rotation. One of the most singular of the customs still retained by them, is the tolling of a great bell when one of them either leaves his house or enters that of one of his brethren. There are three tolls for an ambassador: two for a minister plenipotentiary, and one for a simple charge d'affaires. Thus the inhabitants of Pera, when they hear the great bell, are always able to determine the great question, whether the personage complimented be one or the other of the high functionaries just mentioned. These monarchs of Pera do not ride without guards; and at the balls no dancing must be commenced until their highnesses arrive. Sir Robert Gordon, a sensible man, not much given to frippery, astonished the people of Pera, by allowing his ambassadorial feet to touch the ground in their streets.

From the supreme class of the diplomatists, the author makes an easy transition to that of the second in rank, the dragomans, who consider themselves in the same relation to the body of ambassadors as that in which the nobility in other countries stand in with respect to the monarch who governs them. To each embassy four or five of these dragomans are attached with high salaries. Under these again are a set of young men (*jeunes des langues*) who are supposed to be studying as probationers for the situations of dragomans when they become vacant. These persons, in most instances, are the relations of the regular dragoman, and have salaries. They are generally unacquainted with the Turkish, the Greek being their vernacular tongue in common with the other inhabitants of Pera. The author seems to think that the office of dragomans is handed down from generation to generation, like a domestic property, and that the nature of the trust reposed in them very much facilitates their power in keeping it as a hereditary beneficial interest. Hence they are enabled in most cases to defy their employers, for there is scarcely an ambassador who would not be afraid to dismiss his dragoman, lest he should pass into the service of another, at whose feet, of course, would be laid all the most secret mysteries of the diplomatic office which he had left.

The author gives a very lively description of some of the ceremonies which are peculiar to the penitential season of the Ramazah in Constantinople. It is, he says, at once a feast as well as a fast, for the Mussulmans, whilst they abstain in the day even from the gratification of a pinch of snuff, to say nothing of the pipe, yield the night to revels. The pious

Turks during this time nearly rub the skin off their fingers, plying incessantly the ninety-nine beads of their cambolios, whilst their faculty of vision is at the same time seriously endangered by the obstinacy with which they keep gazing on the sun as he performs his career to the western horizon. The delicious moment when his rays are no longer seen, is announced by the thunder of three guns, and then is the appetite let loose—then is the carnage begun; and there is not a cook, or coffee bearer, or pipe holder, who is not instantly an object of emulation for hundreds of half famished applicants. The most singular feature of the Ramazan is the complete saturnalia which it permits. Indeed, such license both of conduct and speech is tolerated during the fast, as to facilitate to a great extent the designs of the disaffected, and it is stated by Mr. Slade, that the whole nearly of the popular commotions by which Constantinople has been agitated, were planned during the nights of the Ramazan. Amongst the ceremonies connected with this fast, in which the members of the government take a part, is one relating to the Prophet himself. On the fifteenth day of Ramazan the Sultan takes the remnants of Mahomet's garments, and immerses them in a certain quantity of water. The fluid is then bottled off, and consigned to each pasha in the empire, who is expected to make a handsome return for the present.

A very particular and highly interesting description is next furnished by the author of the principal *sights* of Constantinople. These include the forum of Constantine, the palaces, and mosques. Access to the different mosques was always easily obtained by Christians, except in the case of that of St. Sophia, in approaching which, with a view to enter it, Mr. Slade and his guides were warned off. His curiosity was only increased by the obstacle, and accompanied by the honourable Mr. Grosvenor, proceeded in disguise into the body of the edifice. They had scarcely penetrated thus far, when they heard a little boy, who had just run up to them, exclaim, 'Run quick, they will kill you.' Had they taken the hint, they might have departed unmolested, but having remained, they were almost immediately rushed upon by five furious Turks, well armed, who would have undoubtedly put the party to death, were they not prevented by an imam. The latter held the arm of one of the Turks, as he lifted it to aim a blow at the strangers.

All persons, before entering a mosque, wash their arms, legs, and neck, even in winter, at a handsome reservoir placed for that purpose in the centre of the court where the edifice is situated. Leaving their shoes at the threshold, they walk in, and immediately descend on their knees; then, placing their hands over their eyes, and then over their ears, symbolically expressing their resolution to shut out the world, they commence the prostrations, which

occupy about twenty minutes, unrolling their turbans, that the heads may come in contact with the pavement.

Women are not allowed to pray in the mosques. Indeed, as the author wittily says, that they have no great reason to regret the exclusion, for it would be scarcely worth the trouble to pray upon such a slender hope of going to heaven as the Prophet has thought proper to leave them. He has, however, in compliment not to the gentler sex, indeed, but to the men, suffered a clause to be introduced into his penal code, whereby any male true believer might take a female friend with him to Paradise.

The Avret Bazaar, or woman market, is another peculiarity of Constantinople, which the author, in our humble judgment, alludes to with a very unworthy degree of forbearance; nor are the principles on which he seeks a toleration of such scenes as the open sale of women of pleasure, more creditable to his good sense. The young Circassians and Georgians, who form the whole supply of this market, are 'only victims of custom,' quoth Mr. Slade; 'they are brought up by their mercenary parents for the merchants'—ergo, we suppose he would say—ergo, it is not the merchants that are to be blamed. But may we not ask of the author, if there were no purchasers, would there exist any vendors?—if there were no unprincipled merchants in Constantinople, would there be any barbarous fathers in Georgia?

'If born Mahomedan, they remain so; if born Christian, they are educated in no faith, in order that they may conform, when purchased, to the Mussulman faith, and therefore they suffer no sacrifice on that score. They live a secluded life, harshly treated by their relations, never seeing a stranger's face, and therefore form no ties of friendship or love, preserve no pleasing recollections of home, to make them regret their country. Their destination is constantly before their eyes, painted in glowing colours; and, so far from dreading it, they look for the moment of going to Anapa, or Poti, whence they are shipped for Stamboul, with as much eagerness as a parlour-boarder of a French or Italian convent for her emancipation. In the market they are lodged in separate apartments, carefully secluded, where, in the hours of business—between nine and twelve—they may be visited by aspirants for possessing such delicate ware. I need not draw a veil over what follows. Decorum prevails. The would-be purchaser may fix his eyes on the lady's face, and his hand may receive evidence of her bust. The waltz allows nearly as much liberty before hundreds of eyes. Of course the merchant gives his warranty, on which, and the preceding data, the bargain is closed. The common price of a tolerable looking maid is about £100. Some fetch hundreds, the value depending as much on accomplishments as on beauty; but such are generally singled out by the K-slar Aga. A coarser article, from Nubia and Abyssinia, is exposed publicly on platforms, beneath verandahs, before the cribs of the white china. A more white-

toothed, plump-cheeked, merry-eyed set I seldom witnessed, with a smile and a gibe for every one, and often an audible "Buy me." They are sold easily, and without trouble. Ladies are the usual purchasers, for domestics. A slight inspection suffices. The girl gets up off the ground, gathers her coarse cloth round her loins, bids her companion adieu, and trips gaily, bare footed and bare headed, after her new mistress, who immediately dresses her à la Turque, and hides her ebony with white veils. The price of one is about £16.—pp. 241—243.

A digression on the public baths of Constantinople next follows, and the economy and advantages of them are described in a manner that presents them as objects of great interest. The process of a shampoo bath, in the hands of Mr. Slade, is one of the most delightful pictures which can be submitted to the imagination; and if it be but borne out by the reality, we can only say, that the doubts with respect to the site of the garden of Eden, are now dissipated.

A visit to the great cemetery, which stretches from the outskirts of Scutari three miles over the plain, and where repose the ashes of half the generations of Constantinople, gives rise to a notice of a very fine description of the place, and to an account of the mode of conducting funerals in that capital. The most curious feature connected with the cemetery, is the college of howling dervishes adjoining it:

'We found them,' says Mr. Slade, 'in full cry. They were extremely civil; were flattered at our curiosity, and gave us prominent seats. The apartment was octangular, surrounded by a low railing to keep off the spectators. The superior gave the time with his hand and head, while about twenty brethren moaned, half sung, a kind of hymn, in which the names of Allah, Mohammed, Mustapha (a saint, founder of the order,) continually recurred. At intervals, some howled suddenly, others danced round as mad, and all by turns approached and kissed the hand of the superior, who sat aside on a carpet. During the performance, sick people were carried in and laid at the superior's feet to be cured. He whispered in their ears, stroked their breasts, and then laid them rise. They obeyed; some tottered off; others, fitly lighting up their sunken eyes, joined the holy troop, and sung and danced with equal fervour. Presently the scene changed to one of a more lively description. To the notes ya-la-pi-pi, sung to a merry tune, the fanatics twisted their bodies in rapid contortions, jerked themselves violently forwards and backwards, to either side, their heads turning and their eyes rolling in a frightful manner, making the spectators giddy and expect every moment that some would fall into fits. Occasionally, seized by a sudden impulse, they howled in concert. For upwards of thirty minutes this bedlamite game had lasted, and we began to think that the actors were endowed with perpetual motion, when the superior, extending his hand, pronounced the word "Allah." Immediately, as if they felt the hand of the Almighty as well as heard his name, they stood each still

as a statue, eyes fixed, head firm. This was the grand *coup de theatre*, and exceedingly well done it was—quite sublime. The sport recommended with greater ardour. In a state, apparently, of complete frenzy, they seized each others' hands, and they danced, and they sung, and they leaped in concert. Then dividing in two lines, they rushed from side to side, and they charged, head down like goats, only separating to meet again with greater impetus, all the while making the dome resound with discordant howls. Finally, closing in a heap, confusedly embraced, with disordered garments and swollen veins, they stamped and rolled round the hall, till three, overcome with the violence of the exercise, foamed and fell into convulsions. This was the triumph of devotion; and thus terminated, after two hours' continuance, as singular a scene of folly grafted on superstition as one could wish to see. It is worth seeing once, and only once.'—pp. 279–281.

It is altogether out of our power to pursue the very amusing and instructive narrative, which is continued by Mr. Slade to the termination of the second volume. He continues to make us acquainted with the strange manners and customs of the Turks, by following them through every variety and vicissitude of their lives, having obviously diligently laboured to multiply his opportunities of observation, and to make the best of them when procured. A very elaborate account is given by him of the conditions and relations of the various tribes which form the inhabitants of Turkey; and his observations on the state of the women, as members of society amongst the Mussulmans, Greeks, Armenians, and Hebrews, are marked by extensive information and sound sense. His subsequent visits to the various places, specified in the early part of this article, but particularly to Greece, have furnished him with the means of supplying very impartial materials for enabling us to decide, with justice, many questions of foreign policy, in which we cannot be said to be uninterested. The style and spirit of the work are of that easy and elevated description, which at once characterize the man of refined education and the gentleman; he has, for the most part, confined himself to well selected facts, and is fully entitled to the credit of having composed one of the most valuable and interesting records which have yet been placed in our hands on the domestic state of Turkey. We have been often astonished, how little the well known hints and suggestions made by Dr. Paley to his young friend Carlyle, a candidate for the great tour, have been hitherto attended to by travellers. That acute and sensible man wanted to have details of every day's life from abroad. 'Get into the inside of a cottage,' said he, 'describe utensils, furniture, and whatever you find doing.' We have not seen any work, under the category of travels, for a long time, which comes more nearly to the plan that was proposed by so eminent an authority; and we are especially reminded of his advice on this

occasion, inasmuch as Mr. Slade may be said to have literally fulfilled the very words of the Doctor who wrote to Mr. Carlyle in these terms:—'Give us one day at Constantinople, minutely, from morning to night—what you do, see, eat, and hear.' We have no doubt that Mr. Slade had seen the precepts of Dr. Paley, and he certainly has turned them to profit. Some beautifully coloured engravings, from the drawings of Mr. Slade, adorn the work.

From the *Monthly Review*.

MEMOIRS OF DR. BURNEY,*

No generous mind will refuse to lament with us the series of domestic afflictions which retarded for an unusually protracted term the publication of the present memoir. Dr. Burney's death took place in 1814; he had left ample materials for an authentic account of his life and actions, having commenced, at so remote a period as 1782, to form materials for that purpose. The active employments in which he was engaged as a professional man, prevented him from systematically pursuing the plan of a continuous record, and he confined himself for a considerable interval to a few memorandums concerning himself. In the year 1807, having reached the venerable age of eighty-one years, he entered upon the composition of sundry volumes, illustrative of the events of his own life. Frequently had he, in his latter days, expressed a strong inclination that the history of his life should be given to the world; and, to the distinguished daughter who, by her genius, has conferred such an exalted reputation on her family, the task was conceded by the general consent of all its members, of arranging the materials of that history.

The perusal of a few pages only of this memoir, will furnish to the reader ample reasons to make him rejoice, that the important trust of historian to her father, was not confided to other hands than those of Madame D'Arblay. It will be found that, instead of limiting herself to the confines of the small area, as it were, which is constituted by the single career of Dr. Burney, the memorialist, as she modestly entitles herself, has expatiated in new regions of interest, has indulged in copious details, and given illustrations of events and characters and manners, which, whilst they form a most valuable portion of the contents of these volumes, are yet in strict association with the chief theme to which the work is ostensibly devoted. Nor will the reader be displeased at finding that no inconsiderable portion of this supplemental matter is dedicated to Madame D'Arblay herself. And that

* Arranged from his own Manuscripts, from Family Papers, and from Personal Recollections. By his Daughter, Madame D'Arblay. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Moxon. 1832.

this should be so, will be at once evident to those who remember that it was in her, in her talents, and her accomplishments, that the glory of the Burney family was concentrated. Extensive as were the claims of Dr. Burney on the admiration of his posterity, yet it cannot be denied that the splendour with which his name is still surrounded, has been, in a great measure, borrowed from the light of his daughter's genius. If the intimacy of the Burneys was sought for by the great and the eminent, if wits and philosophers, statesmen and scholars, gathered in unprecedented numbers around the board of Dr. Burney, it was not the musician that was courted, but the fortunate father of an intellectual prodigy. Madame D'Arblay, to her eternal honour, seeks, all through the work, to place herself in the back ground of the picture, whilst her father, and the characters whom after him she most values, are presented to us in the boldest colours, and under the advantages of the most intense relief. She labours to cripple the story of her own adventures into the insignificant form of an episode, interwoven amidst the materials of the principal story. But, as the sequel will prove, the memoir, in spite of her own humility, and of that tender filial attachment, which would always yield a preference to her father, turns out, in practice, to be no less than a curious history of a celebrated family, of which Madame D'Arblay was the true heroine.

It appears to us, on a careful perusal of these volumes, that the authoress, in the commencement of the work, had not been sufficiently inoculated with the spirit which, in the subsequent part, shines out so warmly, and yet so gracefully. The force of veteran habit seems to have exercised an unlimited control over her mind at the outset, for the first volume bears undoubted marks of that artificial arrangement of the materials in hand, to which an experienced manufacturer of romantic incident would most likely have recourse. This volume is, in consequence, a perfect curiosity, for the subject of the memoir is treated throughout its pages, not as a plain, downright man of the world, engaged in the vulgar business of life, as was really the case, but altogether as a swain of the most unobjectionable pretensions to all the privileges and immunities that have been conceded for centuries to the Charleses, the Belmores, and the Valancourts of the Minerva press. The history of her father's first courtship—the moral effect which it produced upon him, and the nature of his habits before and after his matrimonial enterprize, are wrought up by the memorialist with a dramatic skill, and a degree of scenic effect, as complete as if the whole were an ideal tale conjured up by the warm imagination of the poetical historian. The strain of fictitious narrative is soon, however, lost in the interest of the succeeding scenes, in which the writer's father performs no insignificant part. In her zeal to speak about him, all considera-

tions of artifice are forgotten, and she becomes the simple and explicit annalist of the events of her father's life. The style of Madame D'Arblay, in the present work, is materially altered from the pure and polished character which in early life she had uninterruptedly preserved. Her taste for British literature, and her acquaintance with the peculiar genius of our language, seem to have been sadly interfered with by her Gallic connexions. We meet frequently with phrases, and even periods in these pages, which strike us with surprise by their novelty, and their variance with all the established rules of correct expression. But assertion alone is not to be depended on in such a case as that of so distinguished an ornament of our literature as Madame D'Arblay.

Speaking of the intercourse which subsisted between Garrick and Dr. Burney, the authoress uses the following figurative language:

'Not dense, however, nor frequent were the occasional intermissions to the serenity of their intercourse; and the sunshine by which they were dispersed, beamed from an heightened esteem, that, in both parties, terminated in cordial affection!'—Vol. i. p. 16.

The exact import of this sentence is, we must acknowledge, altogether beyond our powers of penetration. The following, though less mysterious, is quite as remarkable for fancy:

'With all the soaring feelings of the first sunbeams of hope, that irradiate from a bright, though distant glimpse of renown (!): untamed by difficulties, superior to fatigue, and springing over the hydra-headed monsters of impediment that every where jutted forth their thwarting obstacles to his enterprize, Dr. Burney came back to his country, his friends, his business, and his pursuits, with the vigour of the first youth in spirits, expectations, and activity.'—p. 222.

Again, the Doctor is represented by his daughter as being on a bed of sickness, in a certain part of the continent, 'writhed by darting stiches, and burning with fiery fever,' and then feeling 'the full force of that sublunary equipoise that seems evermore to hang suspended over the attainment of long-sought and uncommon felicity, just as it is ripening to burst forth into enjoyment.' In another place it is stated by the writer, that the connexion between Dr. Burney and gentleman once well known under the appellation of Aristotle Twining, was 'opened with an impulsive reciprocation of liking, and ended in a friendship as permanent as it was exhilarating.' Some pages further on, the biographer, speaking of Dr. Burney's moral power of reaction, tells us, that, 'with a redundancy of vivacity for new movement, new action, and elastic procedure, scarcely conceivable to those who, balancing their projects, their wishes, and intentions, by the opposing weights of time, of hazard, and of trouble, undertake only what is

obviously to their advantage, or indisputably their duty. His fancy was his dictator, his spirit was his spur,' &c. But enough of this.

Dr. Burney was a native of Shrewsbury, and was born on the 12th April, 1726. At Chester, whither his parents had retired, whilst he was yet very young, he had the good fortune to attract the attention of the celebrated Dr. Arne, who came as an accidental visitor to that city, and to him the youth immediately became an articled apprentice, and accompanied him to London. The Doctor's attention to his pupil was indifferent enough, the latter, indeed, enjoyed a charter of liberty, which allowed him to indulge in parties of pleasure and amusements, not exactly within the range of those recreations to which apprentices are usually entitled to have access. Mrs. Cibber, the sister of Dr. Arne, patronized young Burney, who now began to obtain some notice by his musical pieces, called the *Masque of Alfred*, and of the pantomime of *Queen Mab*. It must be stated, however, as a curious fact in connexion with this early development of genius, that Burney preserved a strict incognito as to the authorship. He thought he could afford to dispense with the small measure of fame which his productions had generated for him. These were uniformly presented to the world as the offspring of a Society of the Sons of Apollo. Under this title they were actually published, and the bookseller, and the immediate friends of Burney, were taught to regard him as a mere disinterested agent between the ideal society and the public. Sundry airs, ballads, cantatas, and other light musical productions, were brought before the world in this manner.

Burney began to acquire reputation in the fashionable circles; he was courted chiefly for the union of talents which he possessed; and, during the early part of his career, was selected by the celebrated Fulk Greville as a companion, under very singular circumstances. Mr. Greville appears to have contracted a general suspicion of the integrity of mankind, which bordered nearly on misanthropy. He was passionately fond of music, and though his ample fortune might well have enabled him to gratify his wishes without measure, still his distrust of the world, prevented him from adopting the necessary means of accomplishing the end. Having by accident inquired of a music-seller if he knew any person who could teach music, and that was fit company for a gentleman, young Burney was pointed out, and a day was fixed on when he should put his abilities to the test in the presence of Mr. Greville. The latter heard the musician for some time, but chose to treat his execution with indifference, and lounged about the room, looking at some prints, as if he wished no longer to be an auditor. Burney returned this conduct by a demeanour of the utmost carelessness, until by perseverance in playing, and by a ready independent style of conversation, he

won the respect and esteem of Mr. Greville. The meeting ended in an agreement between the parties, that they should live as companions. The fashionable world, with all its alluring corruptions, was immediately opened to young Burney. The clubs, and sometimes the gambling houses, became his resort; and his biographer does not conceal the satisfaction with which she was filled, at being able to state, that her father had the innate firmness of soul to resist the fascinations by which he was surrounded. One of the happiest touches of descriptive power, contained in the present work, is the following graphic sketch of a midnight gambling room:

'At these clubs, the subject of these memoirs witnessed scenes that were ever after riveted on his memory. Card-, betting, dice, opened every nocturnal orgy with an *éclat* of expectation, hope, ardour, and fire, that seemed to cause a mental inflammation of the feelings and faculties of the whole assembly in a mass.'

'On the first night of the entrance of young Burney into this set, Mr. Greville amused himself with keeping out of the way, that he might make over the new comer to what was called the humour of the thing; so that, by being unknown, he might be assailed, as a matter of course, for bets, holding stakes, choosing cards, &c. &c. and became initiated in the arena of a modish gambling house; while watchful, though apart, Mr. Greville enjoyed, with high secret glee, the novelty of the youth's confusion.'

'But young Burney had the native good sense to have observed already that a hoax soon loses its power of ridicule where it excites no alarm in its object. He gaily, therefore, treated as a farce every attempt to bring him forward, and covered up his real ignorance upon such subjects by wilful blunders that apparently doubled it; till, by making himself a pretended caricature of newness and inaptness, he got, what in coteries of that sort is always successful, the laugh on his side.'

'As the evening advanced, the busy hum of common-place chattery subsided; and a general and collected calmness ensued, such as might best dispose the gambling associates to a wily deliberation, how most coolly to penetrate the mystic obscurities that brought them together.'

'All, however, was not yet involved in the gaping cauldron of chance, whence so soon was to emerge the brilliant prize, or desolating blank, that was to blazon the lustre, or stamp the destruction, of whoever, with his last trembling mite, came to sound its perilous depths. They as yet played, or prowled around it, lightly and slightly; not more impatient than fearful of hurrying their fate; and seeking to hide from themselves, as well as from their competitors, their anticipating exultation or dread.'

'Still, therefore, they had some command of the general use of their faculties, and of what was due from them to general social commerce. Still some vivacious sallies called forth passing smiles from those who had been seldomest betrayed, or whose fortunes had least been embezzled; and still such

checks as were not too dragged or haggard to exhibit them, were able to give graceful symptoms of self-possession, by the pleasing and becoming dimples produced through arch, though silent ob-service.

'But by degrees the fever of doubt and anxiety brought forth all around, and every breath caught its infection. Every look then showed the contagion of lurking suspicion; every eye that fixed a prosperous object, seemed to fix it with the stamp of detection. All was contrast the most discordant, unclouded by any gradation; for wherever the laughing brilliancy of any countenance denoted exulting victory, the glaring vacancy of some other hard by, displayed incipient despair.'

'Like the awe of death was next the muteness of taciturnity, from the absorption of agonizing attention while the last decisive strokes, upon which hung affluence or beggary, were impending. Every die, then, became a bliss or a blast; every extorted word was an execration; every fear whispered ruin with dishonour; every wish was a dagger to some antagonist!—till, finally, the result was proclaimed, which carried off the winner in a whirl of maddening triumph; and to the loser left the recovery of his nervous, hoarse, husky, grating voice, only for curses and oaths, louder and more appalling than thunder in its deepest roll.'—pp. 36-39.

It would be tedious to go minutely into every detail of Dr. Burney's history; it will be sufficient for us to state, that he married an amiable and accomplished lady; that he set up a musical institution for instruction in London, but that in consequence of some urgent domestic circumstances, he was obliged to take up his residence at Lynn, in the county of Norfolk. His taste, however, brought him back to London, where he resumed the pursuits which he had previously adopted, and was in the very height of his success, when his wife died. This lady had been the mother of the present biographer, in common with all the sisters and brothers which she ever had.

Mr. Burney sought consolation in travel. He projected, at this time, an extensive history of music, and proposed to visit foreign countries, in order to collect materials for this important work. His grief for the loss of Mrs. Burney being considerably assuaged by change of scene, he happily remembered, that during her last moments, she exhorted him to marry again. She even pointed out the lady who she thought would have secured his happiness; but Mr. Burney had the good sense to allow his own feelings to direct his selection in an affair of so much importance, and made an eligible match with a widow. Having always manifested a taste for literary pursuits, he now had leisure to indulge it, and, diverging from his professional track, he prepared a *Treatise on Comets*, which excited considerable interest at the time.

'There were few things,' says his biographer, advertizing to his continental tour, 'in which his

perfect good humour was more playfully demonstrated, than by the looks, arch yet reproachful, and piteous though burlesque, with which he was wont to recount a most provoking and painful little incident that occurred to him in his last voyage home; but of which he was well aware that the relation must excite irresistible visibility in even the most friendly of his auditors.'

'After travelling by day and by night to expedite his return, over mountains, through marshes, by cross-roads, on horseback, on mules, in carriages, of any and every sort that could but hurry him on, he reached Calais in a December so dreadfully stormy, that not a vessel of any kind could set sail for England. Repeatedly he secured his hammock, and went on board to take possession of it; but as repeatedly was driven back by fresh gales, during the space of nine fatiguing days and tempestuous nights. And when, at last, the passage was effected, so nearly annihilating had been his sufferings from sea-sickness, that it was vainly he was told he might now, at his pleasure, arise, go forth, and touch English ground; he had neither strength nor courage to move, and earnestly desired to be left awhile to himself.'

'Exhaustion, then, with tranquillity of mind, cast him into a sound sleep.'

'From this repose, when, much refreshed, he awoke, he called to the man who was in waiting, to help him up, that he might get out of the ship.'

'"Get out of the ship, sir?" repeated the man. "God lauk! you'll be drowned!"'

'"Drowned!—What's to drown me? I want to go ashore."

'"Ashore, sir?" again repeated the man; "why you're in the middle of the sea! There arn't a bit of ground for your toe nail."

'"What do you mean?" cried the Doctor, starting up; "the sea? Did you not tell me we were safe in at Dover?"'

'"O lauk! that's two good hours ago, sir! I could not get you up then, say what I would. You fell down right asleep, like a top. And so I told them. But that's all one. You may go, or you may stay, as you like; but them pilots never stops for nobody."

'Filled with alarm, the Doctor now rushed up to the deck, where he had the dismay to discover that he was half way back to France.'—pp. 230, 231.

Several projects, the intentions of which were of the most benevolent character, were proposed, also, about this time, by Dr. Burney, all of which failed, with the exception of the publication by subscription of his work on the *History of Music*. In this the best and most eminent men in the country put down their names, and two eminent merchants in the city, acquainted the Doctor that they were authorized by a gentleman to secure him from loss in case of the want of success: but he nobly declined the offer. The result of the appearance of the first volume of this work, was to gather around the author a host of new friends, men who were remarkable for their learning or their exalted station, or eminence in some

honourable or useful department. Among these personages, a few are distinguished as having been the chosen subjects of some early letters, which the biographer, then young Miss Burney, had written. We must refer to the volume itself for these epistles, confidently assuring the reader, that he will find in them a fund of amusing and highly ingenious description.

The introduction of the Burneys to Mr. Thrale and his family, is an event which is referred to by the biographer with very particular manifestations of pleasure, for it was the source of an intimacy between the former and many of the most distinguished men of the time, particularly Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, Gibbon, &c. The account which Madame D'Arblay has drawn up of Johnson, places the character of that celebrated man in a far more amiable light, than has been done by any of the contemporaries who knew him. In the pages of Madame D'Arblay, he is no longer the rough, self-sufficient despot of the company amongst which he sits, but seems to refrain altogether from that sort of insolent tone which has been so frequently ascribed to him, even in a society where he was especially called on to observe a conciliating demeanour. The Burneys had numerous opportunities of seeing Dr. Johnson at Streatham, the seat of Mr. Thrale, and consequently must be admitted as very adequate witnesses to testify to his personal conduct.

Madame D'Arblay undoubtedly had many reasons for a strong partiality to Dr. Johnson; to her he had been always particularly attentive; her he had uniformly praised, and it was impossible for her not to be highly sensible of approbation, coming from one whose fastidious severity of criticism, made the very best candidates for literary fame, tremble. But it is on account of the part which Dr. Johnson took, with respect to the celebrated novel of *Evelina*, that Madame D'Arblay is justified in feeling the deepest veneration for his memory. The history, indeed, of the composition and publication of this work, contains so many circumstances of curious interest, that we cannot withhold a sketch of it from the reader.

Frances Burney (now Madame D'Arblay) was the second daughter of the Doctor; she was remarkable as being the most backward of all the children, and did not know even her letters at eight years of age. Her brother used to pretend to teach her to read, and in doing so, turned the book topsy turvy; but she never found out that there was any thing wrong in this. When about ten years of age, she began to scribble on scraps of paper, all sorts of compositions, songs, elegies, plays, farces, &c.; and after seeing the play, she would take off the actors, and write speeches for them. These practices were all quite secret, for before company she was exceedingly shy and reserved. The only person of whom she made a confidant was her sister Susanna, whose praise and admiration of the young writer, filled the mind of the latter with the high-

est happiness. When Miss Burney arrived at fifteen years of age, she resolved, as a matter of duty, to overcome the propensity which led her away, as she believed, from more important occupations. She accordingly made a holocaust of her manuscripts, by burning them in a bonfire in her father's paved court. But the lapse of a little time fully showed that Miss Burney had consumed the papers only,—the propensity which she flattered herself she had destroyed by fire, proved to have been burned merely in effigy; and the original, being altogether of a nature not to be disposed of by the process of cremation, at any rate, remained in full activity in the mind. In fact, Miss Burney found herself, in a little time, insensibly the authoress of a narrative, not only extensive as to its dimensions, but systematic as to its plan. As is the case with most authors, the manuscript was too hot for her hands, and she determined to carry it through the press:

'She communicated, under promise of inviolable silence, this idea to her sisters; who entered into it with much more amusement than surprise, as they well knew her taste for quaint sports; and were equally aware of the sensitive alacrity with which she shrank from all personal remark.'

'She now copied the manuscript in a feigned hand; for she was the Doctor's principal amanuensis, she feared her common writing might accidentally be seen by some compositor of the *History of Music*, and lead to detection.'

'She grew weary, however, ere long, of an exercise so merely manual; and had no sooner completed a copy of the first and second volumes, than she wrote a letter, without any signature, to offer the unfinished work to a bookseller; with desire to have the two volumes immediately printed, if approved, and a promise to send the sequel in the following year.'

'This was forwarded by the London post, with a desire that the answer should be directed to a coffee-house.'

'Her younger brother—the elder, Captain James, was "over the hills and far away,"—her younger brother, afterwards the celebrated Greek scholar, gaily, and without reading a word of the work, accepted a share in so whimsical a frolic; and joyously undertook to be her agent at the coffee-house with her letters, and to the bookseller with the manuscript.'

'After some consultation upon the choice of a bookseller, Mr. Dodsley was fixed upon; for Dodsley, from his father's,—or perhaps grandfather's,—well chosen collection of fugitive poetry, stood foremost in the estimation of the juvenile set.'

'Mr. Dodsley, in answer to the proposition, declined looking at any thing that was anonymous.'

'The party, half-amused, half-provoked, sat in full committee upon this lofty reply; and came to a resolution to forego the *éclat* of the west end of the town, and to leave their fortune with the urbanity of the city.'

'Chance fixed them upon the name of Mr. Lowndes.'

'The city of London here proved more courtly than that of Westminster; and to their no small

delight, Mr. Lowndes desired to see the manuscript.

'And what added a certain pride to the author's satisfaction in this assent, was, that the answer opened by

"Sir,"—

which gave her an elevation to manly consequence, that had not been accorded to her by Mr. Dodsley, whose reply began

"Sir, or Madam."

'The young agent was muffled up now by the laughing committee, in an old great coat, and a large old hat, to give him a somewhat antique as well as vulgar disguise; and was sent forth in the dark of the evening with the two first volumes to Fleet-street, where he left them to their fate.

'In trances of impatience the party awaited the issue of the examination.

'But they were all let down in the very "Slough of Despond," when the next coffee-house letter coolly declared, that Mr. Lowndes could not think of publishing an unfinished book; though he liked the work and should be "ready to purchase and print it when it should be finished."

'There was nothing in this unreasonable; yet the disappointed author, tired of what she deemed such punctilio, gave up, for awhile, and in dudgeon, all thought of the scheme.

'Nevertheless, to be thwarted on the score of our inclination acts more frequently as a spur than as a bridle; the third volume, therefore, which finished *The young lady's entrance into the world*, was, ere another year could pass away, almost involuntarily completed and copied.

'But while the scribe was yet wavering whether to abandon or to prosecute her enterprise, the chasm caused by this suspense to the workings of her imagination, left an opening from their vagaries to a mental interrogatory, whether it were right to allow herself such an amusement, with whatever precaution she might keep it from the world, unknown to her father?

'She had never taken any step without the sanction of his permission; and had now refrained from requesting it, only through the confusion of acknowledging her authorship; and the apprehension, or rather, the horror of his desiring to see her performance.

'Nevertheless, reflection no sooner took place of action, than she found, in this case at least, the poet's maxim reversed, and that

"The female who deliberates—is sav'd,"

for she saw in its genuine light what was her duty; and seized, therefore, upon a happy moment of a kind *tete à tête* with her father, to avow, with more blushes than words, her secret little work; and her odd inclination to see it in print; hastily adding, while he looked at her, incredulous of what he heard, that her brother Charles would transact the business with a distant bookseller, who should never know her name. She only, therefore, entreated that he would not himself ask to see the manuscript.

'His amazement was without parallel; yet it seemed surpassed by his amusement; and his laugh was so gay, that, revived by its cheering sound, she lost all her fears and embarrassment, and heart-

ily joined in it; though somewhat at the expense of her new author-like dignity.

'She was the last person, perhaps, in the world from whom Dr. Burney could have expected a similar scheme. He thought her project, however, as innocent as it was whimsical, and offend not the smallest objection; but, kindly embracing her, and calling himself *le pere confident*, he enjoined her to be watchful that Charles was discreet; and to be invariably strict in guarding her own incognita: and then, having tacitly granted her personal petition, he dropped the subject.

'With fresh eagerness, now, and heightened spirits, the incipient author rolled up her packet for the bookseller; which was carried to him by a newly trusted agent,* her brother being then in the country.

'The suspension was short; in a very few days Mr. Lowndes sent his approbation of the work, with an offer of 20*l.* for the manuscript—an offer which was accepted with alacrity, and boundless surprise at its magnificence!!

* The receipt for this settlement, signed simply by "the *Editor of Evelina*," was conveyed by the new agent to Fleet-street.

'In the ensuing January, 1778, the work was published; a fact which only became known to its writer, who had dropped all correspondence with Mr. Lowndes, from hearing the following advertisement read, accidentally, aloud at breakfast-time, by Mrs. Burney, her mother-in-law:—

"This day was published,

"EVELINA,

'Or, a Young Lady's entrance into the World.'

'Printed for T. Lowndes, Fleet-street.'

Vol. ii. pp. 126—132.

No investigation, however, took place at this time, as no suspicion had been raised in the minds of the parents that their daughter was engaged in a literary enterprize. It was not, indeed, until almost six months afterwards, that the Doctor one morning began a search with great eagerness amongst his pamphlets for a *Monthly Review*, desiring his daughter Charlotte to assist him in seeking it. The Review was at length found—the father turned the leaves, and then saw with surprise and joy that he was perusing an account, which he found most favourable, of *Evelina*, beginning with the words,

"A great variety of natural characters—"

'When he had finished the article, he put down the *Review*, and sat motionless, without raising his eyes, and looking in deep—but charmed astonishment. Suddenly, then, he again snatched the *Review*, and again ran over the article, with an air yet more intensely occupied. Placing it afterwards on the chimney-piece, he walked about the room, as if to recover breath, and recollect himself; though always with looks of the most vivid pleasure.

'Some minutes later, holding the *Review* in his hand, while inspecting the table of contents,

* Edward Burney, Esq. of Clipstone-street.'

he beckoned to Charlotte to approach; and pointing to *Evelina*, ‘you know,’ he said, in a whisper, ‘that book? Send William for it to Lowndes’, as if for yourself; and give it to me when we are alone.’

Charlotte obeyed; and, joyous in sanguine expectation, delivered to him the little volumes, tied up in brown paper, in his study, when, late at night, he came home from some engagement.

He locked them up in his bureau, without speaking, and retired to his chamber.

The kindly impatient Charlotte was in his study the next morning with the lark, waiting the descent of the Doctor from his room.

He, also, was early, and went straight to his desk, whence, taking out and untying the parcel, he opened the first volume upon the little ode to himself,—“Oh author of my being! far more dear,” &c.

He ejaculated a “Good God!” and his eyes were suffused with tears.

Twice he read it, and then re-committed the book to his writing desk, as if his mind were too full for further perusal; and dressed, and went out, without uttering a syllable.—pp. 136, 137.

The sequel shows, that *Evelina* created amongst all ranks such a degree of enthusiastic admiration, as ought to have been sufficient to lay the foundation of her fortune. It was the theme of eulogy in her presence by such men as Johnson and Burke, and led to the happiest results for the Burney family.

Amongst the striking characters that were presented in the circle at Streatham, from time to time, was the well known James Boswell, the devoted worshipper of Johnson. Many anecdotes are recorded of the folly of this simple person, in displaying his partiality to the idol whom he worshipped. Indeed, his book would prepare us for receiving implicitly the statement of any self-humiliation on his part, which he thought might give satisfaction to the Doctor. But we confess, that the proofs of infatuation to which Miss Burney seems to have been witness, are altogether unexpected:

‘In truth,’ says the biographer, ‘when we met with Dr. Johnson, he commonly forbore even answering any thing that was said, or attending to any thing that went forward, lest he should miss the smallest sound from that voice to which he paid such exclusive, though merited homage. But the moment that voice burst forth, the attention which it excited in Mr. Boswell amounted almost to pain. His eyes goggled with eagerness; he leant his ear almost on the shoulder of the Doctor; and his mouth dropt open to catch every syllable that might be uttered: nay, he seemed not only to dread losing a word, but to be anxious not to miss a breathing; as if hoping from it, latently, or mystically, some information.

‘But when, in a few minutes, Dr. Johnson, whose eye did not follow him, and who had concluded him to be at the other end of the table, said something gaily and good-humouredly, by the appellation of Boozzy; and discovered, by the sound of the reply, that Boozzy had planted himself, as closely as he could, behind and between the el-

bows of the new usurper and his own, the Doctor turned angrily round upon him, and, clapping his hand rather loudly upon his knee, said, in a tone of displeasure, “What do you do there, Sir?—Go to the table, Sir!”

Mr. Boswell instantly, and with an air of affright, obeyed: and there was something so unusual in such humble submission to so imperious a command, that another smile gleamed its way across every mouth, except that of the Doctor and of Mr. Boswell; who now, very unwillingly, took a distant seat.

But, ever restless when not at the side of Dr. Johnson, he presently recollects something that he wished to exhibit, and, hastily rising, was running away in its search; when the Doctor, calling after him, authoritatively said: “What are you thinking of, Sir? Why do you get up before the cloth is removed?—Come back to your place, Sir!”

Again, and with equal obsequiousness, Mr. Boswell did as he was bid; when the Doctor, pursing his lips, not to betray rising risibility, muttered half to himself: “Running about in the middle of meals!—One would take you for a Brangton!”

“A Brangton, Sir!” repeated Mr. Boswell, with earnestness; “what is a Brangton, Sir?”

“Where have you lived, Sir,” cried the Doctor, laughing “and what company have you kept, not to know that?”

Mr. Boswell now, doubly curious, yet always apprehensive of falling into some disgrace with Dr. Johnson, said, in a low tone, which he knew the Doctor could not hear, to Mrs. Thrale: “Pray, Ma’am, what’s a Brangton?—Do me the favour to tell me!—Is it some animal hereabouts?”

Mrs. Thrale only heartily laughed, but without answering: as she saw one of her guests unceasingly fearful of an explanation. But Mr. Seward cried, “I’ll tell you, Boswell,—I’ll tell you!—if you will walk with me into the paddock: only let us wait till the table is cleared, or I shall be taken for a Brangton, too!”

They soon went off together; and Mr. Boswell, no doubt, was fully informed of the road that led to the usurpation by which he had thus been annoyed.—p. 196.

There was no compliment conferred by the fashionable circles on the Burney family, which they estimated at greater value, than the privilege of attending some of their most exclusive coteries, especially the *Bas Bleu* Societies, the memory of which is still familiar amongst us. The original association, from which the name is derived, consisted of a sort of literary meeting, held at Bath, at the house of a lady of fashion, Mrs. Vesey. A gentleman, of the name of Stillingfleet, having been on one occasion invited by the hostess to the meeting, declined to go, alleging as his excuse, that he was not in the habit of displaying a proper equipment for an evening assembly. ‘Pho, pho,’ cried the lady, ‘don’t mind your dress! come in *your blue stockings!*’ Mr. Stillingfleet agreed to do so, and, when entering the drawing room in the evening, he proclaimed,

that he presented himself in the costume that he was directed to appear in, and from that moment Mrs. Vesey's literary parlour went by no other name than the '*Blue Stockings*'.—Mrs. Vesey subsequently came to London, where the *Blue Stocking* meetings were kept up with all their pristine spirit, though with a very important loss of the monopoly of the title.

Mrs. Montague gave meetings, which being infinitely more splendid than those of her rival, were more generally known by the description of the *Bas Bleu Society*. Numerous imitations of these associations were subsequently adopted by other ladies and gentlemen, to all of which the Burney family had access, the fame of the daughter having now received an additional stimulus from the publication of *Cecilia*.

The number of great names and of events, which increase in interest as we proceed to the conclusion of the third volume, present to us so wide a field for our contemplation, that we are altogether deterred from attempting, in the space that is yet allowed us, to enter upon any details. The death of Johnson, the elaborate account of the latter days of Burke, the appointment of Miss Burney to be mistress of the robes to the late Queen Charlotte, her resignation of the office through ill health, and her subsequent marriage with General D'Arblay, form, as it were, so many episodes in this biography, to the execution of which Mad. D'Arblay brings all her best energies. These engaging histories, we lament to say, are far from being always of a joyous description; the account of her marriage, and of the events which it afterwards produced, presents scenes of melancholy interest, such as are well calculated to teach the duty as well as the advantages of bearing misfortune with resignation. Torn from a father whom she adored, married to one who, however exalted, and however worthy to be the husband of such a woman, was yet poor and forced to try his fortune as an adventurous soldier; excluded from the opportunity of cultivating that fertile genius which she so eminently possessed, Miss Burney still bore her calamities with the patience which a vigorous intellect alone could command. Even when dwelling upon the most melancholy portion of the events in which she was a sufferer, her mind still retains its original elasticity, and though oppressed by a sense of the havoc which time has effected upon the best sources of her happiness, she can yet recur with pleasure to scenes which, in earlier times, had been a subject of merriment to her. An instance of this is to be found in the third volume, where she speaks of a mysterious personage, who sought an interview with her under particular circumstances. The story is told with admirable art, and no one but a writer possessed of the truest comic vein, and disposed also to indulge it, could turn to such invaluable account, a series of circumstances so apparently insignificant. It appears, that during the spring of 1785, the house of the Doctor was invaded by a burglar, and a sum of

no less than 300*l.* stolen from it. The robber proved to be a discarded servant of his own; but the circumstances under which the plunder had been committed did not afford the necessary degree of proof to convict him, and he was acquitted. About a month after the trial, a lady of rank called on Miss Burney, informing the young lady that she wished to speak with her in strict confidence. As soon as they found themselves together, the visitor carefully searched every corner of the apartment, to find if it was possible for her to be heard by any other than Miss Burney, and being satisfied on this point, she said in a solemn tone, that her purpose in coming was to demand a little secret service; she then pressed Miss Burney to promise, that what was proposed by her to be done, would be undertaken by Miss B. and accomplished. The latter hesitated to comply with so unqualified a demand, when the lady, seemingly much disappointed, with forced civility said 'good Morrow, Ma'am.' Miss Burney however pacified the visitor and made the required pledge; when the lady, taking out a thick letter-case from her pocket, produced a small parcel, and said, 'Do me the favor, Ma'am, to slip this into the Doctor's bureau; the first time you see him open it, and just say, "Sir, this is bank notes for 300*l.* instead of what that rogue robbed you of; but you must ask no questions; and you must not stare, Sir, for it's from a friend that will never be known, so don't be over curious; for it's a friend who will never take it back, if you fret yourself to the bone; so please, Sir, to do what you please with it; either use it, or put it behind the fire, whichever you think the most sensible." And then if he should say, "Pray, Miss, who gave you that impudent message for me?" you will get into no jeopardy, for you can answer, that you are bound hand and foot to hold your tongue; and then, being a man of honour, he will hold his. Don't you think so, Ma'am?'

This eccentric act of benevolence it seems, arose from the anxiety of the donor ever since she heard of Dr. Burney's misfortune; she declared, that she could not live on in quietness while she had £300, and know that a man of talents, with such a family of geniuses, was robbed of that sum; and that, unless she was allowed to make the Doctor this present, she would not answer much longer for retaining a sound mind. Her determination, however, would brook no opposition; the money was received, and the lady turned out to be the magnificent Lady Mary Duncan, daughter of the Earl of Thanet.

It is altogether out of our power to pursue the narrative of Madame D'Arblay further than to mention, that the deeply lamented subject of this memoir died on the 14th April, 1814, made comparatively happy at the most awful of moments, in finding the sincerest proofs of the affection of a family, from whom he amply deserved it by his uniform conduct.

Scattered throughout the pages of these vo-

lunes will be found excerpts from the correspondence of Dr. Burney. We know no portion of it which possesses more interest for the reader than that which relates to the family of the present prime minister of England. Having gone to Dover in the year 1799, to witness the embarkation of the expedition against Holland, he stopped for a short time and gave an account of the various modes in which he spent his time. The following letter is of the date of the 9th September, 1799:

"I like Lady Grey extremely, notwithstanding she is mother of the vehement parliamentary democrat, Mr. Grey, who is as pleasing, they pretend, as he is violent, which makes him doubly dangerous. She is, indeed, a charming woman, and by every body honoured and admired; and as she is aunt to our ardent friend *Spotty*, the Dean of Winchester's daughters, I was sure to be much flattered and *feted* by all her family. Sir Charles's mother, old Mrs. Grey, now eighty-five, is a great scientific reader and studier, and is even yet in correspondence with Sir Charles Blagden, who communicates to her all the new philosophical discoveries made throughout Europe. What a distinguished race! The democrat himself,—but for his democracy, strikingly at their head! Mrs. Grey took to me mightily, and would hardly let me speak to any body else. Saturday we visited Mr. and Lady Mary Churchill, our close neighbours here, and old acquaintance of mine of fifty years' standing or more. Next day, after church, I went with Miss Crewe and Canning—I serving for chaperon—to visit the Shakespeare Cliff, which is a mile and more beyond the town; and a most fatiguing clamber to it I found! We took different roads, as our eye pointed out the easiest paths; and in so doing, on my being all at once missed, Canning and Miss Crewe were so frightened 'you can't think!' as Miss Laroilles would say. They concluded I had tumbled headlong down the Cliff! It has furnished a story to every one we have seen ever since; and that arch clever rogue, Canning, makes ample use of it at Walmer Castle, and elsewhere. 'Is there any news?' if he be asked, his ready answer is, 'only Dr. Burney is lost again!'

"This day, 5th September, pray mind! I went to Walmer Castle with Mrs. and Miss Crewe, to dine with Lady Jane Dundas—another charming creature, and one of my new flirtations; and Mr. Pitt dined at home. And Mr. Dundas, Mr. Ryder, Lady Susan, Miss Scott, the sister of the Marchioness of Titchfield,* and Canning, were of the party; with the Hon. Colonel Hope, Lady Jane's brother. What do you think of that Ma'am? Mr. Pitt!—I liked this cabinet dinner prodigiously. Mr. Pitt was all politeness and pleasantry. He has won Mrs. Crewe's and even Miss Crewe's heart, by his attentions and good-humour. My translation of the hymn, 'Long live the Emperor Francis!' was very well sung in duo by Lady Susan Ryder and Miss Crewe; I joining in the chorus. Lady Jane Dundas is a good musician, and has very good taste. I not only played this hymn of Haydn's setting, but Suwarow's March to the great

minister; and though Mr. Pitt neither knows nor cares one farthing for flutes and fiddles, he was very attentive; and before, and at dinner, his civility to me was as obliging as if I had half a dozenboroughs at my devotion; offering to me, though a great way off him, of every dish and wine; and entering heartily into Canning's merry stories of my having been lost; and Mrs. Crewe's relation of my dolorous three sea voyages instead of one, when I came back from Germany; all with very civil pleasantry.

"Monday the 2d. Dine with Sir Charles Grey, and twenty or thirty officers from the camp, for whom he keeps a table, and is allowed ten guineas a day towards that expense alone. Sir Charles placed me on Lady Grey's right hand, and took the liberty of placing himself on mine! What do you say to that, Ma'am? You cannot imagine how cordially and openly he talked to me on all sorts of things that occurred. I only wish he had kept his eldest hopes in better order! However, he is a charming man; very animated, and, for his time in life, very handsome. To Miss Grey,* a very sweet girl of ten or eleven, I gave a copy of the hymn and of the march, and made her try them with me; much to the satisfaction of Sir Charles and his lady. Next day, Lady Grey and her young people came to breakfast with Mrs. Crewe; and Lord Palmerston and his eldest son, Mr. Temple,† came in the evening. Lord Palmerston is a great favourite of Mrs. Crewe; she would have his character stand for the leading one in the periodical works at which she wants you to preside. Wednesday, we visited the castle at Dover, its Roman Towers, and remains, &c.

"Thursday, we go to the camp at Barham Downs, and see Mr. Pitt at Sir Charles Grey's. The Duke of Portland and Lady Mary Bentinck arrive at our house, where they take up their abode. Friday, go with his Grace and the ladies to the parade, where a *feu de joie*, by two or three thousand militia and regulars, took place for excellent Dutch news. After which, all but the Duke went to the Camp to visit Mr. John Crewe, just appointed Lieutenant-Commandant of the 9th Regiment, and going abroad. The Duke went on horseback to Walmer Castle, and lent me his chaise and four to follow the three ladies, who occupied Mrs. Crewe's demilanda. And I dined very comfortably and sociably with the good and gay Sir Charles and his charming partner, and their engaging young folks. 'Tis a delightful family; all spirit and agreeability. There were likewise few select officers. I came home alone in the Duke's carriage and four, in which Canning reports I was again lost!

"Saturday we go encore to Walmer Castle; Lady Mary Bentinck, Mrs. and Miss Crewe, in Mr. Crewe's chaise and four: and Mrs. Churchill and I in the Duke's. His Grace on horseback. The Duke of York was at the Castle; and all were preparing for the third embarkation for Holland, which did not take place till Sunday, the eighth; when we were all called up at five in the morning. The three ladies set out at six for Deal, which is

* Now Lady Elizabeth Whitbread.

** Now Viscountess Canning.

† Now Viscount Palmerston.

just by Walmer Castle; but the Duke, who took me in his chaise, did not set off till between seven and eight; and we arrived just before the first boat of transports was launched. After seeing five or six launches, in a very high and contrary wind, we gazers all repaired to launch at Walmer Castle. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas all hurry, but all attention to his Royal Highness the Duke of York; and to the business of the day. But just as we were going to depart, Mr. Pitt pressed us to stay and take a scrambling dinner, that we might see the Duke of York himself launched. This offer was gladly accepted.

"It was truly a scrambling dinner; his Royal Highness, with his aides-de-camp, Lord Chatham, two or three general officers, the Duke of Portland, Mr. Dundas and Lady Jane, and Mrs. Crewe, filled the first table. Lady Mary Bentinek, with her youngest brother, Lord Charles, going also as aide-de-camp to his Royal Highness;—Messrs. Ryder and Lady Susan, Miss Scott, Canning, &c. and I filled the second. Canning is delightful in social parties; full of wit and humour. The cannon on the castle battlements of Walmer and of Deal, and those of all the ships, to the number of at least one hundred and fifty, were fired when his Royal Highness embarked. He looked composed, princely, and noble. It was a very solemn and serious operation to all but the military, who went off in high spirits and glee; though there was a violent east wind against them, which must oblige them to roll about all night, if not this following day. I pity the sea-sickness of the fresh water sailors more than their fighting. And so here's my Journal for you up to this day, 9th Sept. 1799. And take note, Lady Jane Dundas, Lady Susan Ryder, and Lady Grey, I regard as my *bonnes fortunes* in this expedition. All three have pressingly invited me to their houses in town, and begged that our acquaintance may not drop here. And I don't intend to be cruel! But for 'll this, I hope to get away in a week; for I dread letting the autumn creep on at a distance from my own chimney corner."—pp. 273—277.

We are aware that we have imperfectly described the contents of these volumes, but we think we have shown by our extracts, and our general description of the work, that we are justified in declaring, that a more amusing and profitable production has not appeared in the same department for many years.

From the same.

Extracts from a Review of Evenings in Greece.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

I.

"March! nor heed those arms that hold thee,
Though so close they round thee come;
Closer still they will enfold thee,
When thou bring'st fresh laurels home.
Dost thou dote on woman's brow?
Dost thou live but in her breath?
March!—one hour of victory now
Wins thee woman's smile till death.

II.

Oh what bliss, when war is over,
Beauty's long-miss'd smile to meet,
And, if wreaths our temples cover,
Lay them shining' at her feet.
Who would not, that hour to reach,
Breathe out life's expiring sigh—
Proud as waves that on the beach
Lay their war-crests down and die!

III.

There! I see thy soul is burning—
She herself, who clasps thee so,
Paints, ev'n now, thy glad returning,
And, while clasping, bids thee go.
One deep sigh, to passion given,
One last glowing tear and then—
March!—nor rest thy sword, till Heaven
Brings thee to those arms again.

Has the reader ever been on a river in the evening, and listened to the sounds of music as they died away in the distance? If so he must have felt that they

"Floated along its azure tide—
Floated in light, as if the lay
Had mix'd with sunset's fading ray,
And light and song together died!"—p. 97.

But, however poetical this idea, the following description of Fancy is worthy of Milton:

"Fancy, who hath no present home,
But builds her bower in scenes to come,
Walking for ever in a light
That flows from regions out of sight!"

p. 121.

We would willingly insert the description of Minerva standing "by her own bright Attic flood," but, in that case, we should not be able to treat our readers with the following extract:

"Oh the blest hour, when those who've been
Through peril's paths by land and sea,
Lock'd in our arms again are seen
Smiling in glad security—
When heart to heart we fondly strain,
Questioning quickly o'er and o'er—
Then hold them off, to gaze again,
And ask, though answer'd oft before,
If they, indeed, are ours once more?

"Such is the scene so full of joy,
Which welcomes now this warrior-boy.
As father, sisters, friends, all run
Bounding to meet him—all but one,
Who, slowest on his neck to fall,
Is yet the happiest of them all."

Travellers in South America.—Accounts from Brazil state, that Mr. Poppez, a German naturalist, has descended the Amazon, and explored its entire course. Mr. Sellon, a Prussian, has not been so successful, being found dead at the Cataracts of Rio Dulce.

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* A Ja
French
Souches
2 vol. 1

From the Monthly Review.

THE YEAR OF LIBERATION.*

The history of that memorable European contest, which was first provoked, and afterwards sustained by the leader of the French imperial interregnum, is pregnant with incidents and collateral episodes, which abound with deep and enduring interest. In the volumes before us will be found one of those romantic scenes, which, at the era when they were enacted, were merged in the overwhelming tumult of the general war, but which, now that the noise of battle has subsided, may well attract our attention.

The introductory portion of the work, containing, as it does, a review of the campaigns which preceded the insurrection of Hamburg, need not occupy us for a moment, as the principal events embodied in that history are familiar to most of our readers. It is sufficient for us merely to state, that from the era of the fall of Germany, the sequel of which was the battle of Jena, in 1806, to that of its regeneration, which was simultaneous with the issue of the Russian campaign, Hamburg groaned under the fierce domination of a series of tyrannical satraps of France. When in 1812 the expedition under Napoleon set out for Russia, the condition of the north of Europe was almost hopeless. The German states were in a state of destitution, little short of general pauperism; the higher orders being the victims of French extortion and insult were driven to absolute despair, whilst the great mass of the people, deprived by the unsettled state of their country, subsisted alone by rapine. Smuggling occupied that immense class who would naturally have devoted their time to legal commerce, and the consequence was a general infection of the moral feelings of almost every class in that state. A striking proof of the prevalence of a fraudulent spirit in the country is given in the fact, that the invoices of goods which were to pay the duty of customs were described in fictitious names; thus coffee passed for horse beans, sugar as starch, and pepper became a sort of protean material, being at one time turned into peas, at another into rape seed, &c. The short distance between Altona, which belonged to the Danes, and which was well stored with West India provisions, and the gates of Hamburg, was so trifling as to allow a pretty extensive latitude to smuggling transactions, which were carried on in all manner of ingenious ways. Thus a fellow used to come to the Altona gate of Hamburg offering a barrow full of sand for sale. The French sentinel laughs at the proposal, seeing that there is plenty of the same commodity to be had gratis in the city. The applicant said, 'Never mind, let me try my

fortune in the streets:' he was allowed to pass in, set up his cry of sand to sell—but as soon as he was out of hearing of the sentinels, threw away the layer of sand which concealed a fine cargo of sugar beneath it. Another day, an old fiddler, fantastically dressed, and bearing on his head a monstrous pile of horse hair most prodigiously curled, drew around him a large concourse before the gates by his entertaining antics. In one of his pirouettes the buffoon trod upon the toe of a bystander: a quarrel arose—the Frenchmen ran for their muskets to the barracks, the fiddler ran after them in great terror for protection. A guard of soldiers soon appeared on the spot, but no fiddler could be found, and in a few days afterwards it turned out that the fellow was in masquerade, that he was a living contraband article from head to foot; his rags were completely saturated with small packets of pepper, sugar, and tobacco; every curl of his huge wig was the depository of a nutmeg, or a piece of cinnamon, or a pod of cayenne, articles, which for some reason unknown, were peculiar objects of the extreme vigilance of the French; in short, the whole scene was a stratagem invented by an ingenious smuggler, who was rewarded for his address by success in a transaction which appeared to have been extremely valuable in its consequences. The French retaliated; they instituted a system of inquisition on passengers, high and low, which was at first merely inconvenient, but latterly became indecent, tyrannical, and even brutal; they did not stop here, but brought the passport imposition to such a height, that when a family left Hamburg for a week's visit to their villa in the suburbs, a passport for every individual article brought by them, was declared indispensable by the French. If a single chair, table, or blanket, was removed without the security of a passport for each respectively, it became the property of the government forthwith:

'A paper must actually be sent to the *douane*, stating the number of pounds of feathers in the beds, the number of changes of linen, &c. down to a pocket handkerchief. All must go to the *douane*, there to be weighed, registered, and all this registering and official impertinence to be duly paid for. Further security, too, must be found by the proprietor, for the return of his chairs and tables within eight months; or he must pay the same duty as for newly imported goods. If a family carried as much tea or coffee out of the town as would make their breakfast, the penalty was almost as heavy as if they had smuggled it in; and the first insolent *gens-d'arme* whom they met had a right to overhaul the whole party, a right which he generally exercised with the loyal activity of the sword.'

'As for the popular luxuries of wine, brandy, and tobacco, which by long habit had become necessities, the difficulties attendant on their use were nearly equivalent to a direct prohibi-

* A Journal of the Defence of Hamburg against the French Army under Marshal Davout, in 1813; with Sketches of the Battles of Lutzen, Bautzen, &c. &c. In 2 vols. London: Duncan. 1832.

tion. More than three bottles of wine, which once was as much in common use as beer, could not be sent to the next door without a regular passport; and half a dozen would have drawn down the whole vigour and rigour of the offended *douane*. A present of a cask of ale often involved as much delicate negotiation with the police, as if it had been an affair of life and death; and the steps were so intricate in the transfer of the merest trifles from house to house, that the matter often ended in confiscation, if not in fine. But troublesome as it was, to be thus compelled to apply to the public officers on every occasion, the annoyance was still increased by that well understood official vexation, delay. The clerks of the custom-house, chiefly imported in the train of the army, all assumed the air of masters. The citizens were the conquered, the *serfs* of those barons of the inkstand. For, one of the misfortunes of a Frenchman is the national habit of looking down upon the people of all other countries: the honour of being *né François* settling the question of superiority, and he being generally content to take no further trouble in the establishment of his claim. It would, of course, be unfair to take those fellows as specimens of the French character; they were the offscouring of France, the rabble who naturally follow in the train of an army, at all times a wretched school; and in this instance rendered worse by its being a requisition army, a hungry multitude, who had been sent to fill themselves up with plunder from a country which it was the policy of their master to impoverish. They had been flung out of French life to scramble for a subsistence among the beggarries of Germany; they now felt that their time was short, and they were only the more active in their rapacity. The passports gave those people a perpetual means of insult and exactation. A man hurrying into the country to see a dying relative, to seize a flying swindler, or to save a friend or a fortune from instant ruin, must first undergo the official caprices of those gentlemen, who might withhold his passport for days or weeks together; and all who know the vexation and offence of waiting the pleasure of the minor masters of office even under the best *régime*, may imagine how the misery was envenomed where the parties were the beaten, the plundered, and almost the prisoners on the one side; and a whole host of *petits maîtres*, half military, half *garçon de boutique*, all coxcomb, and all swollen to the skies with personal and national vanity, on the other.—pp. 293-6.

The oppressions of the French at Hamburg after the arrival of the news from Moscow, were aggravated as far as it was possible for ingenious malice to multiply its instruments of mischief. They saw with deep resentment the joy of the people at the intelligence which now began to pour in of the reverses which befel the hitherto triumphant arms of France; they calculated too hastily on the perpetuation of

the victorious career which Napoleon had hitherto pursued, and revenged themselves on the Hamburgers, thinking that their own dominion would be permanent. But the French were grossly mistaken. The terrible succession of truths from the field of warfare poured in due season on Hamburg: the Russian troops were advancing—the Russian troops passed the frontier of Germany—nay, they entered Berlin—Saxony is ridden over by hussars—the Cossacks are in Hanover—Russians and Germans raise the lance and the sabre in the same cause, so near Hamburg as to be only a day's journey from it—at last the dreadful words 'fly from hence' are uttered to the Hamburg garrison by a messenger from Madding, galloping into the city, and all 'bloody with spurring, hot with fiery speed.' This was the signal for the flight of the French; but the Hamburgers, in the enthusiasm of their joy, forgot not what was due to their merciless oppressors, and the sequel will show the manner in which they proposed to liquidate any obligations which they might have contracted with their visitors.

On the day of the intended departure of the French from Hamburg, the great body of the city porters, (the *Kranleute*) a remarkably well conducted and trustworthy race, assembled in considerable numbers on the city quay, at that point where it was thought that the baggage of the French would be embarked. Here they found that a number of barges were engaged by the custom-house officers, who were superintending the loading of these vessels with goods from their depots. The manner in which the pretended owners came by these goods was so well known to the persons employed in loading the vessels, that they suddenly refused to work any longer. Soldiers came down to force the men, who continued their labours for a short time, with the bayonets at their backs; but they soon stopped again. The troops were further strengthened, but the process of embarkation was not in the least expedited by the measure, for the people had now been completely organized against the custom-house officers, as well as the soldiers, and the spirit of hostility had by this time shown itself in various parts of the city:

'The conduct of the garrison,' observes the author, 'during this furious period, exhibited the extreme uncertainty of depending on a military force in a popular insurrection. There is no ground that so soon slips away from under the foot of power as a regular army. The garrison might have driven the mob into the Elbe, yet they were panic-struck; they heard themselves execrated; they saw their barriers torn down before their faces, and their guard-houses burned over their heads; their antagonists were a mere rabble, many of them women and boys, yet they scarcely dared to fire a shot. The people ran from one object of destruction to another, and exercised their rude

justice without any impediment except from their own precipitation.

'One act of vengeance pleased every body. A French fellow in the police, who, by his peculiar insolence and extortion, had attracted the favour of his employers sufficiently to be made a commissioner, was early marked out for especial retribution. As it was presumed that the garrison, however torpid during the morning, might at length make some resistance, the people prepared for this exploit with rather more than the usual force. After gathering their force in some of the bye-streets, and sending out a few women to reconnoitre the state of the commissioner's defences, which amounted to nothing but closing his shutters, the whole multitude made a grand attack upon his castle. Never was manœuvre more expedition, or more successful; the whole house was instantly in possession. The ladies were peculiarly heroic; they led the column of attack, and were seen in another moment at the windows in the full glory of patriotism and pillage. The commissioner had been a man of many callings; for, to his political character, he had added that of a trader in sugar and coffee, prizes which now peculiarly stimulated the public zeal. The women returned into the streets with their caps and aprons loaded with spoil. When his stores were completely gutted, those heroines gave up the honours of the day to the men; the *Arbeitensleute* rushed in, tore down the furniture, flung a part of it out of the windows, conveyed the rest into carts, and, in the course of the day, completely cleared the house. The walls remained, and it was nothing but the scorn, or the weariness of the multitude, that spared even the walls. The police despot was completely stripped, unfeathered, plucked to the bone; never was public functionary more thoroughly taught the value of the *vox populi*.'—pp. 309-11.

The excess to which the mutual hostility of the garrison and the people was carried, produced so many mischiefs, and justified so much the apprehension of more determining, that the chief men of Hamburg determined to institute some plan of amicable separation. The result of their interference was, that the people and the soldiers shunned every opportunity of coming into contact. The former were the more disposed to abstain from making use of the power which they now possessed of avenging all their wrongs on the garrison, from the belief that the Russian troops were approaching Hamburg, and that to them should be left the task of inflicting the proper proportion of punishment on the heads of the offending Frenchmen. In the meantime the latter, under a pretence that they were summoned by Napoleon to his quarters, rose up unexpectedly in the evening, and falling in on parade with their artillery, marched out of the city, leaving Hamburg perfectly free. As they threatened no molestation, so none was offered to them; but they left behind them in the city

the memory of a name, which has been 'embalmed in hate, and canonized in scorn.'

After a brief but animated description of the bombardment of Hamburg by Davout, the author proceeds to give us some details respecting the annals of that interesting city. The origin and effects of the Hanseatic league are copiously and learnedly illustrated, while those effects are shown to have become gradually so consolidated, as to render the existence of the league itself no longer necessary.

The greater portion of the second volume of this work is occupied with miscellaneous observations, anecdotes, and biographical sketches, connected with the campaign of 1812-13, and the chiefs who distinguished themselves on either side of the great contest. Amongst these is a visionary scene, entitled 'Generations of Napoleon.' It is destitute of all interest, and indeed we may add, of all meaning, having been evidently composed in one of those intervals during which the author could not be properly said to have been either asleep or awake. The succeeding chapters are better; that entitled 'Napoleoniens,' being a collection of some of the 'sayings and doings' of that great man, obtained, no doubt, upon the best authority, and not extensively known. The following are amongst the best of these anecdotes:

'There are but two ways for a general to reconnoitre; one with a portion of his army so large, that the enemy cannot distinguish between a reconnaissance and the preparation for actual attack; and the other so unattended, as to be altogether unsuspected, if not unseen. Napoleon would take ten thousand men to a reconnaissance, or but one; the latter was his usual mode. He left his staff and escort under cover of some village or thicket, and went out with an officer, both wrapt in their cloaks, and at a little distance undistinguishable from the peasants.'

'At Dresden, while the allied armies were in the neighbourhood, he was up at day-break, toiling like a captain of engineers. While the staff were constructing a bridge in place of the one burnt by the Russians, he took his stand beside a building which had served for a depot of ammunition. The Russian fire was drawn upon this point, and a shell had nearly closed the campaign; it burst over the spot where he stood, struck the side of the building, and dashed a large fragment of wood or stone at his feet. While all around him were alarmed at his hazard, he coolly turned the fragment over, and observed,—"A few inches nearer, and it would have done its business!"'

'At the close of the battle of Lutzen, Napoleon was in the most imminent danger of being killed or taken. The Prussian brigade of cavalry, which rushed forward so unexpectedly after night-fall, and when the engagement seemed to be entirely over, threw the very battalions among which he was riding at the moment into great confusion. They how-

ever formed squares, which in the darkness fired in all directions, without knowing at what they were firing. His suite all dispersed, equally to avoid the Prussians and their own men. The firing and the galloping continued in the meantime, and the Emperor was nowhere to be found. If the Prussians had followed up their charge, they might have taken him and half the general officers of his army.'—pp. 203-5.

The Napoleon theory of fighting a battle is thus described:—

'His manœuvre is, always to have a detached army ready to fall on the rear of the enemy's movements. A day or two before the battle, he marches a corps of from twenty to fifty thousand men to the left or right, with orders to advance on the sound of his guns. The enemy are then attacked in front, and held in play until the period of exhaustion arrives, and a general attack can be made. The result is secure: the enemy suddenly see a new army in their rear. They must then either retreat at once, before the roads are closed up; or if they resist the attack in front, they are liable to the attack in rear by the fresh force; or if they are beaten in front, they must be driven directly upon that force.'—pp. 206-7.

'Napoleon pays the greatest attention to ground; he has always inspected the enemy's position in person, if possible; but this hurried inspection was not enough; *after* the battle he inspected it again, and with extreme minuteness; rode over it foot by foot, and left not a nook unexplored. His first point gained by this was a nearer guess at the actual numbers opposed to him. His next was probably an insight into the principles on which their generals acted; he thus got the key to the cypher of their tactics. Another advantage was, his ascertaining the mistakes which had been made by both parties, the points on which the attacks should have been forced, and those on which he had formed erroneous conjectures—the whole forming a fine military lesson.'—pp. 208-9.

'Napoleon's manner in the field is cool and composed; but he sees everything. His decision is prompt; his orders are remarkably brief, thus of course leaving a good deal to the quickness of his officers; but their brevity prevents them from being mistaken, the usual source of failure in extended movements. His orders are *principles*; the application belongs to others: and the orders once given, he seems to think his part done. He then alights from his horse, and walks about, like an unconcerned person; or sits upon a hillock or a stone, with his telescope in his hand, gazing on the country, as if he were an amateur sketching the landscape.'—p. 214.

The strange combination of narratives and dissertations—the abrupt introduction of themes, for which the reader has been totally unprepared by the preceding pages—give to the concluding portion of this work a character of

levity, which reflects no sort of credit on the judgment of the author. The whole of what is substantial in these volumes, might, without the slightest injustice, be limited to one-fourth of the pages devoted to the contents. The three remaining fourths, and especially the matter which fills nearly the whole of the second volume, are composed of that sort of degenerate literature, which has been designated by the title of rubbish, and would not be admitted into the columns of the most ill-conducted of the penny periodicals.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON.

By Lady Blessington. No. VII.

"I NEVER spent an hour with Moore (said Byron) without being ready to apply to him the expression attributed to Aristophanes, 'You have spoken roses,' his thoughts and expressions have all the beauty and freshness of those flowers, but the piquancy of his wit, and the readiness of his repartees, prevent one's ear being cloyed by too much sweets, and one cannot 'die of a rose in aromatic pain' with Moore, though he does speak roses, there is such an endless variety in his conversation. Moore is the only poet I know (continued Byron) whose conversation equals his writings; he comes into society with a mind as fresh and buoyant as if he had not expended such a multiplicity of thoughts on paper; and leaves behind him an impression that he possesses an inexhaustible mine equally brilliant as the specimens he has given us. Will you, after this frank confession of my opinion of your countryman, ever accuse me of injustice again? You see I can render justice when I am not forced into its opposite extreme by hearing people overpraised, which always awakes the sleeping Devil in my nature, as witness the desperate attack I gave your friend Lord — the other day, merely because you all wanted to make me believe he was a model, which he is not; though I admit he is not *all* or *half* that which I accused him of being. Had you dispraised, probably I should have defended him."

"I will give you some stanzas I wrote yesterday (said Byron); they are as simple as even Wordsworth himself could write, and would do for music."

The following are the lines:—

TO —————

"But once I dared to lift my eyes—
To lift my eyes to thee;
And since that day, beneath the skies,
No other sight they see."

In vain sleep shuts them in the night—
The night grows day to me;
Presenting idly to my sight
What still a dream must be.

A fatal dream—for many a bar
Divides thy fate from mine;
And still my passions wake and war,
But peace be still with thine."

"No one writes songs like Moore (said Byron.) Sentiment and imagination are joined to the most harmonious versification, and I know no greater treat than to hear him sing his own compositions; the powerful expression he gives to them, and the pathos of the tones of his voice, tend to produce an effect on my feelings that no other songs, or singer, ever could. — used to write pretty songs, and certainly has talent, but I maintain there is more poesy in her prose, at least more fiction, than is to be met with in a folio of poetry. You look shocked at what you think my ingratitude towards her, but if you knew half the cause I have to dislike her, you would not condemn me. You shall however know some parts of that serio-comic drama, in which I was forced to play a part; and, if you listen with candour, you must allow I was more sinned against than sinning."

The curious history that followed this preface is not intended for the public eye, as it contains anecdotes and statements that are calculated to give pain to several individuals, the same feeling that dictates the suppression of this most curious episode in Byron's London life, has led to the suppression of many other piquant and amusing disclosures made by him, as well as some of the most severe poetical portraits that ever were drawn of some of his supposed friends, and many of his acquaintances. The vigour with which they are sketched proves that he entered into every fold of the characters of the originals, and that he painted them *con amore*, but he could not be accused of being a flattering portrait painter.

The disclosures made by Byron could never be considered *confidential*, because they were always at the service of the first listener who fell in his way, and who happened to know anything of the parties he talked of. They were not confided with any injunction to secrecy, but were indiscriminately made to his chance companions,—nay, he often declared his decided intention of writing copious notes to the Life he had given to his friend Moore, in which the *whole truth* should be declared of, for, and against, himself and others.

Talking of this gift to Mr. Moore, he asked me if it had made a great sensation in London, and whether people were not greatly alarmed at the thoughts of being shown up in it! He seemed much pleased in anticipating the panic it would occasion, naming all the persons who would be most alarmed.

I told him that he had rendered the most essential service to the cause of morality by his confessions, as a dread of similar disclosures would operate more in putting people on their guard in reposing dangerous confidence in men, than all the homilies that ever were written; and that people would in future be warned by

the phrase of "beware of being *Byroned*," instead of the old cautions used in past times. "This (continued I) is a sad antithesis to your motto of *Crede Byron*." He appeared vexed at my observations, and it struck me that he seemed uneasy and out of humour for the next half-hour of our ride. I told him that his gift to Moore had suggested to me the following lines:—

"The ancients were famed for their friendship,
we're told,
Witness Damon and Pythias, and others of old;
But, Byron, 'twas thine friendship's power to extend,
Who surrender'd thy life for the sake of thy friend."

He laughed heartily at the lines, and, in laughing at them, recovered his good-humour.

"I have never," said Byron, "succeeded to my satisfaction in an epigram; my attempts have not been happy, and knowing Greek as I do, and admiring the Greek epigrams, which excel all others, it is mortifying that I have not succeeded better; but I begin to think that epigrams demand a peculiar talent, and that talent I decidedly have not. One of the best in the English language is that of Rogers on —; it has the true Greek talent of expressing by implication what is wished to be conveyed.

— has no heart, they say, but I deny it,
He has a heart—he gets his speeches by it."

This is the *ne plus ultra* of English epigrams." I told Byron that I had copied Rogers's thought, in two lines on an acquaintance of mine, as follows:—

"The charming Mary has no mind, they say;
I prove she has—it changes every day."

This amused him, and he repeated several epigrams, very clever, but which are too severe to be given in these pages. The epigrams of Byron are certainly not equal to his other poetry, they are merely clever, and such as any person of talent might have written, but who except him, in our day, could have written Childe Harold? No one—for admitting that the same talent exists, (which I am by no means prepared to admit) the possessor must have experienced the same destiny, to have brought it to the same perfection. The reverses that nature and circumstances entailed on Byron, served but to give a higher polish and a finer temper to his genius. Circumstances, in marring the perfectibility of the man, has perfected the poet, and this must have been evident to all who approached him, though it had escaped his own observation. Had the choice been left him, I am quite sure, he would not have hesitated a moment in choosing between the renown of the poet, and the happiness of the man, even at the price of happiness, as he lived much more in the future, than in the present, as do all persons of genius. As it was, he felt dissatisfied with his position,

without feeling that it was the whetstone that sharpened his powers; for with all his affected philosophy, he was a philosopher but in theory, and never reduced it to practice. One of the strangest anomalies in Byron, was the exquisite taste displayed in his descriptive poetry, and the total want of it that was so visible in his modes of life. Fine scenery seemed to produce little effect on his feelings, though his descriptions are so glowing, and the elegancies and comforts of refined life he appeared to as little understand as value. This last did not arise from a contempt of them, as might be imagined, but from an ignorance of what constituted them; I have seen him apparently delighted with the luxurious inventions in furniture, equipages, plate, &c. common to all persons of a certain station or fortune, and yet after an inquiry as to their prices, an inquiry so seldom made by persons of his rank, shrink back alarmed at the thought of the expense, though there was nothing alarming in it, and congratulate himself that he had no such luxuries, or did not require them. I should say that a bad and vulgar taste predominated in all Byron's equipments, whether in dress or in furniture. I saw his bed at Genoa, when I passed through in 1826, and it certainly was the most gaudily vulgar thing I ever saw; the curtains in the worst taste, and the cornice having his family motto of "Crede Byron" surmounted by baronial coronets. His carriages and his liveries were in the same bad taste, having an affectation of finery, but *mesquin* in the details, and tawdry in the *ensemble*; and it was evident that he piqued himself on them, by the complacency with which they were referred to. These trifles are touched upon, as being characteristic of the man, and would have been passed by, as unworthy of notice, had he not shown that they occupied a considerable portion of his attention. He has even asked us if they were not rich and handsome, and then remarked that no wonder they were so, as they cost him a great deal of money. At such moments it was difficult to remember that one was speaking to the author of Childe Harold. If the poet was often forgotten in the levities of the man, the next moment some original observation, cutting repartee, or fanciful simile, reminded one that he who could be ordinary in trifles, (the only points of assimilation between him and the common herd of men,) was only ordinary when he descended to their level; but when once on subjects worthy his attention, the great poet shone forth, and they who had felt self-complacency at noting the futilities that had lessened the distance between him and them, were forced to see the immeasurable space which separated them, when he allowed his genius to be seen. It is only Byron's pre-eminence as a poet, that can give interest to such details as the writer has entered into; if they are written without partiality, they are also given in no unfriendly spirit, but his defects are noted with the same feeling

with which an astronomer would remark the specks that are visible even in the brightest stars, and which having examined more minutely than common observers, he wishes to give the advantages of his discoveries, though the specks he describes have not made him overlook the brightness of the luminaries they sullied, but could not obscure.

" You know —, of course, (said Byron,) every one does. I hope you don't like him; water and oil are not more antipathetic than he and I are to each other; I admit that his abilities are great, they are of the very first order, but he has that which almost always accompanies great talents, and generally proves a counterbalance to them. An overweening ambition, which renders him not over nice about the means, as long as he attains the end; and this facility will prevent his ever being a truly great man, though it may abridge his road to what is considered greatness—official dignity. You shall see some verses in which I have not spared him, and yet I have only said what I believe to be strictly correct. Poets are said to succeed best in fiction, but this I deny; at least I always write best when truth inspires me, and my satires, which are founded on truth, have more spirit than all my other productions, for they were written *con amore*. My intimacy with the — family (continued Byron) let me into many —'s secrets, and they did not raise him in my estimation.

" One of the few persons in London, whose society served to correct my predisposition to misanthropy, was Lord Holland. There is more benignity, and a greater share of the milk of human kindness in his nature than in that of any man I know, always excepting Lord B—. Then there is such a charm in his manners, his mind is so highly cultivated, his conversation so agreeable, and his temper so equal and bland, that he never fails to send away his guests content with themselves and delighted with him. I never (continued Byron) heard a difference of opinion about Lord Holland; and I am sure no one could know him without liking him. Lord Erskine, in talking to me of Lord Holland, observed, that it was his extreme good-nature alone that prevented his taking as high a political position as his talents entitled him to fill. This quality (continued Byron) will never prevent —'s rising in the world; so that his talents will have a fair chance.

" It is difficult (said Byron) when one detests an author, not to detest his works. There are some that I dislike so cordially, that I am aware of my incompetency to give an impartial opinion of their writings. Southey, *for example*, is one of these. When travelling in Italy, he was reported to me as having circulated some reports much to my disadvantage, and still more to that of two ladies of my acquaintance; all of which, through the kind medium of some good-natured friends, were brought to my ears; and I have vowed eternal

vengeance against him, and all who uphold him; which vengeance has been poured forth, in phials of wrath, in the shape of epigrams and lampoons, some of which you shall see. When any one attacks me, on the spur of the moment I sit down and write all the *mechanicité* that comes into my head; and, as some of these sallies have merit, they amuse me, and are too good to be torn or burned, and so are kept, and see the light long after the feeling that dictated them has subsided. All my malice evaporates in the effusions of my pen; but I dare say those that excite it would prefer any other mode of vengeance. At Pisa, a friend told me that Walter Savage Landor had declared he either would not, or could not, read my works. I asked my officious friend if he was sure which it was that Landor said, as the *would not* was not offensive, and the *could not* was highly so. After some reflection, he, of course *en ami*, chose the most disagreeable signification; and I marked down Landor in the tablet of memory as a person to whom a *coup-de-pat* must be given in my forthcoming work, though he really is a man whose brilliant talents and profound erudition I cannot help admiring as much as I respect his character, various proofs of the generosity, manliness, and independence of which has reached me; so you see I can render justice (*en petit comité*) even to a man who says he could not read my works; this, at least, shows some good feeling, if the *petit* vengeance of attacking him in my work cannot be defended; but my attacking proves the truth of the observation made by a French writer,—that we don't like people for the merit we discover in them, but for that which they find in us."

When Byron was one day abusing — most vehemently, we accused him of undue severity; and he replied, he was only deterred from treating him much more severely by the fear of being indicted under the Act of Cruelty to Animals!

"I am quite sure (said Byron) that many of our worst actions and our worst thoughts are caused by friends. An enemy can never do as much injury, or cause as much pain: if he speaks ill of one, it is set down as an exaggeration of malice, and therefore does little harm, and he has no opportunity of telling one any of the disagreeable things that are said in one's absence; but a friend has such an amiable candour in admitting the faults least known, and often unsuspected, and of denying or defending with *acharnement* those that can neither be denied nor defended, that he is sure to do one mischief. Then he thinks himself bound to retail and detail every disagreeable remark or story he hears, and generally under the injunction of secrecy; so that one is tormented without the power of bringing the slanderer to account, unless by a breach of confidence. I am always tempted to exclaim, with Socrates, 'My friends! there are no friends!' when I hear and see the advantages

of friendship. It is odd (continued Byron) that people do not seem aware that the person who repeats to a friend an offensive observation, uttered when he was absent, without any idea that he was likely to hear it, is much more blameable than the person who originally said it; of course I except a friend who hears a charge brought against one's honour, and who comes and openly states what he has heard, that it may be refuted: but this friends seldom do; for, as that Queen of Egotists, La Marquise du Deffand, truly observed—'Ceux qu'on nomme amis sont ceux par qui on n'a pas à craindre d'être assassiné, mais qui laisseraient faire les assassins.' Friends are like diamonds: all wish to possess them; but few can or will pay their price; and there never was more wisdom embodied in a phrase than in that which says—'Defend me from my friends, and I will defend myself from my enemies.'

Talking of poetry, (Byron said) that "next to the affected simplicity of the Lake School, he disliked prettinesses, or what are called flowers of poetry; they are only admissible in the poetry of ladies, (said he,) which should always have a sprinkling of dew-gemmed leaves and flowers of rainbow hues, with tuneful birds and gorgeous butterflies." Here he laughed like a child, and added, "I suppose you would never forgive me if I finished the sentence, sweet emblems of fair woman's looks and mind." Having joined in the laugh, which was irresistible from the mock heroic air he assumed, I asked him how he could prove any resemblance between tuneful birds, gorgeous butterflies, and woman's face or mind. He immediately replied, "have I not printed a certain line, in which I say, the music breathing from her face, and do not all, even philosophers, assert, that there is harmony in beauty, nay, that there is no beauty without it? Now tuneful birds are musical; ergo, that simile holds good as far as the face, and the butterfly must stand for the mind, brilliant, light, and wandering. I say nothing of its being the emblem of the soul, because I have not quite made up my mind, that women have souls; but, in short, flowers and all that is fragile and beautiful must remind one of women. So do not be offended with my comparison."

"But to return to the subject, (continued Byron) you do not, cannot like what are called flowers in poetry. I try to avoid them as much as possible in mine, and I hope you think that I have succeeded." I answered that he had given oaks to Parnassus instead of flowers, and while disclaiming the compliment it seemed to gratify him.

"A successful work (said Byron) makes a man a wretch for life: it engenders in him a thirst for notoriety and praise, that precludes the possibility of repose; this spurs him on to attempt others, which are always expected to be superior to the first; hence arise disappointment, as expectation being too much excited is rarely gratified, and in the present day, one

failure is placed as a counterbalance to fifty successful efforts. Voltaire was right (continued Byron) when he said that the fate of a literary man resembled that of the flying fish; if he dives in the water the fish devour him, and if he rises in the air he is attacked by the birds. Voltaire (continued Byron) had personal experience of the persecution a successful author must undergo; but *malgré* all this, he continued to keep alive the sensation he had excited in the literary world, and while at Ferney, thought only of astonishing Paris. Montesquieu has said 'that *moins sur pense plus sur parole*.' Voltaire was a proof, indeed I have known many (said Byron), of the falseness of this observation, for who ever wrote or talked as much as Voltaire? But Montesquieu, when he wrote his remark, thought not of literary men; he was thinking of the *bawards* of society, who certainly think less and talk more than all others. I was once very much amused (said Byron) by overhearing the conversation of two country ladies, in company with a celebrated author, who happened to be that evening very taciturn: one remarked to the other, how strange it was that a person reckoned so clever, should be so silent; and the other answered, Oh! he has nothing left to say, he has sold all his thoughts to his publishers. This you will allow was a philosophical way of explaining the silence of an author.

"One of the things that most annoyed me in London (said Byron) was the being continually asked to give my opinion on the works of contemporaries. I got out of the difficulty as well as I could, by some equivocal answer that might be taken in two ways; but even this prudence did not save me, and I have been accused of envy and jealousy of authors, of whose works, God knows, I was far from being envious. I have also been suspected of jealousy towards ancient as well as modern writers; but Pope, whose poems I really envy, and whose works I admire, perhaps more than any living or dead English writer, they have never found out that I was jealous of, nay, probably, as I always praise him, they suppose I do not seriously admire him, as insincerity on all points is universally attributed to me.

"I have often thought of writing a book to be filled with all the charges brought against me in England (said Byron;) it would make an interesting folio, with my notes, and might serve posterity as a proof of the charity, good-nature, and candour of Christian England in the nineteenth century. Our laws are bound to think a man innocent until he is proved to be guilty; but our English society condemn him before trial, which is a summary proceeding that saves trouble.

"However, I must say, (continued Byron,) that it is only those to whom any superiority is accorded that are prejudged or treated with undue severity in London, for mediocrity meets with the utmost indulgence, on the principle of sympathy, 'a fellow-feeling makes them won-

drous kind.' The moment my wife left me, I was assailed by all the falsehoods that malice could invent or slander publish; how many wives have since left their husbands, and husbands their wives, without either of the parties being blackened by defamation, the public having the sense to perceive that a husband and wife's living together or separate can only concern the parties, or their immediate families; but in *my case*, no sooner did Lady Byron take herself off than my character went off; or rather was carried off, not by force of arms, but by force of tongues and pens too; and there was no crime too dark to be attributed to me by the moral English, to account for so very common an occurrence as a separation in high life. I was thought a devil, because Lady Byron was allowed to be an angel; and that it formed a pretty antithesis, *mais helas!* there are neither angels nor devils on earth, though some of one's acquaintance might tempt one into the belief of the existence of the latter. After twenty, it is difficult to believe in that of the former, though the *first and last* object of one's affection have some of its attributes. Imagination (said Byron) resembles hope—when unclouded, it gilds all that it touches with its own bright hue; mine makes me see beauty wherever youth and health have impressed their stamp; and after all I am not very far from the goddess, when I am with her handmaids, for such they certainly are. Sentimentalists may despise 'buxom health, with rosy hue,' which has something dairy-maid like, I confess, in the sound, (continued he)—for buxom, however one may like the reality, is not euphonious, but I have the association of plumpness, rosy hue, good spirits, and good humour, all brought before me in the homely phrase; and all these united give me a better idea of beauty than lank languor, sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought, and bad health, and bad humour, which are synonymous, making to-morrow cheerless as to-day. Then see some of our fine ladies, whose nerves are more active than their brains, who talk sentiment, and ask you to 'administer to a mind diseased, and pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,' when it is the body that is diseased, and the rooted sorrow is some chronic malady; these, I own (continued Byron,) alarm me, and a delicate woman, however prettily it may sound, harrows up my feelings with a host of shadowy ills to come, of vapours, hysterics, nerves, megrims, intermitting fevers, and all the ills that wait upon poor weak women, who, when sickly, are generally weak in more senses than one. The best dower a woman can bring is health and good humour; the latter, whatever we may say of the triumphs of mind, depends on the former, as, according to the old poem—

"Temper ever waits on health,
As luxury depends on wealth."

But mind (said Byron) when I object to delicate women, that is to say, to women of delicate

health, *alias* sickly, I don't mean to say that I like coarse, fat ladies, *à la Rubens*, whose minds must be impenetrable, from the mass of matter in which they are incased. No! I like an active and healthy mind, in an active and healthy person, each extending its beneficial influence over the other, and maintaining their equilibrium, the body illuminated by the light within, but that light not let out by any 'chinks made by time'; in short, I like, as who does not, (continued Byron,) a handsome healthy woman, with an intelligent and intelligible mind, who can do something more than what is said a French woman can only do, *habille, babille, and dishabille*, who is not obliged to have recourse to dress, shopping and visits, to get through a day, and soirées, operas, and flirting to pass an evening. You see, I am moderate in my desires; I only wish for perfection.

"There was a time (said Byron) when fame appeared the most desirable of all acquisitions to me; it was my 'being's end and aim,' but now—how worthless does it appear. Alas! how true are the lines—

'La Nominanza è color d'erba,
Che viene e va; e qui la discolora
Per cui vien fuori della terra acerba.'

And dearly is fame bought, as all have found who have acquired even a small portion of it,—

'Che seggendo in piuma
In Fama non si vien, ne sotto coltre.'

No! with sleepless nights, excited nerves, and morbid feelings, is fame purchased, and envy, hatred, and jealousy follow the luckless possessor.

'O ciechi, il tanto affaticar, che giova?
Tutti tornate alla gran madre antica,
E il vostro nome appena si ritrova.'

Nay, how often has a tomb been denied to those whose names have immortalized their country, or else granted when shame compelled the tardy justice. Yet, after all, fame is but like all other pursuits, ending in disappointment—its worthlessness only discovered when attained, and

'Senza la qual chi sua vita consuma
Cotal vestigio in terra di se lascia
Qual fummo in aere, ed in acqua la schiuma.'

"People complain of the brevity of life, (said Byron,) should they not rather complain of its length, as its enjoyments cease long before the halfway-house of life is passed, unless one has the luck to die young, ere the illusions that render existence supportable have faded away, and are replaced by experience, that dull monitress, that ever comes too late? While youth steers the bark of life, and passion impels her on, experience keeps aloof; but when youth and passion are fled, and that we no longer require her aid, she comes to reproach us with the past, to disgust us with the present, and to alarm us with the future.

"We buy wisdom with happiness, and who

would purchase it at such a price to be happy we must forget the past, and think not of the future, and who that has a soul, or mind, can do this? No one (continued Byron), and this proves, that those who have either, know no happiness on this earth. Memory precludes happiness, whatever Rogers may say or write to the contrary, for it borrows from the past, to imbitter the present, bringing back to us all the grief that has most wounded, or the happiness that has most charmed us; the first leaving its sting, and of the second,—

'Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice,
Nulla miseria.'

Let us look back (continued Byron) to those days of grief, the recollection of which now pains us, and we shall find that time has only cicatrized, but not effaced the scars; and if we reflect on the happiness, that seen through the vista of the past seems now so bright, memory will tell us that, at the actual time referred to, we were far from thinking so highly of it, nay, that at that very period, we were obliged to draw drafts on the future, to support the then present, though now, that epoch, tinged by the rays of memory, seems so brilliant, and renders the present more sombre by contrast. We are so constituted (said Byron) that we know not the value of our possessions until we have lost them. Let us think of the friends that death has snatched from us, whose loss has left aching voids in the heart never again to be filled up; and memory will tell us that we prized not their presence, while we were blessed with it, though, could the grave give them back, now that we had learnt to estimate their value, all else could be borne, and we believe (because it is impossible) that happiness might once more be ours. We should live with our friends, (said Byron,) not as the worldly-minded philosopher says, as though they may one day become our enemies, but as though we may one day lose them; and this maxim, strictly followed, will not only render our lives happier while together, but will save the survivors from those bitter pangs that memory conjures up, of slights and unkindnesses offered to those we have lost, when too late for atonement, and arms remorse with double force because it is too late." It was in such conversations that Byron was seen in his natural character; the feeling, the tenderness of his nature shone forth at such moments, and his natural character, like the diamond when breathed upon, though dimmed for a time, soon recovered its purity, and showed its original lustre, perhaps the more for having been for a moment obscured.

Electricity in Ireland.—The Belfast Northern Whig states, that a gentleman of Belfast had just put out his bed-room candle on Sunday evening, when a thunder-clap bursted over the house, and re-lighted it again. There was also a blue flame playing about the chamber!

From the Monthly Review.

"SUNDAY AT SEA."

BY DR. TURNER,

When on his voyage to Calcutta, on his appointment to that Bishopric.

" Bounding along the obedient surges,
Cheerly on her onward way,
Her course the gallant vessel urges
Across the stormy gulf, Biscay !
In the sun the bright waves glisten,
Rising slow with measured swell,
Hark ! what sounds unwonted ?—Listen,
Listen ! 'tis the Sabbath bell.

" Hush'd the tempest's wild commotion,
Winds and waves have ceased their war,
O'er the wide and sullen ocean
That shrill sound is heard afar.
And comes it as a note of gladness
To thy tried spirit ? wanderer, tell :
Or rather doth thy heart's deep sadness
Wake at that simple Sabbath bell ?

" It speaks of ties which duties sever,
Of hearts so fondly knit to thee ;
Kind hands, kind looks, which, wanderer, never,
Thine hand shall grasp, thine eye shall see,
It speaks of home, and all its pleasures ;
Of scenes where memory loves to dwell ;
And bids thee count thy heart's best treasures :
Far, far away, that Sabbath bell.

" Listen again ; thy wounded spirit
Shall soar from earth, and seek above
That kingdom which the bless'd inherit,
The mansion of eternal love.
Earth and its lowly cares forsaking,
(Pursued too keenly, loved too well),
To faith and hope thy soul awaking,
Thou hearest with joy the Sabbath bell."

From the Athenaeum.

CHRISTIAN NAMES OF WOMEN.

(To EDITH S.—.)

In Christian world MARY the garland wears !
REBECCA sweetens on a Hebrew's ear ;
Quakers for pure PRISCILLA are more clear ;
And the light Gaul by AMOROUS NINON swears.
Among the lesser lights how LUCY shines !
What air of fragrance ROSAMOND throws round !
How like a hymn doth sweet CECILIA sound !
Of MARTHAS, and of ABIGAILS, few lines
Have bragg'd in verse. Of coarsest household stuff
Should homely JOAN be fashioned. But can
YOU BARBARA resist, or MARIAN ?
And is not CLARE for love excuse enough ?
Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess,
These all, than Saxon EDITH, please me less.

C. LAMB.

From the Monthly Magazine.

CALAMITIES OF LIVING MEN OF GENIUS.

Up to the present hour, men of genius seem equally obnoxious to calamity, as when Savage pined in a prison, Otway starved, and Chatterton committed suicide. The fatal heirloom still exists, and attends the inheritance. Frightful misfortunes have darkened the career, however splendid in appearance, of many popular and gifted writers. Genius is naturally sensitive—morbidly so in many cases. How many men of splendid talents are there at this moment, in this very city, pining away their existence in obscurity, for want of that fostering care that others more fortunate, though less worthy, have enjoyed. The vulgar victim of bodily affliction exposes his leprosy to the multitude, and solicits charity :—the more exalted martyr suffers and expires under calamities he is too proud to reveal.

Brooks was a man of a very benevolent disposition, and considerable powers of mind. He had written some good verses; and, what was more to the purpose, had brought out some good saleable books, which gained him more than fame—it gave him the ear of the publishers; and with this followed, of course, a comfortable income. Brooks was no starving poet. He had a comfortable house, well furnished. He had, moreover, a clever and amiable wife, and always a guinea for a needy friend.

One day, while sauntering down Oxford Street, he accidentally met with a fellow climber of Parnassus, but in very different circumstances to himself. Poor Spencer's coat was absolutely threadbare ;—his hat, had he worn it six months by the sea side, could not have betrayed greater symptoms of atmospheric influence. In fact, he was the beau ideal of a poet—there was no mistaking him.

" Well, Spencer, my dear fellow," said his warm-hearted friend, extending his hand, " I have not seen you for some time—how are you going on ? "

" Oh, miserably, sir—miserably. It's a wretched world. I am bowed down by necessity—obliged to forego what my mind tells me I am capable of, to furnish myself with the mere means of existence. What I have already done—books which the world has been pleased with, are, in my mind, but mere gaudy butterflies—they will die with the season. If I had but the means to finish a great work which I contemplate—but that is folly—that cannot be my fortune."

" But surely," said Brooks, " surely some means could be devised."

" None," cried the other, energetically. " I have no resource but in my ink-bottle—and I cannot starve. Ah ! how I envy those of better fortune ! Were I in affluence, then would I go on triumphantly—hewing colossal groups out of the living rock—not as I am now, carving cherry-stones—toiling at trifles I despise.

"My friend," added he, in a subdued voice, "I am sick of the world—sick at heart—and care little to remain in it."

Brooks was moved:—he could not but compare his own good fortune with that of the destitute being who stood before him, and his heart yearned to his distresses with the kindly feelings of a brother and a man.

"Stay," said he: for the poor heart-broken poet had already left him. "Stay—I am an author, like yourself, and live by my pen; but am fortunately better placed in society, though with much less genius. If it is in my power to prevent it, you shall not be cast upon the waters. Come to my house—be with me for half a year, and execute your great work. I have a spare room, where you shall sleep and work. You shall fare as I do; and you can use your time to the best advantage."

"My dear Brooks!" exclaimed the astonished poet, "you overwhelm me. I know not how"—

"A truce with feeling, Spencer," said his warm-hearted friend. "The invitation is freely given—every thing will be very pleasant. Come to-morrow."

We will pass over the poet's extasies, and the expressions of his gratitude; but, on the next morning, we find him seated comfortably at the breakfast-table of his friend, and treated with all kindness and consideration by Mrs. Brooks. It would be tedious to dwell on his lengthened visit: suffice it to say, that every thing was made as pleasant for him as his friendly host had intimated. After breakfast, he regularly retired to his work at the poem which he expected was to make his fame. The anticipations of his friend were scarcely less sanguine than his own; time flowed on; and from the hours he laboured, much was augured of the progress of his work. Feelings of delicacy, on the part of Brooks, forbade any other than casual inquiry; for, like a jealous artist, the poet seemed unwilling that his work should suffer from criticism in detail. He was determined to astonish his friend with the full blaze of his genius. He was right. If ever you would produce an effect, never endanger it by partial exhibitions.

In the mean time, Spencer dined regularly with his friend *en famille*, or with an occasional party, as it might happen. Sometimes, after dinner, he strolled out for exercise—visited his acquaintance—lounged at the theatres—or returned to his room after coffee;—in short, he was quite confiding and comfortable. His work was proceeding rapidly, but the contents of his writing-desk were still secret.

"Well," Brooks would say sometimes, "how do you get on, my boy?"

"Gloriously!" was the reply.

Six months had now nearly elapsed—the finishing was only wanting to the work. He was revising it carefully, previously to submitting it for Brooks's approbation; who, as it drew near completion, became more than

usually anxious. His wife likewise partook of his feelings: for so jealously had Spencer kept his secret, that neither the subject of his book, nor even the title, had escaped him.

One day they had waited some time for Spencer at dinner. He was usually punctual, and Mrs. Brooks rather remarked it; but her husband thinking he had finished the work, and might bring the manuscript down with him, would not let him be disturbed. An hour passed, but Spencer came not; so Mrs. Brooks becoming impatient, rung for the servant.

"Have you informed Mr. Spencer that dinner has been waiting?"

"O yes, ma'am—I called him—but I suppose he has fallen off to sleep again."

"To sleep again!—What does the fool mean?" said Brooks impatiently.

"I mean nothing more than the truth, sir; and I did not know that it was any secret," said the girl, pettishly.

"Well, what is it, girl—what is it?" said Brooks, gathering anger with every word.

"Why, sir, I dare say, Mr. Spencer is in bed and asleep, as he is every day of his life, from breakfast till dinner!"

Brooks looked at his wife aghast, and she returned his astonished stare. But there must be some mistake; the fact, as represented, was incredible. Brooks rushed up stairs—entered Spencer's room without ceremony—and beheld his worst fears confirmed. There lay the poet, snugly coiled up among the bed-clothes—no wreath of laurel about his brows, but his head encased in a woollen night-cap. He was wrapped in visions indeed—but they were drowsy ones. Brooks cast his eyes about the room, anxious to catch some token of toil—none—not a line—not a scrap—not even an ink blot on the floor!

The noise made by Brooks on entering, awoke the bard. He opened his dreamy eyes only to encounter those of his incensed and disappointed friend. Explanation there was none—apology was useless. It is needless to say further. The man of genius returned once more to his garret, to complain bitterly of the world, and of Brooks in particular.

A good moral may be found to the above anecdote, in the story of a certain swindling wag, who loved to live at the expense of any body, rather than his own industry; and in pursuance of such principle, made his way to the court of an eastern king. "Please your majesty," said he, "I have one of the greatest wonders of the world. It is an ass that I have nearly taught to speak; but I lack the means to finish. If you would benevolently support me for twelve months, the ass would make my fortune."

"But," inquired the sultan, "what security shall I have of your performing your contract?"

"Oh, any security your highness pleases," returned the teacher of asses.

"Well, if you will stake your life in the performance of your contract, it shall be as you wish."

"Gladly!" returned the fearless speculator; and he was forthwith assigned apartments and attendants.

About six months passed very pleasantly, when he was visited by one of his former friends, who found him living on the best, and riding on his ass, to give him a lesson.

"Why, what foolery is this!" said his friend. "You have staked your life on an impossibility; and for one poor twelve month's food, you will forfeit your existence."

"Tut, man!" said the other; "that's by no means certain. I have many chances."—

"I see none."

"Then you are a fool. Why, before twelve months, the city may be burnt about our ears—the plague may take off half its inhabitants—or, perhaps **THE ASS MAY DIE!**"

So thought Jones, as he calculated his chances beneath the bedclothes—"THE ASS MAY DIE!"

Now for case two.—Calamity the second.—Jenkins, a young bard of considerable fame, was always feelingly alive to the infirmities of young publishers. A very good-natured bookseller at the West End of the Town, had scarcely got his shutters taken down on his "opening day," when Jenkins paid him a visit, bearing a huge roll of what seemed to be manuscript, but which in fact was mere *dummy* under his arm. This he stated was all but finished; it would assuredly eclipse the most popular of his previous productions, and upon his honour, Mr. So-and-so (the victim) should bring it out—should secure the valuable publication of it, on his own terms, by the mere momentary advance of ten or twenty pounds for which Jenkins was just then unexpectedly pushed. He hated applying to friends on these occasions—he would rather at any time go to work like a man of business, and instead of an unpleasant *amicital* loan, obtain a commercial advance. Mr. So-and-so must know that his books sold—(this was true by the bye) and he would doubtless see the prospective benefit of publishing his very best.

Poor Mr. So-and-so bit; and Jenkins departed with his roll and a cheque for 20*l.* About half-past eight the next evening, So-and-so had occasion to step into a coffee-house near Charing Cross. The moment he entered, his ears were convulsed by uproarious bursts of merriment proceeding from a party of gentlemen in a snug box at the upper end of the room. The next moment a voice which he fancied he had heard before, insisted on "silence for a toast." To his utter amazement the publisher's health was drunk with nine times nine, why or wherefore he could not conceive. The rattle of the glasses had subsided before our friend, the publisher, recovered from his surprise. At last curiosity overcame politeness, and wishing to know to whom his gratitude was due for such

a mark of esteem, he ventured to the other end of the room upon some excuse, and casting a sidelong glance into the box, beheld to his infinite dismay the distressed poet, seated with some jovial companions round a table covered with long-necked bottles of every vintage of France!

The effect was that of an apparition upon him; for in every one of those long-necked monsters, he beheld the ghost of his cheque! The man of business has often since been known to declare that sensations of the most peculiar description are created in him at the sight of a poet; and at the bare mention of a distressed man of genius, he incontinently buttons up his breeches pockets.

But now for the crowning calamity to this garland of cypress! Another gentleman, an attic wit, and likewise a man of genius, though unfortunate—a man who has unhappily experienced those vicissitudes attendant on the life of one whose mind is the "source from which his wealth is drawn," has nevertheless, occasionally continued to employ his wit to some purpose. He is a dramatist of no little fame; and the sentiments embodied in a tragedy of his writing cannot be surpassed in elevation and purity. They do honour to the head and heart of "genius."—Churchill's character will however, be better understood by the relation of one of the many interesting passages of his life.

He was in the habit of making frequent trips to Paris for the purpose of watching the progress of the French drama. His pleasing manners and reputed talent gained him an admission into excellent society there, and if the common place ideas of finance had not intervened he would certainly have determined on an abode in the Parisian capital. One day, when at dinner with a large party, a lady complained bitterly of the dishonesty of tradesmen and of jewellers particularly—numerous anecdotes were instantly related of gold alloyed, diamonds changed, and pearls divided, by this most rapacious class. The lady further remarked, that she was the more concerned at this notorious breach of faith in the fraternity, as she had a very valuable set of cameos sent her from Italy, but dared not entrust them into the hands of any tradesman to set.

"My dear madam," said Churchill in his most insinuating tone; for the lady was a beauty, and the bard was kindness and amiability itself—"I am delighted, my dear madam," said he, "that it is in my power to relieve you from this difficulty—I have lately taken under my protection a young artist, who promises to be really wonderful. In the setting of the higher description of jewellery—he really gives a beauty to gems beyond their value; and as to his probity?"

"Oh! Mr. Churchill, you delight me;" returned the fair owner of the cameos, "You will so much oblige me by making an arrangement with your protégé—I will send him the cameos immediately with instructions."

"He will come to me in the morning," observed the bard, "as I have a trifling commission for him, and if you send them to my rooms, I will take care he shall attend to them." Many thanks on the part of the lady, and protestations of delight at serving her, on the part of Churchill, followed; and after dinner the lady's brother with great consideration for the young tradesman, begged Mr. Churchill to give the young man some 20*l.* in advance—as gold for setting, he knew was expensive, and the work was to be done in the most costly manner.—Some time elapsed, and the lady waited patiently to see her cameos; but they were not finished. "Cameos take a long time setting," Mr. Churchill observed.

A longer time crept on, and the lady was dying with impatience to see her darling treasure—still the artist was most provokingly dilatory. At length the lady began to labour under considerable annoyance, in which many of her friends participated. "It's quite cruel!" she said.—"It is very strange!" echoed her friends. At last somebody hinted one morning, that Mr. Churchill had been at the Diligence office to take his place for Calais on the following day. This piece of intelligence on being confirmed pretty nearly sent the poor lady into fits; but her brother—God forgive him!—began to suspect Mr. Churchill had been imposed on by the artist, and that his sister's cameos had vanished by some process equally efficacious as that which melted Cleopatra's pearl. No time was to be lost—he went straightway to Churchill's apartments, and just caught him in the nick of time.

Now, whether any think like confusion was exhibited by Mr. Churchill, at this meeting, does not appear; but it is quite certain, that the brother's suspicion of the artist took another direction.

"But, my dear sir," exclaimed Churchill, after much preliminary conversation, "I really don't know where the rascal lives."

"What, sir! entrust such valuable property to a stranger—an unknown! Come, come, Mr. Churchill, I am a man of the world. You have, perhaps, been to the *rouge et noir* tables. I can understand—now tell me where I can redeem those baubles for the poor girl, and I pledge my honour to keep your secret."

Churchill hesitated; but after many assurances of secrecy from the brother, he took his visitor by the hand, and said "I don't deserve this generous treatment. It indeed makes me hate myself. Your gentlemanly hints are not unfounded. A debt of honour has, indeed, compelled me to pawn the cameos. But, as I live, at the earliest opportunity, my dear sir!"—

"I think nothing of the money—you are welcome to it," interrupted the generous brother. "Give me the documents, and I will redeem the cameos."

"My kind, benevolent friend!" cried Churchill, with emotion; "how deeply do I regret this calamity of mine!"

"Well, well, I understand. Give me what I ask," said the other, extending his hand, "and nothing more shall be said about it."

"Thank you:—you're very obliging—but"—

"But what?"

"I'VE SOLD THE TICKETS!"

From the Monthly Magazine

THE FRENCH CONVULSIVES.

WITH A SPECIMEN.

The popularity of those French writers who form what has been termed the Convulsive School of Romance, shows that the public mind of France is affected with a morbid craving for the contemplation of physical horrors. The old Revolution gave birth to the school of Davide, whose proffered civilities the merciful and tender-hearted Flaxman repelled with disgust,—the painter having filled his portfolio with sketches made during the dying agonies of those whom he had aided in condemning. To the three days of July 1830 may be attributed the production of numerous French works, recently published, which display, most daringly, the convulsions of human agony, the poverty, degradation, and criminal propensities of the lower classes. Conscious that a familiarity with the terrible in fact has rendered the generality of the French reading public callous to all ordinary condiments, the authors in question, rouse, excite, and gratify it by the strongest stimulants which art can supply. They depict scenes of violence and atrocity, of crime and bloodshed, with their adjuncts, horror and despair, and misery of the deepest shade. The dismal Morgue, the hospital, the prison, and the scaffold, all are depicted with painful force and accuracy. Their delight is to dwell upon the dark side of humanity, to exhibit the leprosy of the heart as equaling, if not surpassing that of the body in hideousness. It would seem as if they had pared their pens with a scalpel, and had mingled blood with their ink.

Such is the school which ranks Jules Janin among its disciples. His first performance, the Dead Ass and Guillotined Woman is a singular little work, and, on its appearance, gave rise to much speculation in the literary circles at Paris. It was generally imagined—and the jocular allusions of the work itself abundantly countenanced the conjecture—that it was merely meant as a burlesque on Victor Hugo's Dernier Jour d'une Condamnée, and an attempt to beat that author at his own weapons, while the deep earnestness and *en amore* style of the execution seemed to identify it with the author's personal feelings and to stamp it with his own image. His next work, La Confession, was an additional confirmation of the latter opinion, and decided his adherence to the Convulsives. L'Ane mort et la Femme Guillotinée is a little work of great power, emulating the simplicity

of plot and poverty of incident of the Greek drama, and depending for its effect on the novelty of its manner, and the skill and power of the author in the management of his materials. It is understood to have literally fulfilled the prediction hazarded by him in his preface;—“that it was such a book as the reader would, twenty times, throw down in disgust, and feel himself compelled, as if by a spell, to take up again.” It contains a forcible sketch of a young peasant girl’s career. Of the scene in which he introduces his heroine, in all the freshness and vivacity of untainted youth and beauty: the following is a hasty translation:—

“I was on the road to Vauvres, filled with the happiness of existence, of breathing, of feeling a pure and warm air circulate around me,—admiring like a child the slightest flower that bloomed, and remaining whole quarters of hours to watch the picturesque wind-mills turn round with magisterial gravity. On a sudden, precisely at the corner of that road, so ill kept, so narrow, so stony, and yet so much loved, which leads to the tavern of the Bon Lapin, I beheld a young girl on an ass which was running away. Oh the ravishing sight! It will be before my eyes to the end of my existence. The young creature was rosy, animated, rather full grown, with a neck of surpassing beauty. In her terror she had lost her straw bonnet, and she cried out in a sweet voice, ‘stop!’—But the luckless ass continued at full speed, and I allowed him to do so. I liked that aerial motion, the animated fear, the danger which surrounded her—a girl in the hands of chance, and that chance at my control. She cried out—nobody was there but myself and my dog.

“The ass stopped suddenly—the young girl fell—I uttered an exclamation and caught her in my arms. The ass galloped off through the fields. Scarcely had I hold of her, gazing on her as on a prize that belonged to me, when she raised herself with a brisk motion and set off in pursuit of her *palfrey*, exclaiming, ‘Charlot! Charlot!’ My dog continued running and barking, and Charlot was at his utmost speed.

“My first care was to pick up the bonnet; it was a common straw bonnet, with a faded riband, a vile blue flower, and yet there was something about it which revealed a good and kind hearted disposition in its owner; she was now at a distance.

“Rouston, my dog, at length brought Charlot back to me. I mounted upon the saddle with the straw bonnet on my head, and entering a little wood I proceeded slowly along.

“The young girl continued to exclaim—‘Charlot! Charlot!’ She was at the skirts of the wood more rosy than before, sobbing with uneasiness; and when at length she again beheld her Charlot, she sprang forward and threw herself upon his neck, embraced him, and called him by a thousand dear appellations. ‘Here you are, Charlot,’ said she to him—and she embraced him. The animal stood quietly,

while I, still posted in the same place, remained unnoticed, and while seated as I was upon his back, I would have given my life for one of those fresh kisses thus lavished upon Charlot. Charlot absorbed all her thoughts.

“At last she raised her head,—‘Ah! there’s my bonnet,’ said she, with delight; then she gazed at me with her large black eyes, and observing that I was seated upon Charlot, she sat down in front of me and the donkey. She restored order to her hair, wiped her brow, replaced her bonnet on her head, heaved a heavy sigh of fatigue, and rose as if to say to me, ‘Get out of that.’ She seemed determined not to leave me her Charlot a moment longer. I dismounted, she sprang to her saddle, and away bounded Charlot.

“Never had I seen a girl more bewitching, more blooming, more fresh! But for me, not a word, not a look. I was all admiration, but I had not a word to say to her. What could I have said? Charlot and her hat had engrossed her whole attention. And again, I am not one of those sceptics, devoid of all morality, who lay it down that there is but one way of feeling an interest in a woman. I have a thousand very innocent ways. You tell me of taking their hand; now I ask you, was it not happiness ineffable to have seen her run, sit down, get up, to have heard her call Charlot, to have covered my head with her straw bonnet, to have passed beneath my chin the riband which had touched hers, to have been leaning over her while she embraced Charlot.

“The young girl and Charlot were ever recurring to my heart. The graces of the one, lively, elegant, healthy, light; the beauty of the other, spirited, well-proportioned, hardy, active; those handsome ears which menaced the skies, that smile of playfulness which defied misfortune, that trot so light and graceful, this motion so graceful, so animated. I had become infatuated with both! And then they understood each other so perfectly! the name of Charlot fell so naturally from her lips! Happy pair! neither had bestowed the least attention upon me. I, who had pursued them with so much ardour, who admired them so much, they had not once looked upon me.—Meantime I was retracing my steps by the shortest road, no longer taking notice of the new born herbage; nor the windmills, or any part of the delightful landscape which in the morning had engaged me. I was melancholy and ill-humoured, like a man quite astonished at finding himself alone. An incident aroused me from my reverie. I was passing by a great boar of a peasant, a rustic in every sense of the term, who stalked behind a miserable ass loaded with dung; he was beating the poor animal beyond all conscience.—‘Ah, Charlot,’ cried he, after a particular infliction.—Charlot!—I turned round—I gazed—luckless animal! it was he; it was he that bent under that disgraceful burden: he that but a short time since pranced beneath that ideal form; he carry dung and writhes

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beneath the lash ! What a sudden transition ! what an unexpected metamorphosis. I passed in front of Charlot, casting a look of compassion on him, which he returned me as well as he was able. I was unhappy for a week : that young girl and this rustic, and myself, and this manure gathered upon the same back, and then I know not what dismal presentiment would cross my mind, touching the fate of the pretty village girl."

This incident has made an indelible impression on our author's mind. In vain he visits the Bon Lapin at Vauvres. Henriette is no where to be seen. From being gay, jovial, and light-hearted, he becomes melancholy, morose and *ennuyé*: the dark reflection of some passion, à-la Werther, overcasts his mind and clouds his existence. To this new state, there is wanting an end, a heroine, in a word, unity, the young peasant girl of Vauvres. At length he finds her.

"I met her one morning in turning the corner of a street. She had no longer her faded straw bonnet, her fresh crimson complexion. Yet it was she; neither her gloves or boots, nor her new bonnet, nor the silky rustling of her robe, nor her constrained or quiet pace, prevented me from recognizing her. It was Henriette. She walked with an air of dignity, with declined head and furtive look: although she stopped at all the milliners shops and wherever there was anything to be seen, yet she had the appearance of being in a hurry, and of wishing to proceed quickly; but the present moment was stronger than her resolution and subdued her will. In fine, her modest air, her becoming deportment, the practised reserve visible in her whole person, caused me to conclude that she was *lost*."

He follows her steps, and after witnessing the utter indifference with which she gazes on two or three exhibitions of calamity and distress they meet—enters with her into the *Morgue*.

"The morgue is a little building which seems to mount guard in front of an hospital; the roof is a dome, clothed with marine herbs, and with an evergreen plant, which has a charming effect. The morgue may be recognized at a distance; the waters that lave its base, are black, and clogged with filth. You enter without question; the low portal is always open. The walls perspire. In the midst of this solitary hall are arranged four or five stone tables, upon which are stretched as many corpses, sometimes, as during the great heats, and the new melodramas, two bodies to each table. On this day there were but three; the first was an old man who had fractured his skull by falling from a third story, precisely as he was finishing his day's work, and on the point of demanding the slender remuneration which was due for it. It was evident that the unhappy man after long years of toil had become too feeble to pursue his laborious trade: the gossips of the place, and this place was to them a de-

lightful rendezvous for diversion and prattle; related amongst themselves, that of three children left by this old man not one would recognize him, lest they should be liable to the expense of his burial. Beside the mason was exposed a young child, crushed to death by the carriage of an opera girl; its form was half hid beneath a black and humid piece of leather, which had been thrown over his large wound. You would have said it slept, forgetting the lesson and the ferule of its schoolmaster; above his head hung his cap, his green neckcloth, his embroidered jacket, soiled with dust and blood, the light scrip, containing his luncheon, in the centre. On a slab apart, lay the body of a young man, overspread by the livid hues of death. Henriette stopped short, here, and without changing colour, exclaimed, as to herself,—"It is he."

The deceased was a young English nobleman, who, like the author, had seen her upon Charlot, in all her original purity; and infatuated by her charms, had sacrificed for her the prospects of the highest and most glorious of earthly careers; and finally his life. Satisfied with finding herself at liberty, she would have departed with the single ejaculation, "It is he," but she is politely requested to witness the application of galvanism to the body, at which operation she assists with the utmost composure and indifference. All this, it must be owned, looks too monstrous and improbable, and even allowing the widest latitude to the imagination, in the manufacture of the terrible, seems too rapid a descent into horror. In the next glimpse he catches of her, she appears in a totally altered condition. She has become a fine lady, and to acquire consideration, an ostentatious supplicant for public charities. In this character he is one morning surprised by a visit from her.

"It was two o'clock; a burning summer's sun scorched my side of the street; my blinds were closely drawn; upon my table was a most charming bouquet of roses; my apartment was fresh and brilliant, lighted only by a single joyous sunbeam, which victorious over all obstacles, and coloured by my white and blue curtains, fell upon an exquisite head of Madonna, which seemed fresh from the pencil of Raphael. That young beauty was ushered in. She was alone, she was full dressed, she fanned the perfumed air of my apartment, and on her countenance I retraced the lively carnation which had before struck me. I received her with marked attention and kindness; she who had not taken the least notice of me in the crowd of society, had come to me, at an hour as improper as if it had been evening. She was sitting there, opposite to me, looking at me, speaking to me—there for me.

"'You have come to see me at length, my fair Henriette,' said I to her, as I handed her a chair, in the style of a man who addresses an old acquaintance, or rather like one who knows whom he is addressing, and who begins without

ceremony. ‘Henriette!’ rejoined she, ‘do you know my baptismal name?’ ‘And Charlot, Henriette; what has become of Charlot?’ ‘Charlot?’ and she stared at me, as if trying to recollect if she knew me, or it might be, to dissemble all knowledge of Charlot. This forgetfulness pierced my heart. ‘Yes, Charlot,’ rejoined I, more moved than before. ‘Charlot, that you loved so much, that you embraced with transport; Charlot, the gentle Charlot, whom you cantered in the plain of Vauvres; Charlot, who one day caused you to drop your straw bonnet; that poor Charlot that I have seen!'

‘She drew out a little album, bound in morocco, with steel corners, and without replying to what I had uttered, said, ‘I collect on behalf of the Foundling Institution; how much will you give me?’ ‘Nothing.’ ‘Do, I beg of you, for the love of me. At the last collection I had one hundred and twenty francs more than Mademoiselle de —. I shall be miserable if she surpasses me to-day.’ ‘Do you know what a foundling is?’ exclaimed I with vehemence. ‘Not yet,’ replied she. ‘Go and learn it then, and after you have passed through the hospital—miserable, faded, trembling, covered with shame, come hither, call my servant, speak to him of Charlot, and I will give you alms.’”

Some time after, yielding to an accidental flow of spirits, he resolves to enjoy one day of happiness—to give himself up to the illusions of his imagination. Insensibly he is led to direct his steps upon Vauvres, and finds himself in the garden of the tavern of the Bon Lapin. While recalling to mind the joyous hours he had passed beneath its arbours, he perceived at the further end of the garden a fine lady, richly dressed.

“She was seated opposite a handsome young man, who seemed to speak to her with warmth, while she listened with anger or disdain. The attitude of this woman attracted my attention, the elegance of her form made me anxious to see her face. I know not what vague presentiment it was that told me I should recognize her, but I looked in vain; she did not turn her head. At the same moment, an infirm old man, led by a female equally advanced in years, entered the garden, and begged an alms. There was nothing unbecoming in his tone, nothing plaintive in his voice. I pitied him. After me, he addressed himself to the fine lady. She repulsed him rudely, and he was on the point of departing, when, having examined her more closely, ‘Wife,’ said he to his companion, ‘how very like our daughter that lady is.’ The poor woman heaved a deep sigh—at a glance she had recognized her child. The old man would have embraced her, would have pardoned her, but she turned away with disgust. ‘In the name of thy grey-haired sire, I conjure you, my child, to acknowledge your parents, who have so long bewailed your loss!’ and she averted her head. ‘In the name of

heaven,’ exclaimed the mother, ‘recognize us, for we forgive you!’ Silent still. ‘In the name of Charlot,’ exclaimed I, ‘turn your eyes upon your aged father, on his knees before you!’ The old couple stretched forth their arms, but at the name of Charlot she arose, and with averted head left the garden, followed by the young man, whose amazement was visible in his countenance.”

But awful retribution is at hand—Henriette is fast approaching the rapids, which are to hurl her down to the lowest depths of degradation, misery, and crime. After a quick transition from her high and palmy state of splendour and opulence, to the loathsome of the hospital, and from the hospital to the lowest haunts of infamy, she is plunged into a dungeon for murder. He feels a kind of infernal joy at finding that by this crime she is his—entirely his, until she shall be delivered over to the executioner, and he resolves not to stop until he shall have placed her beneath a tomb. He obtains admission to the prison, where, through an aperture in her dungeon, he watches whole days the demeanour of the captive, and studies her slightest motion. She proves *enclente*, and is removed to the Bourbe. There he visits her, after she has become a mother.

“The word mother carries with it something to be respected, even at the Bourbe. A woman yielding her breast to a child—that child who draws its existence from her—that tender and attentive protection which she alone is capable of bestowing upon it—that little heart which begins to beat upon that maternal bosom—all this begets a forgetfulness of the crimes of a woman—of all her treachery and weakness: it would seem as if the love she bears her child absolved her from the consequences of all the rest—that the life which she has given replaces the life she has taken away. With these feelings I entered the apartment on the morning Henriette was to die. Her calmness, her attitude, and all that I knew of her early years, and of her horrible misfortunes, produced a violent effect upon me. I begged to be left alone with her; her child lay asleep upon her bosom. I approached her. ‘Do you recollect me?’ said I. She raised her eyes, and by a motion of her head, gave me to understand that she did. It was easy to perceive how much it cost her. ‘Henriette,’ said I, ‘you see before you one who has adored, who still loves you; if you have any last request to make, confide it to me—I will see it complied with.’ She spoke not a word in reply, but there was a tenderness in her look—poor girl! if you had given me such a look at a former period—but one such look, you had been mine—mine for ever, and I had been wholly thine. ‘Henriette,’ said I, ‘it is then true you must die. So young, so beautiful—you, who might have been my wife—who might have brought up our young family, and enjoyed a happy existence; and, at length, an aged grandmother, with silver locks, die on

some fine autumnal evening, without pain, surrounded by your grandchildren: but a few moments, and adieu for ever.' She still continued mute—she pressed her infant to her breast, and wept. They were the first tears I had observed her shed. I watched them gently trickling down her cheeks; her child received them all. Thus bathed in tears, I looked upon that child as my own.—'At all events,' said I, 'this infant shall be my son'—The door opened before I had concluded the sentence—'That child is mine!' said a man who entered. I turned round, and recognized the jailor of the prison. 'I have come in search of my child,' continued he, 'it shall not be in the keeping of another. Come, Henri,' added he, drawing from a box a white cloth; and approaching the mother without looking at her, he seized the infant as delicately as he could; the poor little creature slept suspended from its mother's bosom—violence was necessary to remove it from that place whence it drew the principle of its existence. The mother remained passive—the infant was enveloped in the cloth, and carefully placed in the box. The old jailor was triumphant. 'Come, Henri,' said he, 'the mother dishonours not the child, and you shall not be touched by Charlot.' He departed—it was time that he did so. "Charlot!" Henriette raised her eyes at the word. 'Charlot?' said she, in an unaltered voice, 'what does he mean?' and she trembled with emotion. 'Alas!' said I, 'Charlot in the prison dialect signifies executioner.' 'I recollect it,' she replied, adding, with an expression indicative of grief and regret—'Oh! how guilty I am—what severe warnings did you give me! what a name you pronounced in my ears, without its being possible to misunderstand you. What days of happiness lost! what misery incurred by not having listened to you! For I understood you—I felt your meaning. I remembered all; I loved you as you loved me, but I thought myself humbled—degraded, and from that hour I date my ruin. Forgive—forgive me;—in the name of Charlot forgive me!' and she held out her arms to me, and I felt her burning cheek touch mine. It was the first and last time."

Then follow, in rapid succession, the Place de Grève, with its terrific apparatus, its gay and heartless ministers, and its assembled thousands of spectators: the execution, the burial in unhallowed ground—nothing is wanting to the terrible finishing of the picture. He purchases the body of the deceased for three hundred francs, in spite of a gentle request from the executioner's daughter, who besought her father, with a most sweet smile, to grant her the fine black hair of the convict to make a tower. He superintends the burial with care and tenderness, but the next day, when he visits the tomb, he finds that it had been robbed for the school of medicine, while the women of the neighbourhood had appropriated the grave clothes to their own use. "I then

found," he says, "that had it been otherwise, her miserable destiny had not been entirely accomplished!" Charlot had long before been devoured by dogs at the Barrière du Combat.

Such is Mr. Janin's first sally into the regions of the terrible in fiction. That the production is gloomy, exaggerated, and sometimes disgusting in its details, breathing of shocking realities, as well as trenching too closely on the confines of decency, it is useless to deny; that it has, with all its faults, an air of *veritasemblance*, a positive identity with what is actually passing in the world around us, it would be impossible to controvert.

From the same.

COMMON INCIDENTS.

THE sun had set in a shabby and, I may add, an untradesman-like manner,—considering that the city of London was under his immediate controul as to day-light. He had been encroaching himself in a sort of pancake-looking shroud ever since one o'clock, partially "suspending his payments," like many hundreds of the bustling trowser'd tribe that waddled beneath his beams; and preparing, like them too, to perpetrate his final "systole." The gentleman's complete insolvency becoming public long before three o'clock, I was most inconsiderately left to pack, as well as I could, two portmanteaux, which I had stationed on two chairs near my lodging windows. My suburban locality enabled me to command the view of a quiet assemblage of countless cabbages, covering an immeasurable area of land. The constant identity of the Savoy scene, was judiciously relieved by the cacophony of a cooper, who "practised in chambers" in the yard below. When engaged in what he called "heading" and finishing off, the prevailing sounds were not select enough to be pronounced truly delightful: in fact, his lucubrations were an acoustic calamity; and I felt but little commiseration for him, on *hearing* that his business fell off daily. I must however confess, that the fellow was malleable enough, considering; for when I tossed him out a shilling, —the understood fee for a reprieve,—he manumitted his hammer, and regaled at an adjacent tap until he became beastly drunk, so that he had, evidently, some faint notions of decency.

The fog soon compelled me to address myself to my candle box; and thence soliciting one of the gloomy *sizes* which found refuge therein, I bade it go forth and grapple with our mutual fuliginous antagonist. And now a splendid emanation in the shape of Jockey-Boots, from the museum of that Archimedes—Hoby, was duly disposed of, with a few other valuables, in one of my portmanteaux. I commenced the lower works of the other with a stratum of white cords; my dress suit followed; and the exhibition closed with my cravats, enclosed in my cambric-frilled shirts. If any

wonder exist at the threatened exit of a *Kit*, so admittedly exclusive at that period, from a back-room lodging second floor, it remains for me to remind the rising generation, that, no longer ago than a quarter of a century, any *bachelor* of gentlemanly manners, education, and connexions, who could command a clean shirt and a decent suit, had seldom occasion to skulk clandestinely into Williams' Boiled Beef Shop, 89, Old Bailey, for his "feed."

The tables of many amiable families always commanded a cover for him, after a first introduction. Few ever inquired or ever cared where he lodged; and those who were guilty of such gothic coarseness of tact were unhesitatingly *labelled*, and had their places assigned them among other cloudy samples of uncrysalizable vulgarity.

Having finished packing, my bodily investment occupied little time or care, proposing, as I did, to travel all night by the coach. Instead, therefore, of taking a farewell dinner with one of my town acquaintance, I requested my landlady to get me a chop and a potatoe. Not being, either in a position or a mood to exert any epicurean hypercriticism upon the culinary effusions of my hostess, I experienced but a few trifling convulsive twitches at its appearance, when I found that the animal portion of my meal had been *fried*, and the vegetable ditto *roasted*; the more especially as the former seemed to enjoy a most exemplary quietude, in a perfect looking-glass of fat. But as to the roasted esculent, the deviation seemed to infer an offensive and personal reflection upon my moral habits, for all civilized communities know, that a man who would eat a roasted potatoe would stick at nothing.

After having transmitted a porter with my luggage, I proceeded to the coach-office. My inside place assumed, I tranquilly resigned myself to that moral abstraction which a man of 23 may be supposed to indulge in, on the eve of a matrimonial excursion. The silken links of my imaginative chain were rudely dislocated by the coach-door opening to give ingress to a methodical sort of a man, endowed with a head displaying the unruffled uniformity of surface presented by an early kidney potatoe. A few remarks, exploded by this personage, allusive to the state of the markets at Manchester and Bristol, corroborated by the material existence of four books of patterns which he released from his pockets and deposited in the seat of the coach, dismissed all question as to the *calling* of my fellow traveller. I booked him, of course, as a tailor's bagman.

Two very fat elderly ladies, evidently sisters, and whose sex, to have judged solely from their countenances, would have puzzled a fairish physiologist, were soon ushered inside to complete our number, and we made progress through the inn-yard and gateway in solemn silence, nor do I remember that this taciturn disposition of our party, seemingly adopted by

mutual consent, was much, if at all intruded upon during our journey to Bristol. From time to time we separately went through the usual ordeal of sullen coachmen claiming their shilling or eighteen-pence; neither was there withheld, from the refreshment-needing and time-stinted traveller, the solacing tribute of British brandy-and-water *boiling hot at the coach-door*. The man of patterns appeared somewhat attentive to the calls of hunger, as he managed, by dint of repeated importunities, to dissipate a Bologna sausage, as thick as the cartridge of a six-pounder.

On our arrival at Bristol, I lost no time in obtaining a passage for the shores of Monmouthshire, where, at the house of an old and valued acquaintance, I fully anticipated meeting, as visitors, an elderly relect, with her only daughter, in whose future prospects I felt a more than ordinary interest. My host was a retired West India planter, of sober age, lately married to a spinster-heiress, who at some remote, but not to be nicely ascertained period of her life, had been five and forty. She was not a "good one"—she was many degrees distant from a good one. She was as the fruit of a crab-slip grafted upon a sloe-tree stem—sour and astringent.

I met Eliza, my fully intended, and alone too, in the park, while crossing it, in my impatience to arrive at the mansion of my friend. We walked and talked, brushing away the crackling hoar-frost which sparkled beneath our feet. The naked trees spread their straggling arms, whitened with rime, and sighed to the northern gale, which swept beneath the cold blue sky. I began to be sentimental:—"Now, dearest Eliza," I exclaimed, as my arm was raised to encircle her waist, "have your own arguments, aided by my unremitting correspondence with your mother, had the effect of removing her scruples to sanction an union, without which life and future prospects are but as a blank to me!"

Here my effusion was interrupted by a noise resembling the fall of some heavy body, followed by two consecutive sounds of incidental and lighter projectiles, vehemently cast upon the turf. On turning round, I beheld the Welch rascal to whom I had entrusted my luggage, sprawling like a walrus ashore, with my portmanteaux a little in advance of his carcass. The wretch had received orders to go round to the mansion by the carriage-road, but having much affected the appearance of a neat public-house, in a village that skirted the park paling, over which I had trespassed, he had dallied awhile with the inmates, and decided to follow my example, to make up lost time. This was not the worst of it; the fellow's assiduity had been so exemplary, that he was beastly, mortally drunk. I looked down in despair upon the disreputable vagabond, as he struggled to recover his footing, and felt personally involved in the disgrace.

A horseman, accompanied by a servant in

livery and two grey-hounds, now came cantering in the distance, and Eliza ran to meet them. I immediately followed, and shortly recognized my friend and host; the scene was soon explained to him; his servant took charge of my effects: and the bibulous transgressor was paid and dismissed.

After having transacted the indispensable to my toilet, I glimmered into the drawing-room, and was there introduced to the other visitors. These consisted of a Mr. Groutledge, own brother to my hostess, with his wife and two daughters, Iphigenia and Musidora. Then followed the 'Heer' Grave van Raven, a count of Belgico-Dutch extraction. He was a *svillow*, tall, middle-aged man, surmounted by a furiously wild *chevelure*, through the mazes of which, he incessantly thrust the fingers of his left hand, divorced from each other at right angles of twenty-five degrees. I scarcely know which his hair best imitated, a collection of whale-bone shavings, or the bristles of a porcupine imperfectly saturated with Hunt's matchless. The hideous profusion of gloomy dismal reeds and rushes, sprung out, in part, from a spongy parsnip-coloured forehead, most ruthlessly dibbled by the small-pox. His eyes were strictly national. His nose had apparently commenced its journey in classic conformity with the noble Roman profile; but, after having described two-thirds of the destined arc, there was an abrupt descent of the cartilage, in the form of a valley, from which suddenly emerged a hillock, whose obtuse apex enabled it to give expansion to a pair of nostrils, assimilating in diameter, those of a Billiaceous dray-horse. His upper lip and chin had been decisively of surreptitious acquirement; either in the shape of murder and theft, or a foreclosed mortgage on the person of a Siamese baboon.

When dinner was announced, we all rose, and as there were three males in company, my seniors in age, I naturally wished to show due deference to their years, by allowing them to couple with the three old women, on the way to the dining-room; and prepared myself to gain the arm of Eliza. But my lady hostess, who seemed to have guessed my purpose, instantly sailed forward, and offered me her arm, at the same time directing the abominable Van Raven to attend upon my coveted partner. At the dinner table, I had the felicity of being regaled with the landscape of his face grimacing '*à l'impossible*' to the beauty I adored. Eliza's mother, sat contemplating the sacrilege, with the most confirmatory composure;—and suddenly a flood of fire broke in upon my veins. I now wondered, and was shocked at my own dulness, in not having noticed a hundred incidents, tending to bear upon the fact I dreaded. As the inferences which I drew darkened into conviction, I thrust my soup plate from before me, refused every delectable dish, and helped myself to some boiled brisket of beef—an enormity, which I mortally execrate. The

Heer van Raven appeared perfectly at his ease, and quite content with his companion; the fellow even opened wide his pewter eyes, and coolly asked me to take wine.

Whilst employed in ruminating upon my beef, I witnessed some murderous efforts of my hostess to develope a couple of fine woodcocks, upon whose mangled carcases her *mistaken* knife and fork had produced an effect equal to the ravages of an exploded shell. I instantly proffered my services, to appease the lowering frown of her husband, who silently deplored the havoc.

Meantime a light cloud of vulgarity tainted the atmosphere of Mrs. Groutledge, who indulged in the dubious practice of making a selection of morsels on her own plate, and shooting them, by aid of her knife, with remorseless perseverance into that of her husband, occasionally uttering the anodyne remark, that "they always did so at home." This little interesting and confidential disclosure did not appear to be duly appreciated by my host; on the contrary, he looked most dialectically disgusted.

The lady-company soon retired. On our *reunion* with them in the drawing-room, I took my seat by the side of Eliza, at the piano, where she was preparing to join Musidora in a duet. Just as I had made up my mind to retain my station all the evening, so as completely to exclude any objectionable proximity of the detested Van Raven to Eliza, the clearest and most brilliant tones of a flute suddenly glided into the harmony of the female performers, combining the most powerful intonation and the most exquisite taste and expression, with such a rapidity of execution as I had never heard equalled, or even nearly approached. The piano ceased as if by enchantment, and forth from behind the folding-leaves of the skreen egressed the bowing Van Raven, with the magic instrument beneath his arm. Of course, his powers were again and again enlisted in the service of the fair instrumentalists, and it would be paltry and little of me not to confess that he was evidently a musician of the highest order.

On a move to the supper table being proposed, I offered Eliza my arm, and followed the last of the company. During the short *tête-à tête* which the brief promenade permitted, I found my worst fears confirmed; the Heer Raven was openly approved as the future son-in-law of the old woman;—the title of countess for her daughter being so intoxicating as to determine her not to hesitate a moment.

A coursing party was fixed by our host for the next morning, and the sun's first glance had hardly fallen upon the frosted windows of the stables, ere we found him among his stud. Each soon *had* his mounting assigned him. The drab-coloured trowsers of Groutledge struck me as hardly "the thing" in such cases and though the close-fitting light-blue pantaloons and Hessian boots of the Dutchman of-

fered a shade more pretension, they still were, in the most charitable construction, eminently vulgar.

I took occasion to solicit a moment's conversation with the Heer, and he politely assented. "Now, Monsieur Le Comte," said I, "as you are without doubt aware that I am the accepted lover of Miss Eliza, you will instantly, as a gentleman, see the propriety of my requiring you to withdraw any pretension you may have formed to that young lady's hand: at all events, after you have satisfied yourself by personal reference, that your further attentions will prove offensive to herself."

The Comte paused an instant, either to make his decision, or to arrange his language; for it is true that he had no little conceit of his powers in our island orthography and accentuation.

"I shall be tell you, sare," replied he, stretching his hessian'd legs, and causing his right hand and head to gesticulate with the synchronous exactitude of a paralytic mandarin, as he spoke—"I shall be tell you, sare, to consign my claims for that amiable partner of my future days, who enjoy the *privilege* of my affection, and has the consent of the parent yield to my wishes. You are, Mistare, to know that my titles and my properties give my suits very preferably to your own. You have now my sentiment, nor do I believe myself in the case to change of intention."

Having effected this sputter, his nostrils expanded like the crimsoned wings of the Flamingo.

"Un moment, Monsieur," said I, as he wheeled round—"my card."

He bowed; but gave me to understand that, situated as he was, he felt no repugnance in flatly declining a meeting. He now dashed his toe into the stirrup, and attempting a sprightly vault, reached the saddle with a sonorous fracture of his tight blues. Before he had well attained his seat, he checked the reins suddenly, the mare backed precipitately, and *declined* him over her right ear. A groom came forward and picked his hat up—the Heer picked himself up.

Arrived at the coursing ground, we had several excellent runs. At length we got sight of a fine spanking mare which had obtained a very considerable start of us over the high ground. The dogs were slipped; my host rode hard to lay them in, and away we sped after him, until a broad old fence of blackberry-brambles and sloe bushes opposed our comet-career; the Heer dared not either take the leap, or dash through it; he had dismounted, and was ingloriously trying to grub his way with his hunting whip, and lead his mare through. Something pernicious and implacable shot through my feelings at the moment, I obeyed it. Riding full and determined at the opening gap, and giving the Heer one short hollow, when he was close under my nose, I drove my horse through the fence, scattering

like chaff before the wind in advance of me, the hat, whip, and rueful corporate material of the Belgic projectile. Pulling up as soon as I calculated he could have got himself decently together again, I retrograded, and exclaimed affectionately, "You are hurt Mynheer, perhaps;"—although, really, a profusion of bramble scratches, a very considerable hemorrhage from the nasal glands, and an eye hermetically sealed by the simultaneous conjunction of two precocious black puddings, the one above and the other beneath, were the only pathognomonic evidences, strictly speaking, of the *feat* he had performed. My interest in the phenomenon having ceased, I rode on to join my companions.

Long before dinner I received the cartel of the Heer in due form. I replied, by fixing Bristol and pistols as the place and arms;—time I left to himself; and courteously added, that if he gave a preference to the small sword, I should yield him the privilege. Briefly recapitulating the correspondence to "mine host," I took leave on one of his horses, after having dispatched a letter to a friend at Bath, requesting him to assist me in the meditated amusement.

The immediate arena for contest, was just beneath the marly fortification of the Romans, on Clifton Downs, close to the windmill. Van Raven's friend was an acute little Frenchman, and evidently a *militaire* of some pretension. He bowed in a superb style to my friend—took the pistol-case from his hands, and examined the sample. "Ah! par exemple, voilà des pistolets délicieux. Voyons donc l'épée, mon cher.—Eh! ma foi si j'ose vous conseiller—tenez—un petit instant: je m'en vais vous faire voir." He then unrolled from his cloak, two plain small swords, classically adapted to their work; and, presenting one to my friend, apologized for the liberty he took, apprising him that his principal had availed himself of the permission to choose his weapon;—a concession on our part for the *honnêteté* of which he hardly knew how to make suitable acknowledgments.

A few passes soon made it clear to me, that my antagonist was no novice in the art. His eye was quick, his arm strong, and his science as perfect as a Dutch school could administer. His very first movement, after crossing my blade, was a powerful and well-directed effort to disarm me. I saw clearly from this, that he held my science, as an Englishman, very light. In our progress, he was induced to change this opinion, and be a little more on his guard; for it happened that I had "graduated" in a French Ecole d'Armes—and before he could recover a clumsy Belgic lunge, intended as a 'finale,' I rapidly consigned his weapon to the turf; and there he stood, grim as a new-crimped Dogger-Bank cod.

He turned about to resume his upper apparel, uttering sundry expletives against his debonnaire friend, whom he upbraided for having

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persuaded him to prefer the small sword. The Frenchman disdainfully denied the charge. 'Tu en as menti—miserable!' screeched the Heer. I instantly walked up, and, thrusting a pistol into my opponent's hand, requested him to confine his quarrel to myself, and make a full meal, if he were still unsatisfied. But the fiery little militaire pushed me aside—snatched the pistol I held, and cried, "Est-ce moi qui en ai menti, polisson que tu es. Je te couperai la figure-sacré Perruquier!" Then giving a preparatory *sip* on the ground, he slapped Mynheer's face, in true foreign pugilistic *règle*. It was too late now to interfere; nor could the Frenchman have been pacified. He strode away from the groupe—wheeled around at twelve paces—and my friend and I were compelled to become bottle-holders.

It was arranged that I should utter, as signals, 'un,'—'deux,'—'trois.' Van Raven levelled as 'un' fell from my lips; and before 'deux' could be pronounced, his adversary's hat was perforated by his ball.

"Sacré cochon!" exclaimed the militaire, who reduced his prim but well-worn beaver to proper discipline, and levelled his barrel as he spoke.

"You shall reserve your fires, sare," shouted the Heer, "since the triggers of my pistols have shot themselves before I was aware of myself."

"Vous me pardonnerez, bien," coolly responded the militaire, who, before the expiration of another moment, scientifically buried his bullet in the *biceps flexor cruris* of his friend. All that humanity could suggest was promptly executed, to alleviate the misfortune of poor Van Raven. We saw him safely conveyed to Clifton, and there left him with his comrade.

Six months after, I learnt that he was united to Eliza's mother, who had previously driven me to the necessity of inducing my beloved to elope. I have since often had occasion to suspect that the appellation, '*Perruquier*', bestowed upon him by the hair-trigger amateur, was not quite irrelevant to Van Raven's early professional avocations. The old lady was no Ninon De l'Enclos. Long before Van Raven saw her, she had ceased to be fascinating. In fact, she had become desperately objectionable—as the mothers of beauties frequently do, when their daughters come into full bloom—to all except those who, blessed with tonic reminiscences, cherish and adore each wrinkle, as being the grave of a by-gone dimple. Her income was, however, not merely nominally inviting to a pecuniary gastronome without a guinea—(nothing has transpired, since the marriage, of the Heer's "properties")—but securely fastened by last will and testament (I abhor its horrid *clause*) on the back of my dear Eliza's estate. He is too phlegmatic to beat his wife—or, it may be, that he makes a passable good husband, because the old lady's provision is saddled on the property, only for her

own life. His hair, I am told, has become more brambly than ever. His nose, however, appears to have been wholly decomposed by the remote and immediate effects of his pop-gun propulsion through the aperture bored by himself in the blackthorn hedge: the nasal feature no longer presents its former pleasing variety of hill and dale,—being now flat as the Lincolnshire fens:—nor does it retain its once admirably soft, suetty tint; but after having flirted with every intermediate shade, from livid purple to yellowish azure, has permanently assumed that carion green hue, which, as the Heer has discovered, is supremely attractive to blue-bottles and blow-flies. K. K.

From the Monthly Magazine.

RAILWAYS AND CANALS.

ALTHOUGH the splendid advantages of the railway system have become already apparent in the mining and manufacturing districts of England, we regret, that more than ordinary opposition has been arrayed against its progress. In the vast and immensely varied and complicated commercial interests of this great nation, it is certain that no improvement can ever arise without producing a partial loss to the few whose capital is invested in works which the improvement supersedes; and in proportion to the extent of the change, is the corresponding disadvantage to former speculators. Thus, the rising powers of the railway system, are bringing on the entire annihilation of many millions of property invested in canals, the alarmed proprietors of which are struggling by Parliamentary opposition, and by distorted and unfounded statements and calculations, through the medium of the press, to stay the progress of these splendid undertakings. Among other publications on this subject, we have been particularly interested by two pamphlet letters upon the comparative merits and advantages of railways and canals, by Mr. Thomas Grahame, a gentleman connected with the Ardrossan, or Paisley canal; and containing a description of certain experiments and observations made at Glasgow in 1832. This writer details the particulars of a novel discovery in the practice of canal navigation, from which it appears, that contrary to all former calculation, the facility of draught is immeasurably increased by the adoption of a rapid pace upon canals; for, in the words of Mr. Grahame, "two horses on the Paisley canal, draw with ease, a passage boat with its complement of seventy-five or ninety passengers, at the rate of ten miles an hour, whilst it would kill even double that number of horses to draw the same load along the canal at the rate of six miles an hour; and it would be decidedly easier to draw the load at the velocity of fifteen miles an hour than at the rate of six miles. The ordinary speed for the conveyance of passengers along the Ardrossan canal, has for two years, been from nine to ten

miles an hour; and, although there are fourteen journeys along the canal per diem, at this rapid speed, the banks of the canal have yet sustained no injury." This important change in the practice of inland water-carriage, is made the foundation by Mr. Grahame, of certain calculations tending to demonstrate the greater cheapness of transit by canals than on railroads; and before proceeding to expose the delusive nature of his statements, we acknowledge with great pleasure, that the pamphlets of Mr. Grahame are only too late to effect any material service to the nation, and would have formed an invaluable communication about twenty or five-and-twenty years ago.

Let us examine a few of Mr. Grahame's other statements:—"the canal conveyance to London," says he, "is already far cheaper than that on railways; and the Liverpool and Manchester railway company, in their competition with the water carriage, have obtained but a very trifling proportion of the traffic from the canals. The expenses of conveying even this fraction of the trade, have been so enormous, as to make it doubtful whether the railway company do not suffer a regular loss upon their carrying trade, which is defrayed from their profits as coachmasters." Now, this is all undoubtedly very true respecting the one particular railway from Liverpool to Manchester—the worst and most extravagantly planned, built, and managed in all the British dominions; but is by no means true of many other railways, such as that from Stockton to Darlington, where the rate of conveyance does not exceed one halfpenny per ton per mile, whilst the rate on the Manchester road is precisely nine times that sum, being twelve shillings per ton for the whole distance, which is thirty miles. The cause of this enormous rate of carriage upon the Liverpool railway, is the great and entirely needless cost of steam power, in the use of which the Directors persevere, at a loss to the public of some hundreds of thousands per annum.

Let us suppose that the use of these steam engines were discontinued, and the entire carrying trade of the railway were performed by horses. First, it is necessary to remark, that a decrease of speed would be altogether immaterial in the conveyance of goods, for the short distance between Liverpool and Manchester, since the wagons might travel in the night; or, starting at three in the morning, might arrive in six hours, drawn by horses, as effectually in time for business as though conveyed as at present in two hours by unnecessary steam. By the substitution of horses, in the place of steam engines, the rate of carriage might be at once reduced from twelve shillings to one shilling per ton!—a change which would effectually shut up the canal—increase the dividend upon the stock of the railway—save almost a million per annum to the merchants of Manchester and Liverpool, and through them, to the mass of the people, who

consume the commodities carried upon the railway.

We prove this assertion by the following calculations. The weight of goods now annually passing between Liverpool and Manchester, amounts to about fourteen hundred thousand tons; and as no canal could compete with a railway at the rate of one shilling per ton, which involves the loss of eleven-twelfths of its present revenue, it is certain, that the whole fourteen hundred thousand tons would thenceforth be carried upon the railway. Now, fourteen hundred thousand shillings at the rate of one shilling per ton, amounts to the annual sum of 70,000*l.*, whilst the expense of conveying these fourteen hundred thousand tons will be shewn to amount to no more than the sum of 23,040*l.*, leaving a profit of 46,960*l.* The average amount of tonnage will be about four thousand tons per diem; and one horse upon a railway can draw twenty-five tons a distance of ten miles, at a pace of five miles an hour, and return with another load of twenty-five tons; thus performing two stages, or twenty miles, and conveying a load of fifty tons per diem. One hundred and sixty horses will, therefore, be required for the conveyance of four thousand tons; and as there will be three stages in a distance of thirty miles, the entire number of horses between Liverpool and Manchester, will amount to four hundred and eighty. The weekly cost of maintaining four hundred and eighty horses, we will estimate at the abundant rate of twenty shillings per horse, intending that sum amongst so large a number, to cover the expense of feeding, stabling, attendance, and other incidental charges. This amounts to the sum of 480*l.* per week; and the annual charge for an establishment of four hundred and eighty horses is, therefore, 23,040*l.*, which sum deducted from 70,000*l.*, leaves a balance of 46,960*l.* for paying the interest upon the stock, the expense of management—the purchase and repair of waggons, and all the general expenses of the railway. The stock upon which interest is paid, amounts to about the sum of 800,000*l.*, the annual interest of which is 40,000*l.* at the rate of five per cent., which must be allowed to be a good return from a concern more substantial, certain, and unfailing, than any real property whatever. Thus, after paying a dividend of five per cent., we have a clear sum of 6,960*l.* remaining for other expenses, from the carriage of goods alone from Liverpool to Manchester. To this sum of 6,960*l.* is to be added the entire revenue derived from passengers, which Mr. Grahame asserts, now pays the entire expenses of the railway, covering also loss upon the conveyance of goods, and yet affording the shareholders a dividend of seven and ten per cent. The entire receipts from passengers we find accordingly to exceed the sum of 200,000*l.* per annum; but as we have already, by the substitution of horses for the conveyance of goods, converted the present loss into a dividend of

five per cent., with a balance of 6,960*l.* remaining for the general expenses of the railway, it follows, that less money will now be required to be made by the conveyance of passengers, and therefore, a corresponding reduction may be made in the rate of passage. We propose, then, to convey the carriages by horses, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, whereby the diminution of the cost by the disuse of steam, added to the vast increase of passengers by the shutting up of the canal, will allow the rate of passage to be lowered from seven shillings, and three shillings and sixpence, to two shillings and one shilling, for each individual; one or two steam carriages being still maintained for the conveyances of the mails and passengers at a superior fare. Thus at this low rate of passage we may reckon upon the receipt of an additional 70,000*l.* per annum, which will give the sum of 40,000*l.* for an additional dividend of five per cent.; (the stock of this railway having risen about one hundred per cent. above par, ten per cent. is required in justice to the recent purchasers,) with a balance of 30,000*l.* remaining to be added to the sum of 6,960*l.* cleared by the carriage of goods. Thus, after paying the shareholders a dividend of full ten per cent., we have the sum of 26,960*l.*, finally remaining for upholding the railway, being upwards of 1,000*l.* per mile for a distance of thirty miles. When, therefore, we see that the affairs of the company will be improved by this change of system, and that a million per annum will be saved to the public, now paid to the steam engine builders and to the Marquis of Stafford, for carrying fourteen hundred thousand tons upon the canal, at the rate of twelve shillings per ton; and when it is remembered, that not the Directors and the shareholders only, but the public generally, are interested in the most economical management of railways, and the consequent reduction of the rate of carriage, and thence, of the necessities of life,—Acts of Parliament, which cause the violation of the property of unwilling individuals, not being passed for the sole benefit of the Directors and stockholders, but for the general welfare,—it is time that a different course of management should be required to be adopted by the Directors of the Liverpool and Manchester railway.

It will undoubtedly be answered, that twenty-five tons, conveyed ten miles in two hours, is an exaggerated estimate of the powers of a horse upon railways. Indeed, in the lectures of Dr. Lardner, upon the steam engine, that learned person is made to estimate the daily performances of a horse at twelve tons conveyed a distance of twenty miles at the rate of two miles an hour. But upon the suppositions and calculations of Dr. Lardner, this is very far from being equal to the conveyance of a load of twenty-five tons, even for a distance of ten miles at the rate of four miles an hour—the rate of draught being represented as decreasing in a very rapid proportion, by an in-

crease of speed, even in the proportion of one hundred and fourteen to fifty-three, from four to seven miles an hour. But with every possible respect for the authority of Dr. Lardner, we beg to suggest, that this is an unfounded and insufficiently considered calculation; for the principle operates in a manner *the very reverse* of this supposition, owing to the increasing *impetus* upon an increased speed, for which Dr. Lardner has made no allowance whatever. This, upon a railway, where the resistance is slight, and the weight conveyed so heavy, is an immense consideration; and if the force of traction be twelve times greater upon a turnpike road than upon a level railway, so the impetus will be twelve times greater upon a railway than upon a turnpike road. It is the increase of impetus which facilitates the draught of the boats upon the Ardrossan canal, when drawn at the rate of twelve miles an hour, as described by Mr. Grahame; for if the towing rope were suddenly to be severed, the boat, without any other propelling power than its own headway, would, probably, proceed for a distance of a quarter of a mile; but if the rope attached to a barge of similar weight, and travelling at the rate of only two miles an hour were similarly severed, the barge would, probably, proceed but a very few yards.

The practice of the Directors of the Ardrossan canal ought undoubtedly to be introduced upon all railways, for similar advantages are produced by an increase of speed in land carriage; and this indeed may be illustrated by the instance of the Birmingham mail, as described by Dr. Lardner. He says, that "the mail weighs two tons, and is conveyed at the rate of ten miles an hour." Therefore, at the rate of one hundred and fourteen, at four miles an hour, to thirty-two at ten miles an hour, the same four horses would draw the Birmingham mail, though it weighed more than seven tons and a half, which is known to be double the load of the four-horse wagons of the London coal merchants, though not travelling at a rate exceeding two miles an hour. But if the Birmingham mail weigh two tons, many of the stage-coaches are heavier built, and carrying sixteen passengers, with due proportion of goods, will weigh more than four tons, and yet travel at the rate of ten miles an hour; to correspond to which, the weight to be drawn at the rate of four miles an hour would amount to more than fifteen tons, which of course could not be moved by any four horses in the world. Therefore, we entertain no doubt whatever that a rapid rate of conveyance, with short stages, and rest and refreshment intervening, is the most economical expenditure of the powers of the horse, and contrary to the doctrine of Dr. Lardner, that twenty-four tons may thus be conveyed with incomparably more facility at the rate of five miles an hour, the proper pace for an English cart-horse, than twelve tons at the rate of two miles an hour. The experience of Mr. Grahame, "that it is much

easier to draw a boat along a canal at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, than at the lower velocity of six miles," is equally true with reference to railways; but though twelve tons, according to the estimate of Dr. Lardner, were the utmost daily performance of a horse, conveying that load for a distance of twenty miles, still the number between Manchester and Liverpool would only be required to be doubled, at an increase of the expense of 23,040*l.* per annum, which sum would amount to an additional charge of four pence per ton upon the conveyance of goods, and even at the extreme charge of one shilling and four pence per ton, it cannot be contended that the railway would continue to be opposed by the tedious canal.

I do not assert that horse power is in reality cheaper than the steam-engine, upon a properly constructed railway; but the Liverpool and Manchester, and all other yet existing railways, are inapplicable altogether to the economical use of steam locomotive power, and were probably not projected for the use of any other than horses in the conveyance of goods.

Enough has already been said, however, to prove that no comparison whatever exists in the cost of conveyance by railways and canals, for we have seen that upon the Manchester and Liverpool railway, a charge of one shilling per ton produces a splendid dividend of ten per cent., by the employment of horses alone; from which it follows, that for a distance of one hundred and twelve miles, the estimated length of the London and Birmingham railway, the charge will not exceed three shillings and six-pence per ton; whereas the present cost of conveyance by the canal, from Birmingham to London, is *three pounds per ton*—almost twenty times the rate upon a well managed rail-road. And as the railway is thus a more substantial, cheap, and durable conveyance, never obstructed in the winter, and requiring none of the immense expenditure for cleaning out, and attendance and repair of locks, banks, and walks, it is certain that the canal will be no longer able to compete with the railway. With regard to the wide difference in the cost of steam locomotive engines, as compared to the labour of horses upon rail-roads, we believe the true cause to be in the entire inapplicability of the steam-engine, in its yet cumbrous construction, to the purposes of motion. The friction and enormous weight of so monstrous a mass of iron, coal, and water, added to the load of the usual train of wagons, is calculated to defeat even the stupendous powers of the steam-engine. A locomotive engine may be justly compared to a moving animal, the load of fuel and of water corresponding to the provender and water of the horse; and a steam coach or a locomotive engine on a railway, moves under the disadvantage of a horse burthened, in addition to a load, with his own supplies of water, provender, and corn. The wear of locomotive engines upon the Manchester and Liverpool railway, has, from this cause,

proved so expensive, as materially to defeat the advantages of this great work; for an engine of the value of one thousand pounds does not endure for a period of three months, and thirty-six locomotives are required to be maintained, to supply the daily complement of six. Previously to the opening of the Manchester railway, no just experiment had indeed been made of the cost of locomotive steam power, and until the steam engine shall be yet vastly simplified in its construction, we hold that its cost will be fatal to its use, and that the interests of the shareholder and the public require, that for the present it should be abandoned.

When reduced to their lowest practicable cost for conveyance, boundless indeed will be the results of the railways, which, at an early day, will throw their giant arms across the commercial divisions of this great empire. Cities now covering a circumference of miles will die away—dispossessed of their peculiar advantages, from the vicinity of harbours, rivers, coal, and the useful metals; the most inland districts will enjoy the advantages of sea-port towns; and property will become equalized in value, to the most distant portions of the kingdom. The rail-road projected from London to Dover will alone overturn the grandeur, and even the very foundations of the modern Babylon—for it will assign to Dover the entire shipping business of London, and finally close the Thames. The expensive and circuitous navigation of the Downs and the river will be avoided—millions per annum, now paid for pilotage, dock dues, and the innumerable charges of the Thames, will be saved to the commerce of the kingdom—the sea-faring population will be drawn off from the pestilential haunts of the port of London—and the plough will soon pass over the ancient and filthy towns upon the Thames; the banks of which will exhibit a beautiful, still, and natural scene—a most desirable view, although anticipated by Volney with great regret. For London is one immense monopoly—engrossing through the court, the East India Company, the Bank of England, and the various departments of the government, the expenditure of almost all the revenue of the country; draining and weakening the provinces. The distribution, and not the accumulation of wealth, should be the true object of all commercial legislation—and the rail-road projected from Dover to Birmingham should receive the most zealous support of the government, if only to scatter the stagnant treasures of London through the impoverished and distant inland districts of the kingdom.

It is, indeed, to be most deeply regretted, that the opposition experienced in the upper House of Parliament should cast so disheartening a prospect upon these splendid undertakings. Upon the Birmingham and London rail-road alone, the parliamentary expenses have already amounted to the vast sum of 40,000*l.*; and it is not reduced to a certainty,

that the expenditure of double that sum will ensure the passing of the bill. This forms so great a proportion of the expense to be incurred for the entire undertaking, that we would suggest to the directors of that and similar works, that measures may be taken to obviate the necessity of applications to Parliament at all. The immense sums thus expended, would abundantly suffice for carrying a railway, by a private company, though by a more circuitous course, and through the lands of consenting proprietors. When it is remembered that the splendid canal undertakings of the late Duke of Bridgewater were executed by one private fortune, and without any parliamentary advantages whatever, we cannot doubt that, amongst the wealthy speculators in this great nation, there are abundant resources for the intersection of the kingdom with railways, carried on from town to town by private individuals, or small companies alone. It is indeed devoutly to be wished, that in the present stagnant condition of our commerce, these works may be seen to proceed with rapidity, and that the renovated spirit of our reformed institutions may influence the progress of a system, the results of which will be boundless to the future welfare of mankind.

From the same.

SUPPER SCENE WITH COLOCOTRONI.

In the summer of 1827 I sailed from Sicily as supercargo of a Genoese brig, laden with salt and warlike stores for the use of the Greeks. The Sicilian salt is considered by epicures to be the finest in the world, and is the more valuable in Greece, as the salt of the latter country has more similitude to coarse dirty saltpetre, than to that most useful and universal of condiments. Having a discretionary power as to the disposal of the cargo, and not choosing that it should fall into the hands of a private individual, I avoided the populous ports of Hydra and Spezia—well knowing how strongly the organ of acquisitiveness is usually developed in the inhabitants of those islands—and ran into Castri, the ancient Hermione, situated on the southern coast of the Argolide. It is now a miserable village, consisting of two or three dozen wretched huts, and inhabited solely by tillers of the ground, and tenders of flocks.

The time of my arrival was just prior to the meeting of the Synkleusis, or National Assembly, and the whole country was divided upon the important question whether Damala, or Castri should be the place of meeting—the Archipelagians declaring they would meet at no other place than Damala, and the Peninsulars—laudably emulating their obstinacy—persisting in vindicating the right which they affirmed Castri had to that distinguished honour. The existing government having, in conjunction with the islanders, given their voice for Damala, Colocotroni, who has a spice of the

Tory in him, and opposes each government of which he does not form a part, or which does not satisfy the insatiable cravings of his avarice, had, as a matter of course, taken part with the Peninsulars; and, being determined that there should be, if not a national, at any rate an assembly at Castri, had made his bivouac there, bringing with him four or five hundred Moreotes, and the half-Turk, half-Greek hoary old lord of the fruitful vineyards of Gastouni, old Sessini, the Talleyrand of the Peloponnesus.

I had scarcely dropped anchor amid the beautiful ruins of the ancient port of Hermione, when I was hailed by a boat, from which a Tchaous* stepped on board, who after the usual salutation inquired—"What ship is this?"—"The San Lorenzo."—"Anglice?"—"No! Genovese."—"Where from?"—"Palermo."—"Whither bound?"—"Don't know."—"What is her cargo?"—"Various: chiefly salt."—"Show me some."

I ordered a basket of it to be brought up, and the Tchaous, after cautiously tasting it, burst into an exclamation of surprise and delight. "Ma to Theon! Ti paraxino pragma! (Oh! you Virgin, what a wonderful matter!) Salt it is not! it is snow. What a beautiful thing is Frank salt!"

He then requested of me the basket for the table of his Excellency. "Who," said I, "is his Excellency?"

"What news is this!" exclaimed he; "do you not know that his Excellency, the General Colocotroni, Commander-in-Chief of the armies of Peloponnesus, has sat down in Castri to await the assembling of the deputies?"

"But how," said I, "should I know all this—I, who come from Sicily?"

"True," said he, "but ekiete roomee? (Have you any rum on board?)"

"Yes!—Vera! fabrica de Jamaica."

"Oh! beautiful! Let us have a bottle of it up."

As I did not care to let it be known that I understood Greek, the above conversation was carried on in a *lingua franca*, an *olla podrida* of tongues, chiefly French and Italian. The Tchaous's exclamations were, however, made in his native dialect. The bottle of "roomi" was brought, and after having drunk a glass of it, he smacked his lips, and chuckled—"Forza! Spirito! Panagiotaki Kerata,"† added he, ad-

* Tchaous is a word borrowed in common with many others from the Turks. The rank of the Tchaous may be compared to that of a Lieutenant, though his authority seldom extends over more than ten or a dozen men.

† The rum Vera fabrica de Jamaique, which is so much esteemed in the Levant, is neither more nor less than three-water grog, well sweetened, and sells for fourpence a bottle. I need not add that my rum was of another quality.

‡ Kerata is translated by the Italians "cornuto," and by the French "coco." The epithet is, generally, when applied in anger, accompanied, by holding up two fingers to the forehead; and he who makes use of it does it at the risk of his life, as the Greeks, though careless of anything that may be said of the honour which is in their own keeping, are especially tenacious of any imputation on that which is in the custody of their wives; and, strange to say, whether married or not, the word kerata is equally offen-

dressing one of his attendants; "go to the General, and tell him here is a Frank dog, whose ship is laden with salt that is whiter than the ghost of the great grandfather of all the Franks, And *roomi*, tell him—vera fabrica de Jamaica! Ogligura keratopolis—Ide morée! Begone! you blockhead."

Panagiotaiki Kerata went over the side with all the agility, and something of the style of a scared monkey. The Tchaous, after taking a second draught of the "spirito," distributed the rest amongst his comrades.

"Signor Capitano," said he, "his Excellency the General Commander-in-Chief of the armies of Peloponessus loves rum; and, moreover, it is usual when a Frank ship arrives to make a present to the Megalopsekos, the great soul of the place—that is, if there be a great soul—and likewise to his officers."

"I will send his Excellency a dozen bottles, and you will perhaps accept of three for yourself."

"Meta khacas! (With joy!)—may you flourish for a thousand centuries! Have you any barooty*—any gunpowder!"

"No," said I, "but I have some coal."

"Oh Kaimeno! I am burnt—no gunpowder, but coal!—what thing is this?"

I ordered one of the men to bring up a basket of coal, and, in the meantime, endeavoured to explain to him its uses.

"Ah," said he, "I am down upon you—(few persons are aware that this is purely a Greek idiom)—it is charcoal!"

The basket was placed before him, and having persuaded himself that it was *bond fidé* charcoal and of no greater weight, he attempted to lift a huge lump of it, but not having put sufficient strength to it, he lost his equ poise, and tumbled head foremost into the basket. He jumped up in a fierce passion—swore with an oath that my mother was an impure person—that he had been very familiar with my faith—that the Franks were all liars, and that he was too cunning to believe that the devil himself would ever think of making a fire with black stones, and ended, by attempting to fire his pistol at the coal, but it flashed in the pan, which Greek pistols very often do. I calmed his rage by taking him forward to the caboose, and shewing him the coal in combustion. Snatching up a small quantity, he put it in his pipe and smoked it; finding it unpleasant, he tasted a piece raw, carefully wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and deposited it in his pocket.

sive. This does not prevent it being applied jocularly, as a term of familiarity, and its diminutive *keratopolis*, even of endearment, being in universal use between parents and children.

* Barooty: the Greeks are particularly fond of fine English sprouting powder, which they use for priming only, as the extreme coarseness of their own unfits it for such a purpose. You can make a Greek no more acceptable present than an ounce or two of fine powder—excepting always, money.

† Till the arrival of the *pompori* or steam-boat, the Greeks, with some few exceptions, could form no idea of mineral coal, and the landing of the first cargo at Napoli created as much sensation as the news of a great victory.

The discovery of the fact that Frank fires were fed with black stones, completely overwhelmed the faculties of the poor Tchaous. For the combustion of such material he could find no parallel, and he who had come on board as proud as a Padisha, prepared to quit the brig as humble as a chidden dog. The individual who held the main ropes squinted after a most sinister fashion, with his left eye. The Tchaous started back as though Apollyon had bestrode his path, but suddenly recollecting the counter-charm, he spat copiously over his shoulders, first to the right and then to the left, and blowing in the man's face as he passed him, descended to his boat, which by this time had returned. He sat himself sulkily down in the stern-sheets, and commenced making the sign of the cross, which is done by the Greeks as follows:—They join the thumb and two first fingers to represent the Trinity, and then, pretending to pick up dirt from the ground, they touch the forehead, the pit of the stomach, the left breast, and then the right; which series of actions the Tchaous continued as long as he remained in sight. There is a sect amongst the Greeks who make the cross from right to left, but they are held in abomination by the orthodox cross-makers.

Meanwhile I had despatched a boat with my "baksheesh"** to the General, who in return invited me to supper, which invitation I very readily accepted, glad of an opportunity of making the acquaintance of so notorious an individual as Colocotroni, and thinking thereby to learn how I might dispose of my cargo, so as to meet the intentions of my employers.

I landed about six o'clock in the evening, and after walking for a mile and a half over ploughed ground, thickly bestrewn with fragments of sculpture, I arrived at the bivouac of the Morioite chieftain and his *trustys* Palikars. There was no tent—no shelter for himself or his men but their good capotes, and here and there an olive tree. Many fires were burning, and several fellows were busily engaged in preparing the repast. I took especial notice of an animal, somewhat larger than a good-sized hare, spitted on a ramrod, supported horizontally by two pieces of stone, before a blazing fire of pine branches, and turned by a dirty looking lad, who was sitting tailor-wise at one end of the spit.

The entrails and the reeking skint lay close by, and, from the latter, I took the animal roasting to be a lamb. An individual, whose blood-stained fustinella proclaimed his office, was plaiting up the tasteful inwards—not very delicately washed—which, as he finished, he cut into lengths of six or eight inches, and laid upon

* Baksheesh is a Turkish word, signifying a present.

† The Greeks never suffer their meat to hang before cooking. In most cases it is put warm upon the spit, which is generally either a ramrod or a hedge-stake. It is invariably tender, and were it not for the custom of over-roasting would be unrivalled. I speak only of their lamb and kid; sheep and goats are rarely killed, and then only consumed by the poor.

the hot embers. The liver of the lamb was trussed under its fore leg, as that of a fowl under its wing.

On being recognized by my friend the Tchaous, he rushed upon me, folded me in his arms, and, after bestowing a most energetic kiss (which I could easily have dispensed with) upon either cheek, he condescended to the Frank mode of saluting, shook me by the hand, and saying his Excellency was all impatience to see me, led me off unresisting to his master. Colocotroni arose from his seat as I approached, extended to me his right hand, while with his left he removed the phesi from his head—a mark of respect which a Greek never pays to his countrymen, and only to a Frank when he wishes to gull him.—“Kale spera sas! Welcome, a good evening to you,” said he “the benevolent Franks are always welcome partakers of the hospitality of a poor Klepht!”*

“Your Excellency is wrong,” said I, “to apply such an epithet to the General Colocotroni, whose flocks and herds are upon every hill in Argolis.”

“The Signor Capitan has stood in Hellas before,” said he: “but if I have fat sheep, I have hungry men, so let that pass; but come, nothing new!—Milordos, O Knockran! Where is he!—why does he not come to us?”

“When I left Palermo,” said I, “I heard Lord Cranch had sailed from Marseilles, and I expected to have found him here on my arrival.”

“Would to God he were come! He would soon burn off the beards of all the Ottomites.”

“He will not leave,” said I, “so much as a single hair upon their heads for the angel to carry them up to Paradise by.”

“He will make concubines of all their mothers. But we Peloponessians—have we not done something? We have walked from Patras to Kalamata, without seeing a single Turk.”

“Your Excellency is very brave, and the Moreotes are invincible; but the Arab dog, Ibrahim, shuts himself up in the fortresses, and Greek lead and Greek steel, or that which is more irresistible than either, Greek courage cannot always pierce a stone wall.”

“Ha, ha!” said he, “but let him recollect Tripoliza and tremble.”

“Your Excellency took the town, and washed out some of the injuries Greece had received from her cruel enemies, in the blood of all the men, women, and children in the place. Your Excellency is a Turk-eater and a drinker of Ottoman gore.”

“But come,” said he, “the supper is ready:—let me present you to the wise Sessini, the President of the National Congress.”

I made a low bow to the President of the National Congress, who had nothing remarkable in his appearance, except the look of cun-

ning which displays itself in his face in a thousand wrinkles.

Colocotroni is a more remarkable-looking individual than might even be expected from a knowledge of what he has done. He is of middle stature, stout and well-proportioned, with a large aquiline nose, and a dark restless eye. His dress is generally full as dirty and far less gay than that of the meanest of his followers. His manners are those of a barbarian, but a barbarian accustomed to command. He is of a Moreote family, and spent his early life as a mountain-robb^{er}; but being unsuccessful he went over to Zante, where he is said to have lived for some years quietly exercising his trade of a butcher, till, on the raising of the Albanian regiments, he managed to gain an appointment under General Sir Richard Church and was engaged in the affair of Parga.

The Chieftain took his seat at a small circular table about six inches in height, which it was insinuated had been brought from the village on purpose to do honour to the Frank: I was placed on his right hand and the President on his left; the remainder of the space being occupied by the chief captains of his host, while others of inferior grade to the number of twenty or thirty, arranged themselves in irregular groups about us. Table-cloth, knives, forks, spoons, plates, dishes, or other indispensables to a western feast, I observed none. In the centre of the table was a huge wooden bowl about two feet in diameter, containing a “salata,” or I should rather call it a “Salmagundi,” being compounded of sardellas—a sort of anchovy, Tarragou, cresses, lettuce, cloves of garlic, black olives, and abundance of onions, the whole being flavoured with a dressing of garlic, oil, vinegar, wine, and salt, beaten into a cream in a mortar. Here and there was a piece of “kashkaval,” a cheese of goat’s milk, manufactured in Anatolia, varying in diameter from three to four feet, and in thickness from a quarter of an inch to an inch. About the table were scattered pieces of coarse dark bread and some sea biscuit. The entertainment commenced by our drinking to each other’s good health in a very small quantity of *raki*, that is, anniseed-brandy. This is a universal custom in the Levant, to promote appetite.

“Eh! Viva! Signor Capitano,” said the General as he finished his dram, “will you not eat some salad?”

I nodded an assent, but fidgetted about with a piece of biscuit that I might have an opportunity of seeing how the natives intended to proceed, lest I should commit some solecism that might ruin me with them. I had not to wait long; the General plunged his hand into the bowl, and grasping an immense quantity of the escutents, sopped it well in the dressing and crammed it into his mouth, the superfluities dropping on his chin and naked breast; he then picked out an anchovy, and dexterously stripping it from the bone with his nail, one half he thrust into his own mouth, and the other, to my

* Klepht (a title in which the Greek chieftains rejoice) is a mountain robber, or, one who never submitted to the Turks.

utter discomfiture, into mine, saying, it was "bono per lo stomacho," a piece of choice Italian which he made use of more than once during the repast. With a desperate spasm I gulped down the anchovy, and called for some wine. A chitza* was handed to me by a beautiful dark-haired maiden, who, I afterwards understood, had been compelled to take upon her the office of Hebe, a custom very prevalent amongst the dissolute soldiery of Greece.† I took care to touch the tip of my chin, my forehead, lay my hand upon my heart, and say, "the teen hygeian sas," before I raised the chitza to my lips.

The salad having speedily vanished, my gastric nerves were next put in a state of insurrection by the approach of that sanguinary wretch the butcher, with his accursed plaited tripe. They appeared to be very highly relished by the company assembled, but I positively and peremptorily declined to partake of them. The lamb was next served up, that is to say, it was laid upon the board, still upon the spit. Colocotroni drew forth his *ataghan*, and making several gashes in it, and pointing out with his finger to me the part I was to lay hold of, with two or three cuts of his knife, he separated it from the mass. It consisted of three or four ribs (the lamb was small and had been killed, as usual, when about a fortnight old), and notwithstanding all my European prejudices, and my disgust at the "*modus operandi*," I never remember to have eaten any thing so delicate, so tender, so delicious, in the whole course of my life. The General, having helped himself and the President, passed the mutilated carcase to the rest, with a special, and as it appeared to me, wholly unnecessary injunction not to eat the head. It was not without some horrible misgivings, that I soon after saw the *caput mortuum* returned to him, having previously been split in two. He commenced operations upon it, by taking out the tongue which he chopped into three portions, two of which he distributed with his fingers to myself and Sessini, keeping the third himself. I was delighted to see him swallow the brains, a portion of which I had entertained fears he would have inflicted upon me. I was, however, compelled to take the disgusting equivalent of an eye, (Sessini being honoured with the other;) —a complete eye—comprehending, retina pigmentum, pupil iris, &c. from the execrable point of his *ataghan*. As soon as the fragments of the feast were cleared away, the board was spread with dried figs, almonds, preserved grapes, dates, and a variety of sweetmeats. The chitza was replenished, torches were lit, and the luxuries of clean water, soap and towels,

presented by the hands of the maiden before mentioned. One peculiarity of a Greek feast, I have omitted to mention, which is, that every man at the conclusion loosens his sash, and the more frequent eructations of flatu he can summon up, the more honour is done to his entertainer, who never fails to receive it as such, and in return for this very equivocal compliment, makes the accustomed sign of salutation, and wishes his guest a good health. It not unfrequently happens that a Frank is found fault with for non-compliance with this disgusting custom. The Greek will say, "You have not enjoyed your meat. You do not belch."

"It is done," said the General, "does the Effendi drink smoke?"

"Verily."

"Bring the Effendi a tchibouki,—give the gentleman a pipe."

A cherry-stick tchibouki, about four feet long, was brought me by a fellow who smoked it till he got it into full fire, then passing the amber mouth-piece through his hand to dry it he laid his hand upon his heart and presented it to me saying, "Oriste tchibouki Effendi," (command the pipe, sir.)

As the generous wine went merrily round, the scene became one of uproarious jollity. We toasted all the powers of Europe that either were or were supposed to be friendly to Greek independence, drank deep perdition to the Austrians, and utter annihilation to the Turks;—even old Sessini grew fierce, and wished himself a soldier, as he said, "solamente per bevere del sangue Austriaco."

We had the Romaica, the remnant of the ancient Pyrric dance, and songs, heroic, pastoral, and erotic. Nothing happened to disturb the general harmony, except a trifling dispute between two vaunting Bobadils, which was to me a source of great amusement. They called each other liars, thieves, knaves, cowards, every thing but Keratades. Colocotroni, however, soon stopped the quarrel; he drew a pistol from his belt, cocked it, and swore he would send the lead through the head of the first who dared to utter another word.

It was far into the night before I bade adieu to the hospitality of the "poor Kleph," and I believe I was more indebted to the guidance of my friend the Tchaous, for safe conduct on board the brig than for any particular discretion of my own.

From Frazier's Magazine.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.

HONEST Allan Cunningham! Such is the flattering *sobriquet* by which the worthy fellow who sits on the opposite page is generally known; and no title is better deserved. We think that his very face is almost a sufficient guarantee for its justice.

Allan's biography is sufficiently known to excuse us from the task of writing it over again. Like Ben Jonson, he began with trowel

* A chitza, a rudely-fashioned flat-round barrel, containing about three quarts, rather inconvenient to drink out of.

† The Greek soldiers, when they enter a village, compel the pea-ants, with blows of the ramrod, to furnish them provisions, and force their daughters to minister to their orgies.

and mallet, which he abandoned for divine poetry;—not, however, abandoned as completely as Rare Ben, because he has wielded them, or superintended their wielding, in a higher department; and, instead of helping to build up houses for the savages of Nithisdale and the adjoining districts, acting now as aide-de-camp to Chantrey, it is his province to assist in bringing forth the features of those distinguished individuals whom the public delighteth to honour, or who delight to honour themselves, by setting up graven images of heads, frequently as brainless and impenetrable as the marble out of which they are hewn, for no small consideration. In this post we believe that Allan has found a resting-place for his maturing years, more comfortable than those in which the Muses are too often fond of quartering their votaries.

He has himself expressed his dissatisfaction with his own Scotch novels, as compared with those of Sir Walter Scott; but we must not allow him to make a comparison so odious. "Who," says the Greek proverb, "is to compete with Apollo in the bow?" We admit with, or rather without pleasure, that we do not exactly recollect what all the novels of our friend Allan are about; but we have a misty recollection of their being very fine matters, full of chivalry, and Scotland, and clouds, and warriors, and Cameronians, in the most approved Caledonian fashion; and of Paul Jones we have already recorded a most favourable opinion, which we have no idea of retracting in this our infallible magazine. Nor, though we have reviewed his Maid of Elvar, and read with singular delight his Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, and other dramatic compositions, full, as Sir Walter says, of "fine passages, that lead to nothing," are these more lengthy compositions impressed with much vivid distinctness upon our mental retina. But his songs, who shall forget? Who that has any taste for ballad poetry will have let slip from his memory those beautiful specimens of that style of composition in its most exquisite perfection, which, under the pretence of being fragments of Galloway and Nithisdale songs, were published by an especial ass of the name of Cromek, on whom Allan—in that particular, not honest Allan, but about as dishonest as Chatterton—palmed them as genuine. They are simply *chef-d'œuvre*, and are almost, but not entirely, equalled by the Jacobite relics, which he at another period, but in a similar mood of humbug and inspiration, gave to the not-altogether-unsuspecting, nor the altogether-in-such-arts-unpractised Hogg. It is foolish to compare either him or Hogg with Burns—they are all three Scotch, and all three makers of verses; but there the similarity ends. Cunningham has his own merits—he will never be able to write a song with Burns: but Burns never could have turned off a ballad like him.

So far for Allan's inner man. In his outer, he is one of the Anakim of literature—Doric

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in the proportions of his frame as in his poetry—a strapping specimen of Caledonian stern and wild, who, if he be not a great deceiver, would be as well able to maintain his claim to the crown of the cause as Dandie Dinmont himself; and if we do not mistake, he takes care that every one of his heroes, in all his works, both of prose and verse, should be as ably built as himself—all well qualified members of the six-feet club, *et spuria*. In all other matters he is a good-natured, good-humoured, good-hearted fellow, jogging on through the world with merited good fortune, increasing every year, and, we are happy to say, seeing those who are to follow him in his name raising themselves to well-won honours, and launching in the career of life with every hope and prospect of deserved success.

And sae gude night, my 'bonny man!
And sae gude night, quo'she;
And a stouter chiel in a' Scotland
Ye'll never live to see.

From the Monthly Magazine.

FEMALE CHARACTERS OF SCRIP- TURE.

A SERIES OF SONNETS. BY MRS. HEMANS.

Your tents are desolate: your stately steps,
Of all their choral dances have not left
One trace beside the fountains: your full cup
Of gladness, and of trembling, each alike
Is broken: Yet, amidst undying things,
The mind still keeps your loveliness, and still
All the fresh glories of the early world
Hang round you in the spirit's pictured halls,
Never to change!

INVOCATION.

As the tired voyager on stormy seas
Invokes the coming of bright birds from shore,
To waft him tidings, with the gentler breeze,
Of dim sweet woods that hear no billows roar:
So from the depth of days, when Earth yet
wore

Her solemn beauty, and primeval dew,
I call you, gracious forms! Oh! come, restore
Awhile that holy freshness, and renew
Life's morning dreams. Come with the voice,
the lyre,

Daughters of Judah! with the timbrel rise!
Ye of the dark prophetic eastern eyes,
Imperial in their visionary fire;
Oh! steep my soul in that old glorious time,
When God's own whisper shook the cedars of
your clime!

INVOCATION CONTINUED.

AND come, ye faithful! round Messiah seen,
With a soft harmony of tears and light
Streaming through all your spiritual mien,
As in calm clouds of pearly stillness bright
Showers weave with sunshine, and transpire
their slight

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Ethereal cradle.—From your heart subdued
All haughty dreams of Power had wing'd their
flight,
And left high place for Martyr-fortitude,
True Faith, long-suffering Love.—Come to me,
come!
And, as the seas beneath your Master's tread
Fell into crystal smoothness, round him spread
Like the clear pavement of his heavenly home;
So in your presence, let the Soul's great deep
Sink to the gentleness of infant sleep.

THE SONG OF MIRIAM.

A song for Israel's God!—Spear, crest, and helm,
Lay by the billows of the old Red Sea,
When Miriam's voice o'er that sepulchral realm
Sent on the blast a hymn of jubilee;

With her lit eye, and long hair floating free,
Queen-like she stood, and glorious was the
strain,
Ev'n as instinct with the tempestuous glee
Of the dark waters, tossing o'er the slain.

A song for God's own Victory!—Oh, thy lays,
Bright Poesy! were holy in their birth:—
How hath it died, thy seraph note of praise,
In the bewildering melodies of Earth!
Return from troubling bitter founts; return
Back to the life-springs of thy native urn!

RUTH.

The plume-like swaying of the auburn corn,
By soft winds to a dreamy motion fann'd,
Still brings me back thine image—Oh! forlorn,
Yet not forsaken, Ruth!—I see thee stand
Lone, midst the gladness of the harvest-band,—
Lone as a wood-bird on the ocean's foam,
Fall'n in its weariness. Thy fatherland
Smiles far away! yet to the Sense of Home,
That finest, purest, which can recognize
Home in affection's glance, for ever true
Beats thy calm heart; and if thy gentle eyes
Gleam tremulous through tears, 'tis not to rue
Those words, immortal in their deep Love's tone,
“Thy people and thy God shall be mine own!”

THE VIGIL OF RIZPAH.

“And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth,
and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning
of harvest, until water dropped upon them out of heaven:
and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by
day, nor the beasts of the field by night.”—2 Sam. xxi. 10.

Who watches on the mountain with the dead,
Alone before the awfulness of night?
—A Seer awaiting the deep Spirit's might?
A Warrior guarding some dark pass of dread?

No, a lorn Woman!—On her drooping head,
Once proudly graceful, heavy beats the rain;
She recks not,—living for the unburied slain,
Only to scare the vulture from their bed.

So, night by night, her vigil hath she kept,
With the pale stars, and with the dews hath
wept;—

Oh! surely some bright Presence from above

On those wild rocks the lonely one must aid!—
E'en so; a strengthener through all storm and
shade,
Th' unconquerable Angel, mightiest Love!

THE REPLY OF THE SHUNAMITE WOMAN.

“And she answered, I dwell among mine own people.”
—2 Kings, iv. 13.

“I dwell among mine own,”—Oh! happy thou!
Not for the sunny clusters of the vine,
Nor for the olives on the mountain's brow;
Nor the flocks wandering by the flowery line
Of streams, that make the green land where
they shine
Laugh to the light of waters:—not for these,
Nor the soft shadow of ancestral trees,
Whose kindly whisper floats o'er thee and
thine;
Oh! not for these I call thee richly blest,
But for the meekness of thy woman's breast,
Where that sweet depth of still contentment
lies:

And for thy holy household love, which clings
Unto all ancient and familiar things,
Weaving from each some link for Home's dear
Charities.

Peruvian Bark.—Chemical science may, in many instances, be of great importance to the manufacturer, as well as to the merchant. The quantity of Peruvian bark which is imported into Europe is very considerable; but chemistry has recently proved that a very large portion of the bark itself is useless. The alkali quinia which has been extracted from it, possesses all the properties for which the bark is valuable; and only forty ounces of this substance, when in combination with sulphuric acid, can be extracted from 100 lb. of the bark. In this instance, then, with every ton of useful matter, thirty-nine tons of rubbish are transported across the Atlantic. At the present time, the greatest part of the sulphate of quinia used in this country is imported from France, where the low price of the alcohol, by which it is extracted from the bark, renders the process cheap; but it cannot be doubted, that when more settled forms of government shall have given security to capital and when advancing civilization shall have spread over the States of Southern America, the alkaline medicine will be extracted from the woody fibres by which its efficacy is almost lost, and that it will be exported in its most condensed form.—*Babbage on Machinery and Manufactures.*

The Chapel Oak of Allonville.—Among ancient trees, there are few, I believe, at least in France, so worthy of attention as an oak which may be seen in the *Pay de Caux*, about a league from Yaetot, close to the church, and in the burial ground of Allonville. I had often heard it mentioned, but in a slight manner; and I am astonished, after having examined it, that so remarkable a tree should have remained

so little known. This oak has sessile leaves, and acorns on footstalks, and is therefore of the true naval species. Above the roots it measures upwards of 35 English feet round, and at the height of a man 26 feet. A little higher up it extends to a greater size, and at 8 feet from the ground enormous branches spring from the sides, and spread outwards, so that they cover with their shade a vast extent. The height of the tree does not answer to its girth; the trunk from its root to its summit forms a complete cone; and the inside of this cone is hollow throughout the whole of its height. Several openings, the largest of which is below, afford access to this cavity. All the central parts having been long destroyed, it is only by the outer layers of the alburnum, and by the bark, that this venerable tree is supported; yet it is still full of vigour, adorned with abundance of leaves, and laden with acorns. Such is the oak of Allonville, considered in its state of nature. The hand of man, however, has endeavoured to impress upon it a character still more interesting, by adding a religious feeling to the respect which its age naturally inspires. The lower part of its hollow trunk has been transformed into a chapel, of 6 or 7 feet in diameter, carefully wainscotted and paved, and an open iron gate guards the humble sanctuary. Above and close to the chapel is a small chamber, containing a bed; and leading to it there is a staircase, which twists round the body of the tree. At certain seasons of the year, divine service is performed in this chapel. The summit has been broken off many years, but there is a surface at the top of the trunk of the diameter of a very large tree, and from it rises a pointed roof, covered with slates, in the form of a steeple, which is surmounted with an iron cross, that raises itself, in a truly picturesque manner, from the middle of the leaves, like an antique hermitage, above the surrounding wood. The cracks which occur in various parts of the tree, are, like the fracture whence the steeple springs, closely covered with slate, which, by upplacing the bark, doubtless contribute to its preservation. Over the entrance to the chapel an inscription appears, which informs us that it was erected by the Abbé du Détroit, curate of Allonville, in the year 1696; and over the door of the upper room is another, dedicating it "To our Lady of Peace." The oak is a tree which grows but slowly; in its youth, and to about forty years of age, it increases the most. After this period it becomes less rapid in its growth, and abates progressively. According to M. Bosc, an oak of 100 years' old is not commonly more than a foot in diameter. It is well known, however, from the spreading forth of the boughs, how much the growth depends upon the soil. If the calculation given by M. Bosc seems too small for the first century of the life of an oak, it becomes, on the contrary, too great if applied to the centuries which follow, on account of the gradual weakening vegetative powers, the natural effect of age. Follow-

ing this clew, the oak of Allonville, giving in the middle portion of its trunk a diameter of more than 8 feet, must, according to this computation, be above 800 years of age, even supposing (which is by no means allowable) that it has continued increasing a foot in a century. Certainly this tree, the summit of which was majestically reared towards the clouds of old, and which has been contracted and shortened on every side, cannot for ages have grown in such proportion. One cannot but think that the increase has been scarcely perceived for the 125 years since it has been converted into a chapel by the happy thought of M. l'Abbé du Détroit. One must not, then, give to the tree of Allonville less than 800 or 900 summers. Perhaps in its youth it lent its shade to the companions of William the Conqueror, when they assembled to invade the British shore. Perhaps the Norman troubadour, on the return from the first Crusade, there often sang to his admiring countrymen the exploits of Godfrey and of Raymond. In England there are many oaks larger and loftier than this of Allonville, but none that are more interesting. In general there remain but very imperfect accounts as to the progress of growth and possible duration of trees. It is certain they are greater than is commonly supposed. The axe prevents almost always their natural death; and the situation alone of the oak of Allonville, near the Church, and in the burial ground, has probably rescued it from the common fate. In the present day, especially, the slightest whim of the owners fells an ancient tree, revered by his forefathers during many centuries; an instant destroys that which pitiless time had spared for ages; that which so long a lapse of time can alone replace. Happily the situation of the oak of Allonville, its concentration, and the reverence of the villagers, appear to ensure its peaceable existence until it naturally yields to the destiny which is common to all things that live. At the deplorable period when every thing belonging to religion was condemned, the revolutionists having come to Allonville to burn the oak were vigorously opposed by the country people, and the sanctuary was preserved. As a monument at once of nature and of art, and of piety, the chapel-oak merits, on all hands, from naturalists that kind of pilgrimage which I have lately made, and which has given rise to this short memoir.—*Translated and abridged in the Saturday Magazine, from the Original Memoirs by Professor Marquis, of the Botanic Garden, Rouen.*

On the Custom of planting Yew-Trees in Churchyards.—The original design of planting yew-trees in churchyards has given rise to much antiquarian discussion. They are said to have been originally planted either to protect the church from storms, or to furnish the parishioners with bows. The statute of Edward I., which settles the property of trees in churchyards, recites that they are often planted to

defend the church from high winds, and the clergy were requested to cut them down for the repairs of the chancel of the church whenever required. Several ancient laws were enacted for the encouragement of archery, which regulate many particulars as to bows; but it does not appear that any statute directed the cultivation of the yew. Although the scarcity of bow-staves is a very frequent subject of complaint in our ancient laws, yet instead of ordering the yew-tree to be cultivated at home, foreign merchants were obliged, under heavy penalties, to import the material from abroad. In the 12th of Edward IV. it was enacted, that every merchant stranger should bring four bow-staves for every ton of merchandise imported from Venice or other places, from whence they had heretofore been procured. In the reign of Elizabeth, the complaint of the dearness and scarcity of bow-staves was renewed; and the statute of 6th Edward IV. was put in force. From the above particulars, it clearly appears that we depended upon foreign wood for our bows, which would not have occurred if our churchyards could have furnished a sufficient quantity for the public service. The truth is, that, though our archers were the glory of the nation, and the terror of its enemies, yet the English yew was of inferior quality, and our brave countrymen were obliged to have recourse to foreign materials. This accounts for the silence of our ancient legislators with respect to the culture of the English yew, which appears never to have been an object of national concern. Sir Thomas Brown, in his "Urn-burial," thinks it may admit of conjecture whether the planting of yews in churchyards had not its origin from ancient funeral rites, or as an emblem of the resurrection, from its perpetual verdure. The yew-tree has been considered as an emblem of mourning from the earliest times. The Greeks adopted the idea from the Egyptians, the Romans from the Greeks and the Britons from the Romans. From long habits of association, the yew acquired a sacred character, and therefore was considered as the best and most appropriate ornament of consecrated ground. The custom of placing them singly is equally ancient. Statius in his *Thebiad* calls it the *solitary* yew. And it was at one time as common in the churchyards of Italy as it is now in North and South Wales. In many villages in those two provinces, the yew-tree and the church are coeval with each other.—*Faulkner's Histories of Fulham and Kensington.*

Tincture of Roses.—Take the petals of the common rose (centifoliae); place them, without pressing them, in a bottle; pour some good spirits of wine upon them; close the bottle and let it stand until it is required for use. This will keep for years, and yield a perfume little inferior to Otto of roses; a few drops will suffice to impregnate the atmosphere of a room with a delicious odour. Common vinegar is

greatly improved by a very small quantity being added to it.—*Hort. Reg.* No. 16.

Instinct of Wild Ducks.—Being engaged in improving the grounds at Hedgerley Park, Buckinghamshire, during the last winter, I was desirous that the labourers should be kept employed in frosty weather, and therefore took the opportunity of collecting a quantity of large roots and stumps of trees which had been grubbed up at various times in the woods and hedge-rows; these were dragged over the ice to an island in the centre of the lake, for the purpose of forming picturesque towers and ruins. During this process, I was much amused by the movements of a great number of wild ducks on the opposite side of the lake; when about fifteen or twenty of these aquatic birds were constantly swimming, diving, and violently agitating the water, so as to prevent its becoming congealed by the frost: this they effectually prevented, although the ice on the other parts of the lake was sufficiently strong to bear not only the weight of the large stumps of trees, but also that of ten or twelve men, whose labours were necessary to drag them to the island. When these ducks became weary and retired from the water, they were regularly relieved by about the same number of others, which had been nestling amongst the rushes on the bank, and these again after a certain time, relinquished their labours to another party, so that the water was kept in a constant state of agitation both night and day, until the frost was over. I observed, that whenever the fresh party of ducks entered the water, their first object was to swim close to the ice in a semi-circle form, so as to entirely prevent it congealing any where within their boundaries; but what struck me as the most extraordinary circumstance was, that when the well known whistle of the keeper proclaimed the feeding-time, it had no effect on the ducks then on duty, although all the others flew as usual to the spot with their accustomed clamour; a part, however, soon returned to the lake with a loud call for those then in the water to change situations, which was performed with an alacrity and regularity, that would have been a lesson to well disciplined troops. The ducks appeared nearly regardless of the labourers, although at other times a single footprint would have alarmed the whole flock, and put them to flight.—*Mr. Henry Phillips, in a Letter in the Hort. Reg. No. 16.*

Mackerel burying themselves in the Mud.—Admiral Pleville-Lepley, who had his home on the ocean for half a century, assured M. Lacepede that at Greenland, in the smaller bays surrounded with rock, so common on this coast, where the water is always calm, and the bottom generally soft mud and fuci, he had seen in the beginning of spring myriads of mackerel with their heads sunk some inches in the mud, their tails elevated vertically above its level;

and that this mass of fish was such, that at a distance it might be taken for a reef of rocks. The Admiral supposed that the mackerel had passed the winter torpid under the ice and snow; and added, that for fifteen or twenty days after their revival, these fishes were affected with a kind of blindness, and that then many were taken with the net; but as they recovered their sight, the net would not answer, and hooks and lines were used.—*Edin. Jour. of Science*.

From the Examiner.

EGYPT vs. TURKEY.

About eight months ago we laid before our readers a long account of the two belligerent parties, and the chief results likely to ensue from the taking of Acre in Palestine. The events which have since occurred, our readers, on reference, will find to have been exactly what we then anticipated. The most signal success has attended the arms of the Egyptians, and the whole of Syria, with its great cities of Damascus, Aleppo, and Horus, have fallen into their hands. Not content with the conquest of all the provinces of the empire which lie south of the Mount Taurus, the victorious Ibrahim, the son and heir of the Egyptian Pacha, crossed the mountains with his army, and entered on the country now called Natolia, and by the ancients Asia Minor. The whole remaining forces of the Turkish empire were collected to resist the invasion; and near Koniah, anciently called Iconium, an attack was made on the Egyptians, and if valor alone could have ensured victory, the standard of the prophet would again have floated over the ancient provinces of the empire. But discipline and military science, after a severe struggle, totally prevailed, and the last resource of Turkey was swept from the field. As we stated to our readers some weeks ago, it was now in the power of the Sultan of Egypt, if he chose to rest contented with Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and the contiguous territories, to secure these extensive countries from his vanquished sovereign, and become his equal in power and dominion; or if he chose to strive for higher success and advance on Constantinople, although there was still some risk, the chances were very much in his favour. It now appears, that, after the expiration of the armistice, the Egyptian chief decided on the bolder enterprise, and moved forward with a view to take Constantinople, dethrone the Sultan, and get himself placed on the throne of the Caliphs, and made Emperor of the Ottomans. By all the accounts which have lately been received, it would appear, that the intercession and threatened armed interference of the European powers have, for the present, at any rate, stopped the career of the Pacha, and the Sultan may still retain his titles and pretensions, and the possession of a portion of his dominions. The policy of England and France in these matters it is not easy to understand, that of the courts of Russia and

of Austria is more intelligible. These two powers, whose territories touch on Turkey, and to whom the possession of certain provinces would afford the means of providing liberally for a numerous body of aristocratical dependents, very reasonably object to the Turkish empire falling into the hands of such an energetic chief as Mahomet Ali of Egypt, and of his son Ibrahim, as there would then be a considerable chance of the empire being regenerated, and a formidable barrier being placed against future encroachment. But if the empire be divided, and thereby shorn of its strength, and if the Sultan of Constantinople become a humble dependent, owing his safety solely to the protection of his formidable neighbours, it is easy to see, that before many years all his European territories will be divided between Austria and Russia, and the latter power will also gain possession of Armenia and other Asiatic territories. Russia will the more easily effect this, from the similarity of religion between the Russians and the more numerous portion of the inhabitants of those countries. If England and France have interposed merely to prevent Austria and Russia from aggrandizing themselves by the immediate spoliation of Turkey, their policy is intelligible; but if it was to support the imbecile head of the Turkish empire, we can only account for the policy, on the supposition that they are guided by a blind instinctive feeling prompting them to support every thing actually existing, in opposition to any change and improvement. If we may credit statements from Vienna and Constantinople, it appears that the hopes of the regeneration of Turkey by the Sultan are at an end—the regular troops, acting according to the European scientific tactics, are to be broken up; and the defence of the empire is to be entrusted to provincial militia. In other words, the institution of the Janizaries is to be revived, whether under that proscribed name or not is immaterial; and Turkey, now deprived of Greece, Egypt, Syria, and its European provinces north of the Danube, without regular troops, and entrusted to the protection of barbarous hordes, without discipline and without bayonets, must before long fall an easy prey; and the moment that England and France have work enough on their hands to occupy their strength, Austria and Russia will share Turkey between them. We may regret the aggrandizement of these powers, but in the fall of Turkey we see nothing to be deplored; and the transfer of the government of the millions of Christians now under Mahometan oppression to sovereigns who will put them on an equal footing with their fellow subjects, will be a substantial cause of satisfaction; and, as compared with their present condition, they will have every reason to be delighted with the change.

Anecdotes of Curran.—“The most severe report Mr. Curran ever experienced was from Sir

Boyle Roche, the celebrated member of the Irish parliament (who, a gentleman, and a good-hearted person, could scarcely speak a sentence without making a blunder.) In a debate where Mr. Curran had made a very strong speech against sinecure offices, he was very tartly replied to by Sir Hercules Langrish. Curran, nettled at some observation, started up and warmly exclaimed, 'I would have the baronet to know, that I am the guardian of my own honour.' Sir Boyle instantly rejoined, 'Then the gentleman has got a very pretty sinecure employment of it, and so has been speaking all night on the wrong side of the question.'

"Mr. Curran and Lord Clare, whilst the latter was attorney-general, had on one occasion a controversy which could only be terminated by a personal battle. The combatants fired two cases of very long pistols at each other, but certainly with very bad success and very little *éclat*; for they were neither killed, wounded, satisfied, nor reconciled; nor did either of them express the slightest disposition to continue the engagement. In those times, the 'usual mode of deciding points of honour' never was dispensed with; but in more modern and refined days, not only gentlemen civilians, but even military officers of his majesty's forces, frequently and placidly refer their 'points of honour' to be decided by the lord chief justice of the King's Bench, who generally punishes one of the disputants in person, and both of them in pocket;—undoubtedly the safest, though certainly the most expensive mode of settling personal differences. Mr. Curran was not at all pugnacious or quarrelsome, or what was then termed in Ireland a gentleman 'fire-eater,' yet he had the singular fortune of fighting frequently, and in every case without any disastrous result, or any inevitable necessity. He fought his most bitter enemy Lord Clare, and he fought his most intimate friend, Mr. Egan. His duel with Major Hobart (Lord Buckinghamshire) was a singular one. A Mr. Gifford (nick-named in Dublin the 'dog in office') grossly offended Mr. Curran, who declared 'he would rather do without fighting all his life' than fight such a fellow as Gifford; but as Gifford was a revenue officer, he expected Major Hobart would dismiss him for his impertinence, or fight in his place. To either alternative the secretary demurred; Curran insisted, and at length the major referred the case to his friend, Lord Carhampton, then commander-in-chief in Ireland. Carhampton, a man of singular wit and acuteness, quickly decided the points on clear principles. 'A secretary of state fighting for an exciseman,' said he, 'would be rather a bad precedent for his majesty's diplomats; but a major in the king's service is pugnacious by profession, and must fight any body that asks him;' the result was a meeting. Curran did his best to hit the major, the major curled his upper lip, and asked Curran with a sneer, 'If he wanted any more of it?' Curran shook his head as a negative, and both left the ground neither better nor worse friends than when they entered it."

Hearing of Animals.—Cats and dogs can hear the movements of their prey at incredible distances, and that even in the midst of noise, which we should have thought would have overpowered such

effects. Rabbits, when alarmed, forcibly strike the earth with their feet, by the vibration of which they communicate their apprehensions to burrows very remote. As an instance of the discriminating power of the ear of the elephant, we may mention a circumstance that occurred in the memorable conflict of shooting the maddened elephant at Exeter Change. After the soldiers had discharged thirty balls, he stooped, and deliberately sunk on his haunches. Mr. Herring, conceiving that a shot had struck him in a vital part, cried out—"He's down, boys! he's down!" and so he was only for a moment; he leapt up with renewed vigour, and at least eighty balls were successively discharged at him from different positions before he fell a second time. Previous to this, he had nearly brought down the building of Exeter Change by his furious lunges, flying round his den with the speed of a race horse. In the midst of the crash of timber, and the hallooing of the assailants, he recognised the voice of his keeper in his usual cry, "Chunee, bite—Chunee bite"—which was his command to kneel, and the noble beast actually knelt, and received a volley of balls that terminated his suffering.—*Ibid.*

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir. Edited by S. G. Goodrich. Boston: Gray and Bowen: Kennett, London.

By some unaccountable accident this work is only just arrived; and as our American friends have chosen to copy many English engravings, it is impossible that it can be sold here: our notice, therefore, is more in the nature of a report than a criticism—it can neither serve public nor publisher—but the work ought not to pass without a good word, for it is very tastily got up. Some of the engravings do great credit to American art. 'Guardian Angels,' from Sir Joshua, by J. Cheyne, is admirable, full of grace and beauty, and artist-like feeling and power. There is, too, a very clever copy of a sweet natural picture of Leslie, by the same artist: both are certainly superior to anything we have yet seen from America, and would do honour even to our own costly volumes.

Athenaeum.

A System of Universal Geography. Illustrated by Engravings. By S. G. Goodrich. Cincinnati: Rolfe & Young; Kennett, London.

A laborious compilation of more than 900 pages, and illustrated with innumerable wood-cuts. But a want of previous and systematic arrangement is evident; America, for example, occupies one half the volume, and here again the accounts of the different states bear no relative proportion. A free use has been made of Travels and works on Natural History, and there is a good deal of what may be considered gossip in the work, but it will not perhaps be less saleable or readable on that account.—*Ib.*

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